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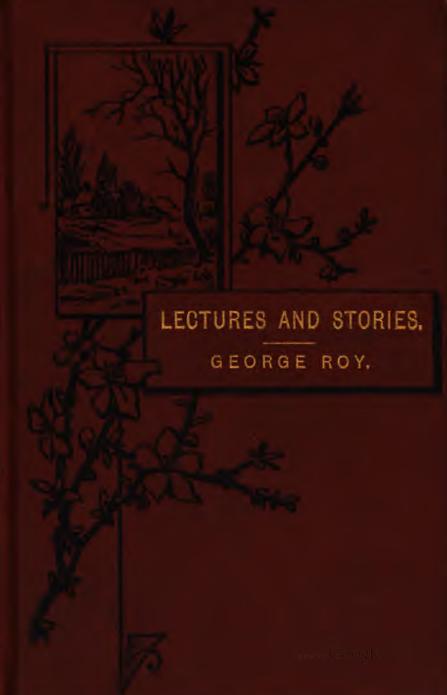
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LECTURES

AND

STORIES.

INCLUDING

THE STORIES OF MRS. MACNAB, THE STAIRHEAD BATTLE,
MRS. GALLACHER, ORDINATION IN MARRIAGE,
NON-INTERVENTION, LOOKING FOR A HOUSE,
THE AFFECTIONS, DIGNITY OF LABOUR, HEART'S EASE,
ETC., ETC.

BY

GEORGE ROY,

Author of "GENERALSHIP," Etc.

GLASGOW:

JAMES P. FORRESTER, 102 ARGYLE STREET.

1887.

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

In preparing this Volume, containing a rather peculiar mixture of Lectures and Stories, I have done my best to provide you with a pleasant book, which I hope will repay you for the time devoted to its perusal.

The Lectures contain not a little of the experience I have acquired in fighting the "battle of life," the aim having been to give an agreeable mixture of both head and heart, which will be wholesome and useful, especially to the young.

In writing the Stories the chief aim was amusement. If they contain a few morals, it is because true pictures of everyday life must of necessity be full of moral lessons to all who can look at them aright.

The arrangement of the Volume was suggested by the fact, that almost every night when I have lectured I have been called upon to tell a story.

It will give me great pleasure to hear of "good readers" reading these Lectures and Stories at social gatherings. Wishing you all good,

I am,

Yours truly,

GEORGE ROY.

GLASGOW, December, 1863.

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NIGHT THE FIRST.

LECTURE—THE AFFECTIONS.

STORY—MRS. MACNAB.

THE AFFECTIONS.

WHILE looking for a subject with which I might occupy an hour of your time both pleasantly and profitably, it struck me that the great theme of all poets and story-tellers, namely, "the Human Affections," had rarely been dealt with by the Why it was so I did not know. I at once decided that such a theme was as well suited for the lecturer as for either the poet or novelist, presuming that he understood the subject, and took some little pains to illustrate it. I very soon decided that (after having for so many years noted the emotions of my own heart, and marked the emotional storms of my fellow-travellers on life's journey, often reading the hearts of both men and maidens in their faces) I had a fair amount of knowledge on the subject, and might therefore be able to handle it in such a way as to throw some few rays of light into the minds and hearts of at least a portion of my hearers.

On resolving to make "the human affections" the theme of this lecture, I felt some difficulty in deciding what period of life I should select for my opening illustrations of their workings; for at every step of life, from the cradle to the grave, the human being is both the object and source of affection. When the child, ushered into the world in a state of helplessness, is laid by gentle hands upon a downy bed, and guarded by maternal vigilance from every ill, it breathes the air of fond affection;—when thoughtless youth is warned to shun the snares that lead to certain death, and pressed and wooed to

tread the path that leads to knowledge, wealth, and power, its monitors have all their inspiration from fond affection;—when the full prime of life would quaff the cup of earth's most heavenly bliss, the first ingredients in the draught are love and friendship—the ripened fruits of fond affection;—when years have silvered o'er the hair and furrowed wrinkles in the brow, the kind attentions which make light the cares of age come all from fond affection;—and when the latest tear is kissed from off the dying cheek, and the soft, deep voice of earnest prayer ascends to heaven for peace to the departing soul, that prayer is wafted on the wings of fond affection.

Where, then, shall I enter upon my subject? Shall I speak first of the affection which the child either receives or gives, or of that which is pressed upon the youth, and only sometimes presently returned? Or shall I rather speak first of the affections of ripe life, when love and friendship are in full bloom? I think I may perhaps best enter upon my theme by speaking of that period of life lying immediately between what I shall call schoolhood and manhood.

The season of budded youth, when the human being is beginning to think and act on its own authority—when life has begun to appear a serious journey—when the first clouds of care have darkened the young pilgrim's path-when the mind, in its unexperienced pride, seeks to understand all mysteries, and in its self-satisfaction rejects as false all that it finds beyond its own little comprehension—that is peculiarly the time of quiet evening walks with one, only one companion, with whom we speak of what we know, and more of what we do not know, and still much more of what we have a deep desire to know; and then we speak of what we don't believe, and of what we feel we never can believe; and then we ponder on the wondrous mysteries of life. We know not whence we came nor whither we are going; but this we know, this we feel, it is sweet to meet thus, it is sweet to talk thus, it is sweet to lie on gowaned bank, shaded by

vails of leaves, with eyes turned up to heaven's bright blue, and so to roam on tireless wings of wild imagination through all the realms of space, and to feel the silent worship rising in our hearts until our eyes o'erflow with tears of holy joy. It is sweet then to feel the first throbbings of that affection which shall soon ripen into friendship; it is then we intertwine our arms and gaze into each other's eyes, thinking the while that, if ever the great mysteries of life, which are at present so utterly incomprehensible, shall be made plain to us, we shall then look back to the sweet memories of our present strange unspoken ponderings.

It is at this period of life, and in the circumstances I have been striving to sketch, that our most disinterested affections begin to develop themselves. They have often taken a deep root, and so a firm hold of our hearts, before we become aware of the fact. I am sure that many of you, my hearers, can call to mind some early companion with whom you walked and talked for years, and never dreamed the while that that companion had any place in your heart. This you never discovered until some unforeseen event decided vour parting. It was then, as the hour of separation drew near, that you felt the joy of meeting, the pain of parting; it was then you recognized that you were friends, and loved to linger in each other's company, and to speak of all your former speakings; it was then that you felt the first holy teachings of your affections; it was then that your hearts began to whisper, "Surely, for all our philosophic reasonings, such feelings as we have can never die-they are too sweet. too holy; surely we shall yet dwell in a land where there is no parting; surely we shall yet be permitted to know more than our present little span of knowledge!" It is thus that the whisperings of our affections put to rout the sceptical promptings of our ignorant and presumptive minds, and lead us to a longing after immortality.

I shall more fully illustrate this idea by sketching the

final parting of early friends. The scene is a darkened chamber, the sole occupants of which are two youths: they are both on the portal of manhood. William is scated by the bed on which his friend John is laid to rise no more: the bright spots upon the cheeks of the invalid proclaim the malady consumption. William, prompted by his love and pity, speaks hopefully of John's recovery. John softly smiles, and answers-"I am very weak, William; but, thank God, my mind is not impaired. I know that I am dying, and you know that I shall never rise from this bed; so you must not talk to me of life-you must speak of death." William answers with big silent tears; and John continues -"What do you think now of our philosophic idea that we die and are no more, save that the atoms of which we are composed may go to the composition of other men who may prove wiser and better than we? If that idea be a correct one, how very soon you and I must part for ever." William answers-"There is an everlasting life-I feel it, John, I feel The God of love could never have formed us capable of it the emotions with which our hearts are now overflowing. and yet have doomed us to annihilation-no, no: an earthly father would not serve his children so, John: we shall meet again in heaven." The dying youth, whose intellect is brightened to strange acuteness by his deep interest in the matter, replies-"I have been thinking that, if God had doomed men to annihilation, as we make progress in knowledge, the fact must become gradually more clear, until we arrived at the certain knowledge that our present life is all, and that at any moment we may be snuffed out for ever; and so, as we advance in knowledge of the works and ways of God, we should have less of love for our Maker." He adds-"The thought is absurd; our individual souls must live for ever. All virtue prays to God for life, all vice for annihilation: will the God of goodness grant the prayer of evil, and turn aside from that of good? No, no, no!"

We leave the friends—their further converse we touch not here; our purpose by the sketch is served if it has clearly indicated the thought we meant it to convey—viz., That the growth and development of true friendship lead to a longing after immortality, and so point the mortal pilgrim onwards and upwards.

While such is the elevating tendency of true pure friendship, our affections lead us in a very different direction when they mislead us into an alliance with the untrue, the impure, the unholy. Any such companionship acts ever as a heavy chain which drags us down to the depths of folly, sin, and shame, and if not resolutely snapped asunder and cast far from us, will certainly prove our utter ruin.

I now pass from the high ground of true friendship to the still more lofty altitude of true love. It is on the dawn in the heart of this, the master passion, that such glorious emotions are born within the soul that earth and time are felt too limited for their full development. When we have met with the heart that beats responsive to our own, the eye that pierces to our soul, the voice whose every tone is heavenly melody to us—when we have met with the being of earth with whom we would be alone, with all the universe shut out for ever,—it is then we feel the fire within us that we know can never die—the flame that must burn on and on, ever brightening through all the endless ages of eternity. But I must curb my words, that would take wing, and in as simple language as I can command tell you all I know about love.

How, then, are we inspired by love? From the first moments of our mental life we begin to acquire a knowledge of the true, the good, the beautiful; and, according to our respective circumstances, we each form our own ideal of the lovely. Although both ancient and modern artists have favoured the world with models of perfect loveliness, there is really no fixed standard of beauty. Every style of feature and complexion has at some time, in some place, been accounted the

perfection of beauty, and so the objects of admiration and love: every human being has his or her own ideal of the lovely, which ideal is built up in our minds according to the requirements of our respective circumstances. What our ideal is, few of us could in words portray. It is a something that is written deep down in our hearts, where it remains silently enshrined, giving no token of its existence, until there suddenly flash upon our sight a face and form which have instant dominion over us. We feel as we never felt before; we have surely seen the being imaged in our heart, for we are heart-smitten; a deep mysterious yearning has laid hold on us,—we could give forth a storm of sighs. What matter although we may have no chance of exchanging words with the instant dear one; the spell is complete, and, long after, that image remains photographed in our hearts.

But I need hardly in words attempt to describe the feelings of love,—those feelings of which poets have sung ever since poets sung—those feelings which have been the theme of all the great masters of fiction. I may, by way of variety, make them the subject of a few commonplace prose remarks. The being, then, smitten by love has a strange, new, warm feeling at the heart,—we shall call it a pleasant pain: the being from whom the dart has come is very often present in the thoughts of the smitten,—present there by day, and present there in the silent watches of the night: sleep forsakes the smitten by love,—in vain the possessor of the pierced heart turns upon the pillow, in a new position to woo slumber: sleep will not come.

"Aye waukin O, waukin aye and weary, Sleep I canna get for thinking on my dearie."

Sleep, I repeat, will not come, and busy fancy is taking advantage of her absence in painting pictures of the future, in every one of which the loved one is the chief figure; and then, thought coming back direct to the present, the hours are counted since the loved one was looked upon; and then, with heavy sighs, the hours, and minutes too, are reckoned until they two shall meet again; and if but one other day and night must intervene, the lover thinks with Juliet—

"Tis twenty years till then."

These manifestations of feeling I have been trying to portray come in the early stages of ordinary love. When the spark has burst into a raging flame, then all those feelings burn in the soul a thousand times intensified. The throbbing heart is felt to be on fire—a fire, the raging pain of which nothing on earth can assuage, save the ardent pressure of the heart beloved; that denied the victim, the flame must burn on in all its fury until it consumes the heart.

Reason, in such circumstances, says, "It is duty to extinguish the flame;" to which mad passion answers, "I can extinguish my life, but not my love; I can pluck out my heart from my breast, but cannot pluck out the love from my heart." It is when the passion has reached this intensity (and this intensity is common) that thoughts of suicide intrude. When these thoughts are banished by the thick whisperings of hope, which come with one smile of encouragement from the loved one, it is then that the full intoxication of love is experienced; it is then that pictures of such glory as only are painted in lovers' brains rise in quick succession on the raptured fancy,—pictures of long years of joyous intercourse, of happy days and rapturous nights—pictures, too, of endless ages of immortal love.

If there be any now hearing me who think I speak rather warmly on this subject, these know nothing of the matter, and must not read "Romeo and Juliet;" for if they do so, they are sure to charge Shakespeare with going beyond the mark; which all who know aught of love know it is impossible to do. I ask you all this simple question—Have not you often thought, when love was burning in your hearts,

that your love was so great that even your lover could never know how great it was? Have you not often thought that there never was any love described in a book that was half so intense as yours, of which no one knew but yourself? I pause not for a reply: I know you have all thought, with Mr. Park's hero—

"No man e'er loved like me,"

I know, too, that many of you have thought that one of the most rapturous enjoyments of the eternal world will be the exhibition of your boundless love for the being who now fills your heart. Then (I know you have thought) the depth and intensity of my love shall be known, then the sincerity of my affection shall be proved, and then my genuine worth be recognized, where such recognition will be the gratification of my utmost wish.

Such are the thoughts that hourly flit through lovers' brains. A certain portion of my audience may doubt the existence of the intense feelings of which I have now been speaking. I refer to those who, while yet very young, fell, as they thought, in love, and were at once married to the beings who caught their affections. It has been all plain sailing with such persons, and so they know nothing of the winds and waves which form the storms of love. portion of my hearers who have arrived at the period of ripe life, and are still unmated, will understand perfectly all I have been saying. You will understand, too, all love's strange mysterious uncertainties. How many of you have even asked the brightest stars of heaven to tell you of the loved one, to which, in brilliant beams, they have given you hopeful answers? How many of you have asked the moaning midnight winds if the dear one would yet be yours, and have refused, as answer, the long-drawn melancholy no-o-o, and listened breathlessly for the sharp whistling sound which your poor hot hearts translated into yes? How many of you have, like Marguerite, the German maiden, plucked

the tell-tale flower, and scattered all its leaves, thus, to the tune of—"He loves me—he loves me not; he loves me—he loves me not;" giving its last leaf to the winds in ecstacy, with the words—"he loves me."

You all know, too, how love sharpens all the senses,—the sense of sight, for instance. On entering the very largest of our public halls, if the object of affection is present, the lover sees her in one moment after he enters; the fair one, still quicker of sight while under the influence, has certainly seen him coming in! The sense of hearing, too, is so quickened by love that, I am told, in our very largest congregations, lovers, however widely apart they may be seated during the singing, catch distinctly every tone that passes from the loved one's lips!

I do think that is the most appropriate word with which I could close this dissection of love. I know some of you may be inclined to say I have not half analyzed the tender flame. I have at least said enough to indicate that I do know something of the matter.

I would not, perhaps, have said so much as I have, if I did not think that the expression of these thoughts would do good. Such plain speaking on such a subject will, I trust, exhibit to many timid hearts, who may be smarting in secret, that the love which seems to them so peculiarly consuming is nothing at all peculiar,—it is just the same old, ardent feeling as thrilled through Adam's heart when first introduced to the partner whom God had provided for him;—yes, just the same feeling; for although man had never fallen, hove must have had its strange exquisite flutterings of uncertainty;—at any rate, the throbbings of hearts at the present hour are just the same as those of thousands of years ago; and these intense feelings are nearly as common to humanity as hunger and thirst.

On entering on the discussion of the tender flame, I spoke of love's sudden, strange, and mysterious kindling. A single

glance or a single word will light the spark which may continue to smoulder on in our hearts for years before it crosses the portals of our lips; and not unfrequently a very ardent passion is never disclosed to the being who has inspired the soft and sweet emotion. All things are given to change, and nothing more so than our ideals of the lovable. pretty rosy-cheeked creature that charms the youth of twenty would not certainly be the ideal of the same youth when he had reached the riper age of thirty; nor would the irresistible young man who puts the girl of eighteen in a flutter be very likely to disturb the slumbers of the same lady at eight-and-twenty. I do not mean to say that a man may not fall in love at twenty and love on till thirty, nor that a lady may not love the same man from eighteen to eight-and-twenty. I believe a woman's love may, and very often does, remain unchanged during her entire life; and that many men have never loved but once. The idea I am striving to convey is, that our ideal changes; and that the girl who charms us at twenty-could she remain unchanged-would not likely please us at thirty; and that our ideal of twenty. if we view her apart from all engagement, may or may not grow into our ideal of thirty: and so, if we keep our feelings to ourselves, the being who has first occupied our heart will very likely give place to another more up to the requirements of our enlarged experience. The girl who has taken a man by storm in the ball-room may be struck into nothingness by the softer loveliness of her who glides with velvet step through his sick-chamber; while the man who has taken his place in a woman's heart by his flashing wit and humour, displayed in large companies, may very appropriately give way to him who has quiet, considerate common sense at the fireside. But this part of my subject requires little illustration. The fickleness of human nature is too well understood: so I here dismiss it; and now cast a parting glance at the teachings of the affections when they hold in their

keeping a virtuous love. It is then we breathe on every breath an ardent prayer for everlasting life; it is then we yearn to flee the uncertainties of time, and to lay hold on glorious immortality; it is then we pant to stand on the eternal shore, certainly secured in the continuous and endless enjoyment of true, pure, holy love.

Look to the scene that now rises before us. Two faithful lovers, so parted by cruel fate that all circumstances seem to say their union in life can never be: they still love on, still hope on. The sky of fate grows darker: they still are true, and now yearn for the time when, "life's fitful fever" over, they shall be one in the better land. A ray of hope breaks through the gloom; the star of promise rises, but sets again; and hope deferred has sickened both their hearts. But now all barriers to their union vanish, and they at last are, heart to heart, now firmly locked in love's embrace. Who does not know, who does not feel, what is their present thought and prayer? It is, "Thus let us die, that thus we may live for ever;" for the first and last, the beginning and the end of true love, is a fervent, hopeful, faithful prayer that it shall be eternal!

I now pass on to the still higher ground to which I must follow humanity. In climbing upward I first read "friend-ship" on the mortal pilgrim's banner; I then (and lingered long to look upon it) read "love." Now, having ascended higher, and still higher—having crossed the fair portal of marriage—I now read on his banner "parental love." I must linger here to look upon the picture which these sweet words call up before us. The scene is a very lovely little chamber, adorned with many simple articles of ornament and use, the work of her fair hands who now sits quietly upon that couch, basking in the sunshine of her loving husband's eyes, who, proudly bending over his dear young wife, smiles radiantly as he playfully lifts the little napkin with which the fond mother has veiled the face of their first-born. It

is the first time that husband and wife have been alone with their child: what wonder, then, that they gaze long in silent admiration on its lovely lineaments—the dear, little, helpless innocent entrusted by God to their charge! Dry not those tears that now roll down that father's cheeks: they are holy tears; let them fall upon the mother's breast: they are tears consecrated by a feeling of deep responsibility; consecrated, too, by heart-registered resolve that that responsibility shall be faithfully discharged! That kiss, which both at once impress upon the little slumberer's cheek, is the holy, heartfelt pressure by which they both have sealed their firm resolve to do their duty by their child. She shall be gently tended; she shall be watchfully educated; she shall be guarded well from all the snares of life. We leave these parents now. Their silent thoughts are stretching far beyond the things of time: in holy hope they see their little one an heir of everlasting glory. Look to that father now, amid crowds of men! Paternal love has given his voice a softer tone; the rude jest no more may pass his lips; the slightest whisper of impurity calls forth his instant frown. He would pluck all rankness from the world—that world his little daughter must pass through. And see the fond young mother now! Her years are such that she might well still be fond of youthful gaieties. She is happier far alone with her little daughter, whose infant accents she is teaching words of prayer. Such is the purifying and refining influence of parental love, which more than any other development of affection leads mankind onward and upward.

Take another sketch more fully illustrative of this idea. The scene is a humble cottage on a lonely mountain in Argyleshire. Three little girls are quietly amusing themselves on the hearth: a little, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, their only brother, is laid in sore distress upon his little pallet. He has been seized with a severe oppression on his breathing. His mother is bending over him, but can

administer no relief; his father has gone to a distance to procure medical aid. The child is growing rapidly worse; the mother knows he will die before his father's return. That mother would willingly give her life for her son's. But the child is in agony: she prays God to relieve his sufferings and take him to Himself: her prayer is heard,—the little sufferer is at rest. I must draw a vail over the returning father's sorrow. See that father now, long years after his sad loss! He is standing at the door of his humble mountain home; he is looking on the radiant glories of the setting sun; he is thinking of the blissful land beyond—the everlasting home of his darling boy, who has only gone before. See that father once again! He is the stalwart, handsome Highlander seated in our City Hall, listening to that famous singer of our Scottish songs. You know why the big hot tears roll down his manly cheeks at the simple words,-

> "Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith guid and fair, Jean, And, oh, we grudged her sair, Jean, To the land o' the leal."

I need not dwell further on this branch of my subject. What I have said is sufficient to indicate that the teachings of our parental affections but repeat more forcibly the deep whisperings of both friendship and love; that is, they counsel us to truth, purity, holiness, insomuch as they beget within us a yearning desire for an everlasting residence in an eternal home, where there shall be no parting from the children of our love.

I shall but glance at that sweet development of affection—"brotherly and sisterly love." There is no more pure or holy love, no more unselfish development of the affections, than that which brothers and sisters cherish towards one another; and there will be no more holy re-union in the better land than when a happy band of brothers and sisters meet to part no more.

I should now, perhaps, proceed directly to exhibit the

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glorious feelings of patriotism that are born of true friendship, virtuous love, and holy parental affection. Before doing so, however, I shall briefly retrace my steps, and endeavour to throw out a few practical hints for our guidance in life while forming our friendships, while selecting our partners in life, and when called upon to discharge parental duties. First, then, in this order comes the selection of our friends. According to our respective circumstances in life we must form our friendships—the humble in circumstances with the humble in circumstances; the well-to-do with the well-to-do, and so on. This order of things I would have no desire to infringe upon. A working man's son may find just as good companionship amongst working men's sons as he would do amongst the sons of the middle class: while a middle class youth may have as elevating society amongst his own grade as he would if permitted to associate with the youthful aristocracy. I would therefore say to the youths present,-Make your friends of the best of your own class—the best, remember; that is, the youths whose words are most to be depended upon; the youths who never do a mean action; the youths who would scorn a lie, however necessary that contemptible sin might seem, to screen either fault or folly. These essentials of friendship, truth and honour. being secured, you can make no great mistake in forming your friendships. Minor circumstances are of much less importance. If you make friends of the active and energetic, you are likely to be benefited by their activity and energy: while, if you associate with the lethargic, they are likely to be something of a drag apon you. This I merely drop as a hint; for I myself have been as happy in the friendship of the rather slow and comparatively unsuccessful in fortune, as I have been in that of the very energetic and very successful. Uncommonly active people have hardly time to be affectionate; and more than this, there is really a more sweet satisfaction in being able to give a rather behind friend a pull

than in being yourself jerked forward by any one who attaches too much importance to eminent success. then, that, your companions being virtuous, you may just exercise your taste as to which of them you make your friends: indeed, in such election, you must listen to the voice of your heart. Once having formed a virtuous friendship. preserve it as a something very precious—let no accidental trifles in any way mar it. Bear and forbear with your friend. When you feel yourself beginning (too nicely) to note your friend's sins of omission and commission, take a little gentle exercise in the examination of your own imperfections. such a community as ours friends will frequently outstrip each other in the race for wealth. One will become rich; while another will remain in his original moderate circumstances, or perhaps become poorer: these externals should not and will not extinguish true friendship. One of the chief sweets of wealth honourably won, should be the power it gives its possessor of assisting his less fortunate friend: and he has no true generosity in him who, poor in circumstances, refuses the help of his well-to-do friend. Such help should be generously received when it is generously offered. I have known men who, when they had succeeded in making a little money, ceased to remember the friends of their humbler days; and I have known men who, unsuccessful themselves, would suddenly, without any provocation, cease to hold intercourse with a friend who had gone ahead of them in fortune. I feel sorry for all such foolish ones. The man who, on the journey of life, has picked up common vulgar gold, and is so dazzled with its yellow glare that he instantly throws from him the priceless gem. "Friendship," is certainly an arrant fool; nor is he much wiser who, being denied by fortune gold, turns pettedly from his faithful friend who cannot perhaps help being rich. Such externals, I repeat, should never be permitted to come between

friends; and they will not weigh much with really faithful If I were an artist, with something of the power of Hogarth, I would draw a pair of pictures. The one would be the portrait of a silly savage, gaily tatooed, and adorned with numerous strings of shells; he should be strutting proudly along, his head held high in pride as he passed a group of his sable brethren who had no such superfluous adornments: the vain savage, in his jingling buttons, beads, and shells, should seem very silly in my picture. My second picture would be that of a man in fashionable attire, proudly carrying his bank-book in his hand: he would be descending from a handsome mansion, on the door of which his name would shine in burnished brass: he would be turning aside from several honest men, who would be looking on him with pity and contempt. Under both pictures I would write these words-"The very rich man who forgot his friends." All would see the silliness of the savage with his paltry shells; and philosophers, at least, would see the silliness of him with the fine house, fine clothes, and the money, giving all his heart to such very small matters. Friendships should ever be held as valuable in proportion to their age,-like the best liquors, they should have more of flavour the older they grow. Such is really the case. There is a mellow mildness about an old friendship which the friendship of yesterday has nothing to compare with. serve, then, especially your old friendships: death will soon enough take them one by one away; part not with them while you can retain them. You especially who are past the flower of your youth, lose not your friend if you can help it. At your time of life new friends are difficult to make: keep, then, by those you have,-let no angry ebullition of temper snap asunder the delicate strings that affection has been for years entwining around your heart. Remember the lines of Coleridge"Each spoke words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted, ne'er to meet again,
But either never found another
To ease his hollow heart from pain."

I repeat, then,—hold on by your old friends; and while you do so, keep your hearts ever open to friendly intercourse with all of genuine worth with whom kind Providence may bring you into contact.

I have now to say something practical on the very interesting subject—Our selection of partners in life. I am almost afraid to touch this very delicate matter, lest I should, by harsh cold words of common sense awaken any of you from some sweet dream of most romantic love. Such dreams, we all know, are very common. Almost all the writings of our novelists are calculated to set our wits a-wandering about some dear creature far beyond our reach. Almost all the heroes of the stage also make wonderful matches-each poetic youth getting, if not a princess, at least a wealthy heiress, whose old uncle is sure to come down handsomely with the very requisite money just at the proper time. I may, by way of refreshing our memories as to these very happy theatrical unions, tell you briefly the story of our most popular modern drama. Claude Melnotte, a young gardener, the son of a poor widow, falls deeply in love with Pauline Dischapelles, the proudest beauty in Lyons. He sends her verses, in which he tells the story of his love: his communication is treated with vulgar scorn, and so the young gardener is desperate. While in this state of mind he is met by two wealthy merchants, both of whom have been rejected by the proud beauty. The trio enter into a conspiracy, by which they mean to humble the haughty Pauline. The young gardener is to assume the character of an Italian prince—(he must have been a very highly accomplished gardener)-in which character he is bound to woo and wed the "Lady of Lyons." The gardener prince is soon introduced to the fair one, and takes her affections quite by storm; and little wonder, seeing that he can woo her in this fashion. They are walking in the garden, when Pauline, fondly leaning on her dear prince's arm, says—

"Come, tell me of thy palace by the

Lake of silver; for when thou speak'st of

Greatness, "tis with such a mocking lip,—

Custom hath made thee familiar with greatness."

To which the prince replies-

"Nay, dearest, nay; if thou wouldst have me paint The home to which, could love fulfil its prayers, This hand would lead thee, listen :- a deep vale Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world, Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold And whispering myrtles, glassing softest skies, As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows, As I would have thy fate. My own dear love, A palace lifting to eternal summer Its marble walls from out a glossy bower Of coolest foliage, musical with birds, Whose songs should syllable thy name.—At noon We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder Why earth could be unhappy while the heavens Still left us youth and love: we'd have no friends That were not lovers, no ambition save To excel them all in love; we'd read no books That were not tales of love, that we might smile To think how poorly eloquence of words Translates the poetry of hearts like ours. And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens We'd guess what star should be our home when love Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps; And every air is heavy with the sighs Of orange groves, and music from sweet lutes, And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth I' the midst of roses. - Dost thou like the picture? Paul. As the bee upon the flower, so do I hang Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue. Claude. O Pauline, it is the prince thou lovest, Not the man. If in the stead of luxury,

Pomp, and power, I had painted poverty and toil
And care, thou then hadst found no honey.
On my tongue.—Pauline!
That is not love.

Paul. Thou wrongest me, cruel prince.
True, I might not at the first been won.
Save by the glittering of a garish flame,
But, oh! the heart once scorched—
I'm thine,
And thine for ever."

You all know how this story ends: the humble lineage of the prince being discovered, there is a terrible explosion, during which Claude departs for the wars. In his absence the proud beauty rejects all offers for her hand,—she is true to her gardener lover,—until her father, on the brink of ruin, compels her to consent to marry a wealthy man who will at once square up the old gentleman's accounts. When this hated marriage is about to be forced upon the broken-hearted beauty, Claude returns—a general now, and laden with the spoils of camps. In vulgar phrase, he is possessed of lots of money. And so the proud beauty and the poor gardener are happy ever after.

Now, this is a very pretty story on the stage, but I would say to any poor young gardener who may be hearing me, that I could hardly recommend you, in looking out for a lover, to set your affections on the proudest, finest lady in your town; for it is very difficult, in our country, for a poor lad entering, the army to come out a rich general. It is not, perhaps, impossible for a poor soldier to become a general; but he would require so many years to rise to that position that both he and his lady-love would have lost all notion of matrimony long before the fair one could be clasped to her gallant general's heart. I would have more hope of the young gardener amongst us making a happy choice if I heard him singing—

"Young Kitty she is the charming girl, Who carries the milking pail;" or the equally popular and, in his case, equally appropriate song—

"Of all the girls that are so smart;
There's none like pretty Sally;
Oh, she's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley."

I have taken this circuitous and somewhat ornamental method of conveying to you the very commonplace opinion, that in choosing a partner we are most likely to be happy with one moving in the same rank of life as ourselves. slight shade of difference up or down may not be of much consequence; but where the disparity in position is very great, the chances of permanent happiness are not great. Unequal matches do not often take place amongst persons of genuine worth. The reason of this is-a really honourable man will scorn the idea of holding clandestine intercourse with any man's daughter: he will not skulk about back lanes and back stairs, even for the glimpse of a sweet face or the pressure of a soft hand :-no, if he may not enter the house boldly, with the full knowledge of her parents, he will break off the intercourse. If he has real worth, he will have faith that the old folks will soon find it out, and then they will gladly signify their willingness to receive his visits. know I speak the truth when I say "No young woman who has a proper regard for her own honour will meet clandestinely with any man." Such a one may tell her father and mother in very plain English, "That she will only marry the man of her own choice;" but she will not meet him by Such meetings are dishonourable alike to both man and maiden, and are hardly compatible with virtuous affec-Avoid, then, all clandestine love-making, and there is little fear of you making a foolish runaway marriage. marriages are generally consummated in haste and repented of at leisure; for, however fond lovers may defy and scorn the interference of their relations, husbands generally feel

that much of their happiness in life depends upon their keeping perfectly sweet with their wives' friends. And wives are rarely happy when not quite in harmony with their husbands' relations; and such harmony is all but impossible when the match is not in every way "a fair match." I close my counsellings on this matter with the Scotch proverb,—"Never let love creep where it daurna walk."

I do not think it necessary here to do more than glance at the false affection of the libertine, which would pour into the trusting maiden's loving heart deeply poisoned words,words that treat with affected scorn what such ones term the arbitrary laws which old dull men have framed to mar the joys of youthful love. The slightest breathing of such hellish breath should, and will I trust, on the instant, transform each virtuous maiden's wholesome love, into hearty wholesome hatred. It certainly will do so in every case where the woman so insulted has one atom of self-respect. Look to the "heaven-kissing height" on which a virtuous maiden stands,—and see, her honour lost, the fearful depth to which she falls; and, as you gaze upon the contrast, join in my prayer,-that Heaven may grant each virtuous maiden power to fling from her heart, without one pang, all love that bears not, in its heart and on its brow, the strictest honour! I will dwell no further on this grave matter. The following lines, which the poet Rowe puts into the mouth of poor Jane Shore, convey the thought I would like to impress on every mind:-

"Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove
Free and unquestion'd in the realms of love.
But woman—sense and nature's easy fool—
If poor, weak woman swerve from virtue's rule;
If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame.

In vain with tears her loss she may deplere, In vain look back to what she was before,— She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more."

Taking it for granted, then, that we have the common sense to look for our partners in our own station, and that in all our affections we never disunite love and honour, I have still something further to say. I have been astonished, amused, and sometimes, I may add, disgusted, at the thorough business-like way in which some men prosecute their love ventures. They meet a friend in whose company they have met a charming fair one, to whom they request a special introduction. The favour is granted them, and they seem at once to lay siege to the maiden's affections. They seem, in all eyes, to be making progress, when all at once their visits are discontinued, and you hear that by some other friend they have been favoured with an introduction to another fair one, who shortly gives place to some newer attraction. In this fashion half the ladies of a parish are gone over by these nuisances of men. No matter although in such circuit the heart's peace of more than one honest maiden may be broken. The gentlemen have not committed themselves-so no one can find fault with them: they never meant anything serious-and so maidens' hearts, the most true and tender of all God's works, are treated as if they were things without feeling. I would have all such woeful specimens of humanity banished entirely the company of true women.

Besides those of whom I have been speaking, there is another class who are even more guilty of doing heart-hurt to the fair. I refer to those young men who, destined to a professional career, have to spend several of the best years of their lives in study, during which probationary period they are poor, their good time being in the distance. Such youths very often become the nightly visitants of some household where they have the pleasure of female society.

They do so with no intention of seeking a place in the affections of their fair friends; but they are continually in their company. They often read together; if musical, they sing together; they sometimes walk together, and certainly the girls begin to like their company; certainly love is kindled in the fair one's heart, during which time the ambitious student is dreaming of

"Taking some proud lady, And making her his bride;"

which he very likely does when he has made for himself a position in the world; and she whose heart, in his thoughtless selfishness, he has stolen, becomes the old maid of his acquaintance, whom he says he knew a little when at college. Rising merchants, as well as professional men, are often guilty of this dishonest conduct to their fair friends. They, on their way to fortune, account their humble female friends pleasant company in their leisure hours: but when they have done well in the world, they (to speak in language which they well understand) become bankrupt in their affections, pay nothing in the pound, and immediately start a new love business, and certainly marry uncomfortably above their own rank.

I have an unmitigated contempt for all men who are guilty of such heartless conduct. If a man has no intention to make a wife of a girl, he should not seek her company. Her pleasant company is her capital in life. If, then, you do not mean anything, leave the ground clear for some one who does. If you are often in the way you may spoil the girl's market; so, as Jack the sailor would say, "Sheer off, you lubber." But perhaps I am troubling you with too much minutise. I have been telling you not to seek a partner above your station, not to have any clandestine love affairs, never to dissociate love and honour; I have been reprobating the unmanly conduct of those men who go from fair to fair, heedless of the suffering they inflict, seeing that they do not (what they call) commit

themselves; and I have been denouncing the conduct of those young men who, on their way up fortune's hill, cheer their dull hours with the company of girls of their own rank, and, as soon as they have gained a position, break all former ties, and treat their fair friends, whom they have perhaps pestered for years, to an occasional distant nod of recognition. All these separate items of misconduct, then, are a portion of the deeds of which I would not have any of us guilty. What I would have all do in these matters is this:—I would have you treat all women both courteously and kindly, and at the same time studiously avoid all communings which are calculated to awaken those soft emotions—if, such emotions being awakened, you do not mean to return love for love. conceive of no greater cruelty than the lighting of love in a woman's heart, and then leaving her silently to pine and droop, and droop and pine, until she sinks into the grave. That is very frequently the result of the soft attentions of men who never "committed themselves" by any promise-of men "who never meant anything serious." I would have all young men to keep a sly, shy distance from their fair friends, never giving the slightest signal of love until they had decidedly made up their minds that there would be no stopping short on their part.

To those men who plight their troth to the maidens whose affections they have secured, and thereafter break faith with them, I have nothing to say: I hand such criminals over to whomsoever it may concern, and call upon the blighted fair ones to thank God that they have been preserved from becoming the wives of such men: and I have to tell them, though disappointed love is a sore fever, yet, in the great majority of cases, it is ultimately recovered from; and many a man, and many a woman, who have been desperately bad, have come even to wonder that ever they could have cared anything for the being about whom they had well-nigh gone distracted. Love's cure comes about in a great variety of ways.

One lady I know was cured of a desperate flame by the fragrance of porter and snuff, breathed into her face by her old beau, some twelve months after his marriage with another. One-gentleman I know had the hole in his heart quite mended by seeing accidentally his haughty fair one denuded of her two beautiful portable front teeth. More than one lady I know has been set all to rights on being visited by the youth for whom she was languishing while that party was slightly affected with alcoholic stimulants, in which condition the youth showed a few of his paces which his fair friend had not seen before. One gentleman I know recovered rapidly from a hopeless love on being introduced to his dear one's married sister, who was very like her to whom he had given his heart, but in matrimony had grown so very stout that she was a tight fit for any parlour door. Yes; hopeless love is cured in a thousand ways; and if youthful ardour would but listen to the voice of sagacious experience, disappointments in love would always be easily got over. But I must hasten on, and so take leave of this branch of my subject by counselling all to seek in their partners honest, warm hearts, clear, intelligent heads, and sound and healthful constitutions. requisites found—or not found—it is the duty of each married man and each married woman to believe in his and her heart that their partners in wedlock are the very best that the world could have furnished them.

Parental duties I dismiss in a very few sentences. Parents require no counsellings to love their children: as to loving them wisely, that is a very different matter. I have known some parents who really seemed to love the follies of their children, detailing with pride their little acts of disobedience to themselves as a something that showed spirit. To such parents I would say, Look to that skilful gardener with his favourite rose tree; see how coolly he cuts off the useless little twigs which sprout out so prettily here and there. A foolish, unskilful person would not touch one of them,

and so he would soon have a bunch of sprawling briefs. But the man of knowledge trims the bush, and so it becomes a lovely tree, repaying his care with fragrant clusters of the richest roses. I would have too fond parents to take a lesson from the skilful gardener, and lop off, if possible, the little twigs of selfishness which all children more or less display. Teach them especially to be loving to one another; for this may be taken for granted, that the child who is not loving to brother and sister will not have much affection for father and mother when they come most to require such affection. Parental love sometimes goes very far astray when children have ceased to be children. Many a father and many a mother have, from the best motives, sacrificed the heart's peace of their offspring by coercing them into marriages of monetary convenience, which marriages have proved a crushing of the heart's best affections. I need not sav how wrong this is. A parent should be ever ready with counsel to both son and daughter; but, in the matters of the heart, as much freedom as possible should be granted. Remember the lines of Campbell-

"Ties around this heart were spun
That could not, would not, be undone."

It is the duty of parents to keep guard over the affections of their children, and so to prevent them from becoming attached to objectionable persons; but such guard not being kept, and love's knot being tied, it is the duty of parents to do their best to make the young folks as happy as possible. It is no light matter separating faithful young hearts for monetary considerations. It was a true poet who wrote these lines, and they would certainly be most becoming in the lips of any maiden who was commanded to break faith with her true lover for a match which would, in "world's gear," be more advantageous,—

"Oh, wha would buy a silken gown Wi' a poor broken heart? And what's to me a siller crown Gin frae my love I part?

"Oh, I have vowed a virgin's vow My lover's fate to share! And he has gi'en to me his heart, And what can man do mair?

"The lougest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me,
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
I'll lay me down and die."

Wise parents will not directly cross their children in love A father or mother may, however, earnestly plead matters. for the delay of a union which seems to them destined to be unhappy; and such delay being granted, and the affection standing the test of the specified time, then all that parents can do to launch the true ones happily should be heartily done, and the result left confidently in the hands of God. With regard to children who are guilty of grave errors, I have merely to say, as the heart of our heavenly Father is ever open to receive the returning penitent, so ought each of our hearts to throw wide its portals for the reception of every erring son or daughter. I can say nothing so appropriate on this part of my subject as the simple repetition of the words of our Lord in describing the prodigal's return :-- "But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants. Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and be merry! for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found," Such being the reception given to the Prodigal son,

let no parent's heart be steeled by mean worldly pride against the return of the erring daughter.

After this much of practical counsellings, my subject seems naturally to require but a very few additional thoughts. I have been speaking of true friends, of faithful lovers, and of loved and loving children. All these objects of endearment gathered around us give us that which is expressed by the most beautiful word in our language,—Home!—

"Home, sweet, sweet home!"

I could easily write an entire lecture on the love of home. I shall only here express one thought. It is when kneeling at the family altar, with all we love on earth around us, that we pray most fervently that we may all be gathered to our Father's home in heaven. Another thought. I have a home,-you, and you, and you, and all of us have homes; these combined make our country-our native land. Whose heart does not thrill at the word "Our native land!" dear, proud, free, happy native land! Our land of heroes and martyrs; our land of glorious liberty—bought by our fathers' blood; our land of wise heads and true hearts: would the world knew how much we love it! Let any power on earth pronounce to us the word invasion, and we'll be tigers. Invasion! no, no, there can be no invasion of a free and happy land, guarded by the fond affections of its virtuous sons and daughters. But I can only touch this string, to which our hearts give forth such healthful music, and pass on to take a farewell glance at the mortal pilgrim whom we have followed through the sweets of friendship, the joys of love, and the high and holy feelings of parental affection. We see him now, life's journey well-nigh over. He is climbing the steep and narrow way that leads straight to the celestial city, that stands secure upon the Rock of Ages. holds in his hand the Bible—his never-failing guide. He has long read the sacred page with the eye of faith, aided by the

soft light of his own affections; and now he is hastening to join the loved ones gone before. How radiantly he smiles! Hark to his words!—

"Saw ye not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun.
They promised me eternal happiness;
They brought me garlands—which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear."

Amongst that blessed troop that lines the avenues of light he sees the companions of his youth—the friends of his riper years: her he called by the holy name of wife. She is leading in her hand their little angel child. His father and his mother too are there; his brothers and sisters becken him joyously; his brother's orphan daughter, to whom he proved a father, is carrying his golden crown. In sight of such sweet natural visionings how eagerly the frail, erring mortal lays hold on Him who saith, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father but by me!" Forhe has found that anchorage alone can fully satisfy the heart and soul in which has burned the pure, holy light of virtuous affection.

MRS. MACNAB.

I NEVER knew an individual that changed her servants so often as Mrs. Macnab. She seldom keeps one more than a month: and the reason of it is simply this,—She cannot keep them in their own place. You see, she has such an aversion to holding her tongue, that when she has no other person to gossip to, she must make a confident of her servant,—which confidence seldom lasts long; for if, after hearing all her affairs, they either by accident or intention make the slightest allusion to anything she has told them, she flies up in a moment, and calls them everything but ladies for their impertinence.

I think it is about six weeks since Mrs. Macnab told me, that after spending a fortnight in receiving applications, and trailing through every corner of the town inquiring into servants' characters, she had engaged what she was sure was a real thorough-going girl, and one that she was sure could keep her own place. Well, the very day that the new servant came home there chanced to be a dryness between Mr. and Mrs. Macnab. I will tell you the cause of this dryness. You see, Mrs. Macnab had for a long time been tormenting her husband to get her portrait taken, and nothing would please her ladyship but it should be done by Graham Gilbert, or Macnee, or some of our very best artists. Now Mr. Macnab could not think of that. Not that he grudged the expense—far from that; he did not grudge the expense But, you see, it was so very lately that he had been unfortunate

in business, and had paid his creditors with eighteenpence in the pound, and he did not want to set folk speaking about them; and more than that, Mr. Macnab, being connected with a certain denomination that have of late been very hard up for "saintly timmer," had just been made an elder, so that was making him rather more particular. So he wanted Mrs. Macnab to wait a little; but Mrs. Macnab is a woman that has a mind of her own. She had heard a great deal said about the very fine likenesses that are done by the daguerreotype, so she was determined at least to have a daguerreotype Mrs. Macnab is a woman that counts likeness of herself. herself very good-looking, and she was quite delighted that the daguerrectype would give her a real correct likeness, and would not flatter any. So she dresses herself in her best; and I can assure you she does dress splendidly-there's not a lady in Glasgow that dresses more handsomely than Mrs. Macnab. Of course, many a one hints that if Macnab had paid twenty shillings in the pound, her beauty would have been far more unadorned, but that has nothing to do with my story. As I said, she dresses herself in her best, and puts a guinea in her glove, and out she sets to get a daguerreotype likeness of herself, never hinting where she was going-intending, you see, to surprise Mr. Macnab with it. Well, when she sat down to undergo the operation, the daguerreotype man told her to throw a pleasant expression into her face-"For," said he, "the plate receives the exact expression." Well, with this she flung back her head, and threw what she thought was a real fascinating smile into her countenance. The result was, when she was presented with her guinea's worth, there she was with a comical grin on her face, and her mouth "thrawn" to the one side! The flinging back of her head had given her nose the appearance of a real classical pug; and her bonny yellow ringlets, that she was so very conceited about, they were converted into raven tresses! She was nothing from raving mad when she saw her pennyworth, but (and it was a won-

der) she managed to hold her tongue—slipped the likeness into her muff, and went away home-comparatively well pleased to think that nobody knew of her excursion, and determined to let nobody see it. So, when she got home, for fear Mr. Macnab might happen to lay hands on it, she alips it on the top of the chiffonier, in behind a splendid edition of Hawes's Bible they have in six volumes, knowing well, as she thought to herself, that it would be a long time before the elder would fall in with it there. But it is very strange how things come about; for that very day, when Mr. Macnab came home to his dinner, he had taken a bet with a gentleman, of a mutchkin of brandy, about some passage that Now, Mr. Macnab has not a very good was in Genesis. chronological memory, and he did not just exactly mind which of the volumes of the Bible he was likely to find Genesis in; so he is tumbling down the whole set to look for Genesis, when out pops Mrs. Macnab, with her "thrawn" mouth, her pug nose, and her black hair. Mr. Macnab saw through the secret in a moment; so he put the books up where he had got them, slipped the likeness into his pocket, and went into the dining-room for his dinner. He had not sat many minutes at the dinner table until Mrs. Macnab introduced the old subject, namely, the getting of her portrait taken. Among other arguments that she used, she said, "It would be quite an ornament to the room." "An ornament!" said Mr. Macnab, "an ornament! your likeness an ornament! Well," said he, "I have no skill of such ornaments;" and with this he pulls the likeness out of his pocket, and, holding it up, said, "Do you call that an ornament?" Mrs. Macnab was perfectly "dumbfoundered." When she had partially recovered the shock, she snatched the likeness from between Mr. Macnab's fingers, and put it right between the bars of the grate, and did not speak another word to Mr. Macnab. So, when he saw, the humour she was in, he did not trouble her long with his company. Mr. Macnab no sooner left the room than the

new servant came in to remove the things. Mrs. Macnab must have her bile out; so she gave the new servant to understand that she, Mrs. Macnab, was far from being the happiest woman in Glasgow. There were a great many women far happier than her; but she had herself to thank for it, for it was greatly against the will of her relations that she had ever in any way connected herself with Mr. Macnab. He had never been accustomed to move in the circle of society that she had been brought up in. Although he was her husband, he was of very lowly origin; but that would be nothing if he had not brought his low taste with him,-for he was a man of a real low taste, Mr. Macnab; but what else could be expected when you thought of his low connections. She then gave the new servant a complete inventory of Mr. Macnab's friends, hoping there were few of them would count kin with her. You see, it seems Mr. Macnab has an uncle a broker-a common broker; and a sister-a full, lawful sister—a washerwoman in Greenock; and, although he could not help it, and there were not many knew it, his mother had been a real worthless woman, and had drank herself to death. So the new servant and Mrs. Macnab got very friendly in a handclap; for she was a grand worker the new servant. You see, she had been a long time cook in one of the head inns, and she had left the inn on account of some teetotal scruples she had. But everybody has something to bother them, and so had Mrs. Macnab's new servant. was uncommonly tormented with the toothache; and nothing would give her the least relief unless it were a small drop of the very best spirits, and that very often brought on a dizziness in her head; for she never could take whisky.—she hated the very smell of it. . But toothache or no toothache, dizziness or no dizziness, she never let her work fall behind. She always rattled through it: perhaps at times she was not just exactly so particular as Mr. Macnab would have liked her to be-for he was a very particular man, Mr. Macnab,

uncommonly particular, above all things, about his linens; for he was a real smart, clean-looking, gentlemanly man, Mr. Macnab, let his connections be what they pleased. day Mr. Macnab gets a shirt presented to him that did not exactly suit his fancy to put on; so he called up the new servant to give her a reprimand, and asked her how she thought any gentleman could put on such a shirt. Well, that very morning the new servant had had an extraordinary attack of the toothache, and had just happened to be taking an extraordinary dose of the medicine before she came up, which circumstance made her quite indisposed to take any of what she called Mr. Macnab's impertinence. when he asked her how she thought any gentleman could put on such a shirt, she just laughed in his face and said-"Gentleman! I can tell you what it is then, gentleman. no other lady could make a better job of your shirts with the kind of irons that you have-some old rusty trash that's been bought perhaps half-a-dozen years ago from your uncle the broker. But I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Macnab, gentleman, if you are not pleased with my washing and dressing, I'll tell you what you can do,-you can just pack up your shirts, and send them down by the train to Greenock, to your sister the washerwoman. It will perhaps be a kind of godsend to her, if she is scarce of work; and I am sure I will find plenty of work in your house without them." When Mr. Macnab saw the state she was in, he made her no answer, but called Mrs. Macnab to look after her servant, for she was drunk. "Drunk!" quoth Mrs. Macnab's confident, "drunk! you have a pretty stock of impudence to say any decent woman's drunk. You may be the last to speak about anybody being drunk. I never happened to drink myself to death yet, anyway. Could ye keep your mother in your eye." Mrs. Macnab entered on the moment, the picture of guilt and remorse. She saw she had pulled a stick to break her own head with. It could not be helped now. The new servant was dismissed on the spot.

In this case the innocent suffered for the guilty;—not altogether innocent either, for in the packing up of her bits of things, the new servant put several bits of trifles into her chest that did not just exactly belong to her. This was discovered, and she was landed in the police-office. In the rummaging of the chest, among other things that were found that were not exactly honestly come by, there were two bottles of that precious commodity that figures so prominently in all family discords,—the Campbelton medicine for the toothache, with Mr. Macnab's seal on them.

Now, was not this a real foolish, disagreeable affair from beginning to end? Would not Mrs. Macnab have been far better to have taken the elder's advice, and let the taking of her portrait stand over a little till the noise of the failure had subsided? Far better, at any rate, she had kept her tongue between her teeth about Mr. Macnab's friends; for it requires but small reflection to discover that the husband's humiliation can never prove the wife's exaltation.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

LECTURE—THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.
STORY—MRS. GALLACHER.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

In approaching the "Dignity of Labour" I am met with the thought, that the first record we have of work done is God's creation of the world. God laboured, and rested from his labour. The labour of the Deity produced a perfect world, with its myriads of perfect and happy creatures. This happiness man lost through sin. Man's first-recorded work after the fall was that in which the erring pair made their first effort at constructiveness. This labour the Lord evidently approved, and in his goodness suggested to his fallen children, before they were driven from the garden, that by the exercise of ingenuity and labour they might even still enjoy comforts very much akin to those they had lost in Paradise. This, I think, was clearly suggested by the fact recorded in the words, "Unto Adam, and also unto his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them;" thus, in his Fatherly love, fully awakening in his fallen children those constructive faculties which, with skilful labour, give us so much of our happiness.

It requires, I think, but little of the poet's fancy to imagine how very soon the "dignity of labour" became apparent to our first parents when, hand in hand, they had taken their solitary way. They cannot have travelled far ere a resting-place was required. A place of shelter for the night was certainly required. How was it to be obtained? A lesson had been taught them in the making of the coats—the skins had been ingeniously put together, forming garments of comfort and

protection. Adam had no doubt remembrance of the architecture of the bowers of paradise; now he must himself construct a bower for the shelter of his weary partner. looks around for a suitable site. Here is a thick cluster of small trees: if the minor shrubs were removed there would be sufficient space for the required apartment. He seats our mother on a mossy bank, and throwing off his coat, wraps it round her, and sets actively to work. He never knew his strength before. He tears up the obstructing shrubs and plants by the roots, soon clearing the required space: he smooths the surface with a broken bough. So far all is well; but a gentle shower reminds him that a watertight roof is necessary. He now, lightly mounting, intertwines the spreading boughs, finding immediate use for his clearings in filling up the gaps. "Not so bad," he says; but still the light shines through. His fig leaves throw the rain from his limbs; they will do the same for his dwelling. He goes off, and returns laden with fig tree branches. Eve, who has been seated, entranced at beholding the dignity of her husband's newly discovered powers, now rises, curious to see what next. Adam is again upon the roof, and now requests his wife to hand him the branches. She joyfully performs her part, forgetting her sorrow in discovering that she, too, can be useful. The roof completed, Adam pronounces his house finished. Eve, smiling, says, "'Tis well, but may be better;" the floor, she thinks, is rather rough. The moss on which she had been sitting was soft and pleasant; if Adam will but rest him now she will make the desired improvement. Adam, well pleased, stands aside and watches with pride the taste and ingenuity of his helpmate as she pulls the mossy tufts of various hues, and arranges them with wondrous skill upon the floor, thus giving to his rough, homely work much of the grace and elegance they had lost in paradise. Who can doubt that, when this work was completed, husband and wife had more of dignity in each other's eyes?

I would suggest an improvement in the hackneyed couplet that insinuates that our first father was no gentleman because he laboured. I would have it read—

"When Adam delved, and Eve span, Where was then the idle man?"

The "dignity of labour" is so easily proved and so readily admitted that I am at a loss, not for illustrations, but what style of illustration to give you. Labour contrasted with idleness! The simple mention of the two words is sufficient to settle the matter. Labour, idleness-weigh them. Labour hath true weight; idleness goes for nothing in any scale. Sound them-labour, idleness: the one doth not become the mouth so well as the other. Conjure with them: labour will raise all the spirits of goodness; idleness can only raise the spirit of evil. Take a simple constrast from man in his natural, or rather his savage state. See the poor, crawling, lazy wretch, with his girdle tightened to allay the pangs of hunger, his wife and her one starving child (all her other children are already dead) wailing for food,—see how the slothful creature crawls along: he would steal, but will not work. Contrast this with the noble bearing of the stately hunter who, with agile limbs and buoyant step, pursues to the death his certain prey, returning to his hut laden with enough and to spare for all his dependents. Such a contrast cannot, perhaps, be seen in all its grossness in a state of civilization; yet all the grossness is equally apparent to the All-seeing eye, and the punishment (even in this life) is just as certain to the idle member of a civilized state as to the lazy savage. What a poor, helpless, insignificant thing an idle man or woman soon becomes! No energy, no power, no influence for good, no noble sympathies, no high aspirations. -mere ciphers, valueless in life's column. We are told that God made man in his own image, gifting him with almost creative powers. It is only, however, when those

powers are fully exerted for the good of man and the glory of God that the creature displays any resemblance to the Creator. How suggestive is this fact of the true dignity of all useful labour! Our great familiarity with all our most useful labours has a tendency to conceal from us the dignity connected with them. I think it is the philosophic Master Slender who says, "With familiarity will grow more contempt." This is truly the case with our everyday labours. It is only on occasions of extremity that they become sublimated in our eyes: then they assume their grand proportions, attesting in unmistakable type the "dignity of labour."

Take an illustration, and as we are disposed to be courteous to our late foes, I shall endeavour to exhibit the dignity of Russian labour. See, then, the poor Russian serf, spade in hand, toiling away with patient endurance, preparing the soil for the growth of the grain that is to assist in feeding all the nations of the earth. It is certainly very lowly toil, the labour with that spade; but it is useful. Taking the labourer, his work, his humble remuneration, and all attendant circumstances, it is difficult to see much of dignity about it. But see the Russian serf now. Combined nations threaten the destruction of that city which is the pride of his empire: an effort of Russian labour may defy their united forces. Ten thousand Russian spades are now at work: day and night the toil goes on, until these huge defences have all the strength that labour can give them: before these grand productions of simple labour the flower of all their foes must perish. Who, whatever his national feelings may be, does not in that long year's noble defence of Sebastopol recognize at least the dignity of Russian labour ?

Take another illustration nearer home. There is no work more homely than that of those who go down to the sea in ships. We are walking along the beach:—see with what rude, substantial stitch that old seaman mends his sails, while the

younger nautical artist, with paint-pot in hand, lays on the various colours in his own homely fashion; a humbler artist still, working on the lower stratum, lays on the pitch in the thick-and-slab style; while a fourth of the useful craft, seated on his tool-box, with mallet and caulking-irons, pays in the oakum, making a joint that any cabinetmaker might be proud of. These labours, all so necessary for the preservation of life and property, seem very humble, and there is certainly little apparent dignity about these weather-beaten men. But see them now: the scene is changed,-the sky is darkened, the wind has risen-far out at sea the waves are tipped with white. The anxious faces, looking seaward, indicate expected danger. The storm is raging wildly now: a struggling vessel is in sight; she has mounted the signal of distress. See those lowly workmen now,-Responding to that signal, they have launched their boat; and now, with brawny arms, cut through the foaming surge with skilful strokes: they near the sinking wreck; they save the fainting mariners; and, as they proudly dash to shore, giving joy to almost bursting hearts, who does not recognize in all their humble toils, that fit them for such glorious work, the "dignity of labour?"

Take another example from another field of usefulness. We are seeing the mysteries of the Edinburgh College. We have seen the noble library, the beautiful museum, the lecture-rooms, consecrated by the memories of departed greatness. We are now entering on a scene that will have the economic effect of making a very light dinner quite enough for us. The large apartment is very cleanly washed, "but still there is a smell of blood." We are in the dissecting-room. Amidst the numerous groups of students, our attention is particularly drawn to one who bends a noble brow and pale and thoughtful face over a dissected limb. He is very busy. Our guide whispers as we pass, "The most laborious student in the college." His work seems to us

very uninviting; but his is truly noble work. A few years have elapsed. We are present now in a home darkened by a cloud of deepest sorrow,—the father of the family is stretched upon his bed with fractured limbs. An unskilful surgeon has just announced, in pompous tones, that amputation is the only remedy. The wife stands by in dumb despair, until some passing incident brings to her mind the name and fame of our pale laborious student. He now is called in. He does not think the case is quite so bad: he will undertake a cure without amputation. And, ere many months go by, that wife and family joyously see those limbs restored to health, and strength, and usefulness. Who does not in such a godlike result recognize the dignity of our student's labour?

I could multiply these illustrations to any extent. Take one other. It is now many years since a young man, born in the city of Edinburgh, sat in a chamber in that city poring over the thoughts of the mighty dead. None can tell how many dusty musty volumes that youth perused. He was a laborious law student, intent on usefulness, and fame, and power. He knew the way lay through long years of patient drudgery; but he did not shrink from labour. he succeed? Look at the scene that opens now in Westminster Hall. All the dignitaries of England are assembled. A great trial is about to commence. A Queen is the accused, a King is the accuser; a neglected wife is the accused, a faithless husband the accuser. The entire nation is looking on with intense interest; the heart of England's chivalry is throbbing for the fate of the poor lady whom her gross lord The evidence has been examined, and her would crush. counsel rises in the person of our Edinburgh student. His laborious research stands him in good stead now. He pours forth a defence, great in legal lore, powerful in knowledge, and adorned with every grace of eloquence. See the result of that defence, when every city in the land, illuminated

proclaims the acquittal of our student's royal client! Our student rests not here. He is now the first ruling power in the British Senate. Yes, my friends, when "Harry Brougham" took his seat on the woolsack of England, his position was a noble tribute to the "dignity of labour!"

But I must return to the toils of the mechanic, whose labours must be more immediately interesting to my present audience. When we see the joiner at his bench, the mason at his siege, or the plasterer at his trough, we do not readily recognize the dignity of their labour. But when there bursts upon the view of the traveller the grand proportions of a noble city, with all its towers, and spires, and palaces, who does not read in such everlasting stereotype "the dignity of labour?" Well do I remember my own emotions when I first looked upon our

"Own dear, old, romantic town,"

the city of Edinburgh, with its grand gray old castle, its glorious institutions, its noble monuments, its solemn temples, its graceful bridges, its classic seminaries, and its thousands of palace homes. It seemed to me more like a city of "dreamland" than a stern stone and lime reality. But there it stands, telling to all the world, in truly heroic numbers, the "dignity of Scottish labour." In mentally turning over the industrial pages of that city, I find the "dignity of labour" apparent in every paragraph; no page speaking more eloquently than that in which we read the records of its great printing establishments, from whose walls go forth the light of knowledge, spreading the rays of truth to all the nations of the earth.

But I must hasten on. Knowing as I know, and as you know, that all useful labour properly performed is truly dignified, I must now make a brief inquiry as to what are the principles essential to the building up of a dignified life in any or in all the fields of labour. The first great essentials to this, you all know, are simple truth and honesty in word

and action. I will illustrate this by a reference to the natural laws with which every workman becomes familiar in the prosecution of his daily toil.

A builder is entrusted with the erection of a monumental column, commemorative of the worth of some truly great man. In preparing the foundation of such a structure, how does he proceed? He knows right well that in laying every stone he must consult the fixed natural laws, or his structure will have no stability. He therefore, first, prepares a simple "straight edge," of sufficient length to extend over the entire foundation: to this "straight edge" he applies his true "spirit level." By these simple processes he finds out how, in laying his foundation, he may strictly conform to the law of gravitation.

The foundation laid, the square and plummet are next called into requisition. The simple plummet, ever true to the centre of gravity, tells how each stone must stand; while the square, the true child of the level and plummet, gives sure directions for all the other portions of the work. truly gone about, a noble structure rises, well fitted to brave the storms of ages, and carry down to future generations the story of the truly great. You all easily perceive what would be the result were the builder of such a structure to suit what might appear his own immediate convenience—to put aside in any one case the admonitions of the level and plummet, and insert a single stone in any way off the truth—that is, off the square. One such stone, we all know, would endanger, nay, would certainly insure ultimately the destruction of the entire erection. If such a stone should, in negligence or folly, be inserted, it must be taken out and replaced by a stone of truth, or the whole structure, when tested by His winds who established the laws of gravitation, will soon be levelled with the dust. I think you will all easily perceive what I am striving to convey by this architectural illustration. I am seeking to enforce the truth that, if we would build up the

noble structure of a dignified life, its foundations must be firmly laid in truth and honesty. These simple virtues must be the level and plummet guiding the architecture of our lives. One false word spoken, one dishonest action, can never fit into a dignified life. If such word or action remains unatoned for, all other words and actions built upon it must be utterly false. This idea should be ever present with us, admonishing us to preserve in all our words and actions the purity of truth and the open uprightness of honesty. God has so formed us that the past is ever present with us. If, then, in our past lives we have one false stone, it must be taken out, and the error, as far as possible, be repaired. It was a guilty king who said—

"How can I repent me, while yet I am
Possessed of that for which I did the deed?"

Such repentance were a mockery. No! the pilgrim who would return to the path of dignity must go back the entire When he has done so, he will not only have dignity in the eyes of men, but in the eyes of God. The incompatibility of dignity with aught that is false will become clearly apparent by another glance at my architectural illus-Just imagine the queer dignity there would be about "Scott's Monument," or even our "Martyrs' Column," if they happened to be just a little off the plumb. All their fine proportions would be at once lost sight of in the idea. that, for the want of simple truth, they must ere long topple So it is with man's life. However huge, or even ornamental, a man may become, if his words are just a little off the plumb, and his actions are not strictly honest, no matter though he may even be a great railway king, to talk of his having dignity would be simply ridiculous.

The other twin virtues which I shall call your attention to as essential to the building up of a dignified life are, "sobriety and activity." Regarding the former of these, which (with the drinking customs of our country) afford scope for so many entire lectures, I shall only say that I have known more men lose dignity through want of sobriety than from any other—yes, I may say, than from all other causes put together; and I know no way of preventing this shortcoming but by entire abstinence from strong drink. I myself have been for twenty years a pledged abstainer, and every day of my life I become more and more attached to the principle. I would fain linger here to tell you of the wrecks I have known through drink; but I know it would prove but the repetition of an oft-told tale.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" Give him strong drink, and, in the language of the same poet,

"See how like a swine he lies."

Without sobriety, my friends, there is assuredly no dignity of life or character. Activity is just obedience to the divine injunction, "Be diligent in business." Without diligence even moderate success is impossible; and you all know that the lumbering, ever-behind, slow-coach can lay no claim to dignity. I like, in every department of labour, obedience to the Yankee phrase, "Go-a-head." We all look with admiration when we see a well-horsed, well-manned fire-engine go rattling along in gallant style to do its useful work. I always say, when witnessing that stirring sight, "That is just about the right way to go about business." Although it is not good to be in too great haste, we should be ever active in the prosecution of our labours. If we are so, we shall be able to afford our hours of leisure, and our business activity will give them an additional relish.

These four simple virtues, with the importance of which I have been striving to impress you—viz, truth, honesty, sobriety, and activity—are, I think, in our times and circumstances, the four principal ingredients in the compesition of

Wisdom, of whom it is truly and beautifully said in our own paraphrase—

"In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.

"She guides the young with innocence In pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glory she bestows Upon the hoary head."

We see the truth of these lines verified daily in the lives of men born in the very humblest ranks. Men who, in youth walking in the ways of wisdom, have found life a path of pleasantness, arriving ultimately at riches and "splendid honours," their gray hairs being haloed with the glory of goodness.

You all know the story of the poor boy who, falling asleep within sight of mighty London, heard in his dreaming ears the great city bells ringing—

"Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, Twice, thrice, Lord Mayor of London."

Well, this has been in fact an oft-told tale. London has had a few such Lord Mayors, and we all know that in our minor cities and towns, chief magistrates of humble origin have been rather, perhaps, the rule than the exception. You can all remember when the country was ringing with the praise of the noble reception given to the "immortal Kossuth" by the truly hospitable Mayor of Southampton, that it came fully out, brightening the colours of the picture, that the worthy Mr. Andrews had been a working blacksmith, and was a self-made man. You can all remember, too, that when the royal family, while visiting Ireland, gracefully waited on Mr. Dargan, the father of the Irish exhibition, that we learned from the papers that Mr. Dargan was the son of a peasant-farmer, and was the architect of his own

fortune. Sir Joseph Paxton, too, on whose plan and under whose direction the Crystal Palace arose, we all know was originally a working gardener. Glasgow itself I believe could furnish an entire regiment of men, who occupy a firstrate position as to respectability and wealth, who owe nothing to their fathers save the mere trifling obligation that they were their fathers. In fact, all the Glasgow gentlemen of whom I know anything owe their position entirely to their own heaven-blessed labour. I, on a late occasion, heard Mr. Napier of Shandon, the head of the first engineering establishment in the world, tell in our City Hall, crowded with his workmen, how he had worked as a journeyman blacksmith; and how he commenced business with two apprentices, in a very humble way. I heard, too, Mr. Burns. the head of the firm who own the first steam-fleet afloat, tell his numerous employés on a similar occasion, that to persevering industry, accompanied with the blessing of God, their success was entirely due. The Messrs. Burns, I know. were born in a good position; but their fortune, I believe, is entirely of their own making. But it were endless to give even an index to the Glasgow men who have risen from the ranks by diligent application to honest labour. The story of Glasgow life is very well told in a work of art recently erected in our city. I refer to our equestrian statue of Her Majesty. On the pedestal of that statue you will see, in basrelief, Victoria laying the sword of honour on our then chief magistrate, telling him to "rise up, Sir James Anderson." That gentleman, late M.P. for the Stirling burghs, tells, I know, with pride, that in early life he learned the weaving. A humble workman; a small tradesman; a town councillor; a bailie; a lord provost; a knight; and then an M.P. are the chapters into which the author would require to divide the life of almost every one of our modern knights.

I am not so well acquainted with life in Edinburgh. I am led to believe that in the capital of Scotland there is

rather a prejudice in favour of men who have had fathers. I am inclined, however, to believe that it is quite possible to take even a first position in Edinburgh without any "lang pedigree." The Messrs. Chambers, for instance, so far as I remember, do not, in their excellent Information for the People, tell the people aught about their father, or how much money he left them. Hugh Miller, we all know, lost his father when very young, and owed his position entirely to his genius, cultured and matured by his own persevering labour. But I am not much acquainted with men in Edinburgh, so I will say nothing further of them, save that the foremost men in the city are self-made men. It were needless, however, to dwell further on this idea. We all know that there is no position in the state, stopping short of Royalty itself, that the humblest may not aspire to-that the humblest may not occupy; and very many, indeed, of these positions of honour and distinction have already been filled by men of lowly birth. There is something, my friends, truly bracing about the position of the man who has nothing to depend upon but his own exertions-something that gives strength and vigour. This stimulant the children of the high-born never feel. The path being well smoothed for them, they move easily along, never acquiring that strength of sinew and vigour of limb that comes of having the rugged hill to climb. Mr. Frederick Peel, for instance, when addressing the attentive House in the presence of his happy papa, was not in a position so well calculated to develop his strength as was the young author of "Vivian Grey," when, amidst shouts of derisive laughter, he said, "The time will come when you shall yet listen to me!" The man who sinks or swims by his own efforts must strike out in gallant style. And what additional incentives to exertion has he whose efforts must sustain the wife of his bosom and the children of his love! The advocate who pleaded his first case with such ability that he astonished his brethren of

the bar, when asked what had inspired him to do so well, answered, "That he felt his poor wife and hungry children pulling at his gown." That's the sort of thing to put "life and metal" into a true man! I think, my friends, we may all agree in this, that it is at least no calamity to be born in the humble ranks of life. We all see that the poor workingman has the operation of all the better feelings of our nature to inspire him to noble efforts. It may be that the labours of his arm will lighten the toils of a worthy father; or support in comfort a mother whose strength has failed her, after having bravely played the good part; or he may smooth a loving sister's path: and, all these duties performed, it is his labour that must build the bower for the reception of "the bosom friend dearer than all." All this, accomplished through honest toil, should demonstrate, I think, to every intelligent being the true "dignity of labour."

In thus alluding to those who have drawn first prizes at the wheel of fortune, I have no wish to inspire my hearers with a feverish desire to gain their eminence. This would not be desirable. I believe sincerely that the man who may never rise above the rank of an honest working-man may just enjoy life as well as the most successful millionaire. It is one of God's all-wise arrangements that all the real sweets of life are within the reach of all. Burns says, in writing to a poor brother,

"This life has joys for you and I,
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,—
The lover and the frien';
Ye ha'e your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean."

In addition to the sweets of love and friendship, the working-man, as well as the lordly born, may nightly feast on our accumulated stores of literary lore. The working

man, it is true, may be shut out from certain select circles of society; but, then, all the mighty lords of thought may be his constant companions. The pages of genius give forth their sparkling brightness as freely when turned over by blistered hands as when unfolded by jewelled fingers. The great volume of nature, too, lies as freely open to the welldoing mechanic as to the most favoured child of fortune. There is no scene in Britain, of either pictorial, poetic, or historic interest, that may not be visited by the artima whose income is judiciously managed; while the young unencumbered mechanic may now, if he has the desire, take his continental tour just as easily as the youthful lordling. I know no real pleasure which the humble working-man may not enjoy. All the new discoveries of our time tend to make all true pleasures more easily attained by the masses; and will thus, if properly taken advantage of, certainly promote and exhibit the "dignity of labour."

While, then, we should all strive to make riches, if we can do so by honourable means, we must never look upon that as the chief aim of life. Honour, honesty, and duty must be our watchwords; and although we may never have riches, we shall certainly have what is much better, we shall have the sweet calm of a contented spirit, which is true happiness.

A good deal is at present being said, both amongst ourselves and our transatlantic cousins, about woman's sphere in the labour market. I cannot now enter on the mysteries of this intricate question; but will offer a few words on woman's work in her indisputed sphere—the domestic circle. I am afraid the current sentiment of our time is calculated to produce rather an unwholesome effect upon our fair sisters. So far as I can remember, all the heroines of our recent poets are very, very fine ladies, living, I think, chiefly in great old baronial halls; walking occasionally in richly perfumed gardens, in which they are some-

times heard singing milk-and-water songs about "knights and gallants gay." It is in such scenes that they are generally met by their bilious, conceited, ill-tempered, good-for-nothing In turning over the pages of all these bards, one feels a strong desire to break in upon the billing and cooing of the "moon-faced" lovers, and cut their palaver short by telling them to get married at once, and start a baker's or a butcher's shop, where they will be both usefully and actively employed; and then it will be all right with them. heroes and heroines certainly know nothing of the "dignity of labour." The nearest approach to work that you will find any of them engaged in is, perhaps, standing in some arched doorway, doing a little in the way of feeding peacocks from their snowy fingers. What a nice world this would be if these "creative poets" had the creation of its These dawdling, double-seeing, unintelligible inhabitants! personages would do the world's work in fine style! Well, these creations of the sickly poet's fancy, or some other influence calculated to produce a similar effect, inspire, I am afraid, not a few of our young lady friends with something like an aversion to taking anything like an active part in the performance of domestic duties. I have seen somewhere-I think it must have been in some popular farce—a young lady who was ever ready to give her friends the last new quadrille, or the most recent production of the London lyric muse, with its full accompaniments in the very best style; but when any little domestic service was required, this she performed entirely by command, sitting with pokerish stiffness, while some poor little Cinderella answered her call, bearing perhaps a tray which took her utmost effort to carry-each male guest thinking of the preservation of the china, while their fair hostess thought only of the preservation of her dignity. I have seen, too, a multiplication of this scene sometimes at bona fide evening parties. "Long ranges" of young women sitting in simpering uselessness, while some poor little

white slave was doing everything that bears the name of work. I like always, on such occasions, to see some smart young man lend a helping hand to the poor "little Marchioness." Now, far be it from me to insinuate that I have ever known a young lady who was lazy. No; just let the floor be cleared, give each fair one a partner, and provide good music, and you will be astonished at the amount of exertion that the most fragile of the dear creatures can put forth.

All that is required is that our sisters should learn that there is no dignity in simpering, starched idleness, but that there is true dignity in useful labour. I could easily imagine how a lady might be ashamed of idleness; but I scarcely understand the perversion of thought that induces a feeling of shame in being seen taking a part in the necessary work of the household. I should think the neatness and sweetness resulting from such work would be a source of pleasure and pride, and would exhibit to ladies fair the "dignity of labour." I believe the ladies of our land could not find a better example to follow than that of our sovereign lady, the Queen, who, rising early, has every hour of her time devoted to the discharge of the various duties of her exalted station. So ought every woman of humbler rank to discharge the various duties of her station. These duties are well indicated by Solomon, who, when speaking of a true woman, savs, "She looketh well to her household. and eateth not the bread of idleness." To be very confidential with the young ladies. I can tell them, on the authority of a first-rate judge of human nature, that they are much more likely to find favour in the eyes of a sensible man when seen working their "mammie's wark," than when seen seated at harp, guitar, or piano. And even very sentimental lovers are sometimes made an impression on by the graceful performance of domestic duties. We all know that poor loving Werter first saw Charlotte while in the act of cutting bread and butter for her brothers and sisters. The

great German, Goethe, I have no doubt, meant this circumstance to suggest the fact that ladies are most captivating when seen in the discharge of useful domestic duties. The great poet's ideas on this matter are seen as clear as day in his "Faust," when Mephistopheles charms Faust with the perfections of woman's graces. The first words that the fair one speaks are—

"I am no lady, sir.

How can you kiss A hand so coarse, so hard as this? What work am I not always forced to do? Indeed, my mother, sir, is too severe! Our house—'tis true—is small. But still must be attended to. We have no maid, all on me lies.— I sweep, cook, sew, up soon and late; My mother, too, is so precise, In everything so accurate! Not that she is obliged to be Confined in all so sparingly; We might do more than many do.-My father left us, of our own, A little house and garden, too, A pretty place beside the town. However, now the days with me Pass over pretty peacefully; My brother's for a soldier gone And my poor little sister's dead,-Much trouble with her have I known. Yet all the anxious sorrow sped, Mine joyfully again should be. So dear the infant was to me! She loved me, oh, so fondly! I Had brought her up entirely; After my father's death 'twas born, My mother, too, had nearly died,-All hope, indeed, we had forgone, Her sickness was so sore to bide; So sad the state in which she lav. So slow her bettering day by day, That she herself could never think Of suckling it, poor little thing!

And so I nursed it, -give't its drink, Its milk and tender nourishing: And brought it up, thus all alone, Till it became, as 'twere, mine own; Within my arm and bosom, on my knee, It grew and sprawl'd, and laugh'd so prettily! But yet with many anxious hours of care. All night the infant's cradle stood Beside my bed, -nor ever could I move, but it would waken'd be;-New I must rise and give it food, Then take it into bed with me! Then, when it would not rest, must rise and go. Dancing it in the chamber to and fro; And still must rise at early day, To stand beside the washing-tray. Then to the market go, to see For all our home's necessity; And thus, from day to day, the same To do whene'er the morrow came. When 'mid such things as this one lives, The spirits are not always good; But, then, 'tis true, the labour gives A relish both to rest and food."

The Devil knew right well that this was the sort of woman to charm any man. The fair tempters of our time seem as if counselled by Mrs. Malaprop to make no delusions to domestic affairs in their conversations with young men; but to talk only of the last great dissembly and the hopra. Now, while speaking thus, I would not have it understood that I in any way undervalue the fashionable accomplishments of the fair. No; I would only hint that these accomplishments should not in any case be looked upon as the chief business of life. I would have them ever come second to the more useful branches of home education. Mrs. Gaskell, the gifted author of "Ruth," "North and South," and other well-told tales, illustrates well the dignity of woman's labour. Margaret Hail is quite a model for all young ladies of moderate means; while poor Ruth Hilton points out to our erring daughters how, by diligent application to labours of usefulness and charity, they may work out characters so radiant with the glory of goodness that with these they will be as acceptable in the sight of heaven as with the innocent purity they had lost. But I need not go to the pages of fiction for illustrations of the dignity of woman's labour. All the great names of fiction grow dim when we mention the name of one true Englishwoman,—a name that will live in our nation's heart in all future time, ever inspiring England's daughters to deeds of love and mercy. I cannot better take leave of the dignity of woman's work than by the simple mention of the soldier's friend—Miss Florence Nightingale.

Whilst speaking of the dignity connected with the various branches of productive labour, I said nothing regarding the mercantile portion of our community. I would not, however, have it thought that I undervalue, or even think little of our distributive labourers: they are just as essential as the producers. If any of you for a moment doubt the usefulness. and consequently the dignity, of that class who supply our city with the various necessaries of life, just picture to yourself the strange mess we would soon be in if we wanted our shopkeepers. If your imagination is dull, and does not readily furnish you with the picture of a city without merchants, perhaps you may meet with some poor fellow who spent that dread winter before Sebastopol, where naked, starving men were walking about amongst unopened bales of greatcoats; where raw pork and green coffee berries were the handiest things agoing; and, as the poor frost-bitten soldier goes on with his story, you will perhaps begin to get a glimpse of the dignity of the shopkeeper's labour.

Much might be said of the usefulness and importance of this large class of workmen; but this passing hint must suffice to indicate our appreciation of their labours. I can give, too, but one word in passing to those great workers, the dignity of whose labours all our hearts confess—the laborious children of genius, whose deep research and fertile brains have given to the world those grand creations which shall live and bloom till latest time, as verdant bowers on life's hard road, where weary pilgrims shall ever find rest and refreshment. We must never forget the fact, that ere any of our master-works were born to the world, heavenly genius had to be wooed and won by persevering earthly labour. Just glance at the works of Avon's Bard, at those of the Poet of Paradise, and the huge pile of our own Sir Walter: and while you think of the genius of these great men, you will certainly remember the true dignity of their labours. There is still another class of workmen whom I have deferred noticing until now that I am about to take leave of this subject for the present, believing it the best arrangement to give my parting words to those workers to whom I believe are due the most exalted honours. I refer now to those men who, having by birth and fortune all that wealth and rank can give them, refuse to rest idly on the tempting lap of luxurious ease, but bravely labour for the world's weal in every field of usefulness. Although I can well appreciate the lines of our national bard,-

"See yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that,"—

although, I say, I can appreciate these lines, I am far from thinking them anything like universally applicable. I believe the natural capacities of the various grades of society are very much alike. We have peasant "cuifs," middle-class "cuifs," and lord "cuifs," just about in proportion to their respective numbers. I believe, however, that men born to be rocked in silver cradles are in circumstances most likely to develop the "cuif" in them. When, therefore, we see the heirs of title and fortune assuming the part of the laborious student, working diligently in the cultivation of their intel-

lectual resources, thereby fitting themselves for doing good service to the state, I for one most willingly assign to them the first position of honour. I never look upon a man of this class without inly conning the words, "Honour to whom honour is due." When, a few years ago, I read the wise words spoken to the Glasgow Athenaum by the comparatively youthful Duke of Argyle, my heart did homage to that young nobleman; and when, on a recent occasion. I looked into his face, bearing the traces of hard thinking and hard working, that face had true dignity in my eyes. was not alone that I saw in him the worthy head of one of our most noble Scottish families, but that in his position, at so early an age, as a British minister, I read clearly the dignity of his labour. I sometimes spend a leisure hour reading, in an old bundle of newspapers, the Parliamentary debates previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, and the thought that is ever uppermost in my mind after such perusal is the true dignity of Earl Russell's labours in the cause of Reform. There he is, night after night, commanding the "listening senate" as he exhibits corruption and points out the remedy -soon making law a measure at least as radical as that for speaking of which Muir, Palmer, and Gerald were enrolled amongst our Scottish martyrs. I have told you that on reading these old debates I am ever impressed with the greatness of Earl Russell's labours; and when I turn from my old favourites to the wet broadsheet of the morning, and find my model man extinguished in a slashing leader, the statesman's life of labour rises up before me, and I have a dreamy notion that such modern leaders are but the dust raised by the chariot wheels of the champion of the Reform Bill as he passes on to immortality. His Lordship halting by the way to lecture to the young men of London will not certainly impede his progress onward and upward.

There is one other great worker of whom I must speak. I have but to mention his name to bring before you many

thoughts associated with the three great virtues-faith, hope. and charity. I refer to the truly noble Earl of Shaftesburya name that shines as a sunbeam, cheering many a sinking heart. Oh what a halo of true glory there is about that good Occupying the first position of rank and fortune. man! devoting his entire life to deeds of mercy and charity, my eyes grow dim as I gaze on the brightness of that Christ-like life, "going about continually doing good;" working night after night deep in the deep sin-trenches of the great city; reviving the sinking, bringing back the outcast, and ever directing the erring to an honest way of life. The work of this true nobleman exhibits in its most radiant hues the dignity of labour. It must have been such a life that the poet was contemplating when he wrote-

> "Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime."

Yes, my friends, we must all learn a lesson from such a life, and strive, after we have by honest labour made provision for those of our own household, to do some little good to the great family of mankind,—something that will tend to make men wiser and better. If there be any humble workingman present, who timidly stands aloof from such work, leaving its performance to those in high places, I would have such one remember that it was the humble, hard-working fishermen of Galilee that were first called upon to follow our Saviour, and do his work, and that the "Lord of Glory" himself was educated for his works of love and mercy, not in the colleges of learning, but in the humble carpenter's work-This great fact was no doubt meant to have its significance—meant to convey the truth that an humble position in life should be no barrier to active exertions in every good work. Oh, then, let us all strive to do some share of work in the Lord's vineyard! Let us all do something to promote the progressive movements of our time,- something that will tend to preserve the purity of the pure; something that will tend to restore the lost lamb to the fold of the Great Shepherd; something that will tend to hasten the return of the Prodigal to the arms of his sorrowing Father; something that will tend to cheer the drooping spirit and bind up the broken heart; something that will tend to promote the good of men and the glory of God; and if, when the great Book is opened, such works shall be found recorded as an earnest of our faith, Jesus himself will tell the assembly of the just the dignity of our labour.

MRS. GALLACHER.

It is a very safe advice that my friend Mrs. Armstrong gives on all occasions—that is, If you can say no good of a person, say nothing about them. That is the policy that I am going to adopt in reference to my acquaintance Mrs. Gallacher; but there can be no harm in my giving you a slight sketch of what she said to me the other day, and leaving you to form your own opinion of her ladyship.

I chanced to meet Mrs. Gallacher in the house of a mutual acquaintance, and in the course of conversation I asked Mrs. Gallacher if she had read that wonderful book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

"No," said she, "nor never intend to read it: if everybody had been as much annoyed as I have been with that abominable book there would be less fuss about it."

"Bless me!" said I, "I cannot see how you can have received annoyance from such a source."

"It may be," said she, "but I can soon give you proof positive of the fact. The first time I heard of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was about four months since, when a cripple cousin of mine, who lives in the country, and spends his time in reading books and feeding birds, sent our children a pair of pigeons, a black one and a white one, with strict injunctions that they were to be taken great care of, as they were rare specimens, and he had christened them Eva and Topsy, after those wonderful characters in that wonderful book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Now, you see, I neither knew nor cared

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anything about either Eva or Topsy, but I always knew it was the height of nonsense wasting good meat in feeding fat 'doos,' so I very quietly twisted the necks of both Eva and Topsy, and made them into a nice bit pie for Mr. Gallacher's supper and mine, for I am not one of those people that believe in living on potatoes and salt when they are by themselves, and keeping all bits of niceties to make a show at a party. I think if you are to have anything nice in the cookery way, you should have it when you are by yourselves, when you can get the good of it. when I had my pie prepared, I went to the baker with it myself, and gave strict injunctions that it was to be done a beautiful brown. Well,—would you believe it?—when the pie came home it was burned to a perfect cinder—perfectly uneatable! And when I went to the baker to make my complaint, he just laughed in my face, and said, 'You must really excuse us on this occasion, for every one's head seems turned with that wonderful book. I intrusted your pie to my oldest apprentice—a very careful young man in general; but it being in the evening, he got so absorbed in Uncle Tom's Cabin that he quite forgot your pie till the smell of it burning awakened the youngest apprentice who chanced to be sleeping on the baking table.' That was my introduction to that abominable book, Uncle Tom's Cabin. Well, the next of it was this. Mr. Gallacher and I were invited to the examination of a Sunday school. Not that we take any interest in anything of that kind: Mr. Gallacher and I are both of opinion that the dark places of the earth have been and will be the habitations of cruelty, for all that simple folk may think they can do for them. But there was a number of our customers interested in this school, so we had to give them a subscription. Of course we rubbed them off with as little as possible, but still we had to subscribe. when the examination of the school came on, we were both Mr. Gallacher was not for going, but seeing that

we had given the money, I thought it best to go and let ourselves be seen. So we went to the examination, and a very tiresome affair it was. Well, after all the classes had been examined, the teacher said that any of the patrons present might, if they pleased, put a few questions to the scholars. So I wanted Mr. Gallacher to put a question or two, but he said he would do nothing of the sort. He said he did not mind anything of the 'Questions.' Indeed, he said he did not mind what they were about at all; so I just stepped forward myself, and I asked a big, wiselike lump of a boy if he could answer me the simple question, 'Who made him?' And with that the boy folded his hands, and turning up the white of his eyes, in a droll, snivelling tone answered me, 'Nobody as I knows-I 'spect I grow'd.' Well, in place of being any way ashamed of the boy's ignorance, both teacher and scholars, and all the visitors, burst out into a roar of vulgar laughter, as if they were laughing at me. And what do you think? The teacher told me when I was leaving the school that the boy I had questioned was one of the most advanced scholars in the school, and had been so indignant at the simplicity of my question, that he had answered me in the language of that wonderful book, Uncle Tom's Cabin. Advanced scholars!-I'm thinking they'll be considerably further advanced before they get another subscription from me!

"Well, it was not many days after this fine examination, till I made arrangements to go to the coast to look for a house. I always like to go pretty early in the season, for if you go early, and meet with a timorous person who is afraid their house will not be let, and if you can persuade them that it is likely to stand empty, and make a judicious bargain, sometimes, by sub-letting the house, you can have your own salt water for nothing, and profit besides. This year I had made up my mind that I was to go to Kilcreggan, for I always like to go to the mest

fashionable place. So I had to take Nelly with me, to take charge of the child.—I am sure that girl Nelly is a puzzle to me. For all that I have done for her, taking her out of the poor-house, and what not, and for all the blows that lie on her body, she has no more respect for me than if I was not her mistress.—At any rate, I had to take Nelly down the water with me, to take charge of the child. Well, when we were coming near to Greenock, there was a gentleman, an acquaintance of Mr. Gallacher's, who had been nodding several times on the way down, came up to me, and asked me if I would go down to the steward's cabin and get a refreshment—(Catch me buying anything in the shape of drink on board of a steamboat myself—I know too well the way they charge; but it was costing me nothing.) So I agreed to go down; but before going I gave Nelly strict injunctions that she was to keep a sharp look out for Kilcreggan, and to call me up before we came to the quay. Well, Nelly promised faithfully, and down we went. The gentleman was very genteel; he called for brandy. So I sat what I thought was a very few minutes, but it is wonderful how time slips by in such circumstances. At last I am called up, and landed on the quay, and the boat away, and all right, as I thought. Well, when I looked about, where do you think I am, but all the way at Strone Point-fairly on the other side of the water. I was so provoked that I just closed my fist and gave Nelly two or three blows on the side of the head, and she took to the roaring and crying. So an old lady that had come down in the boat came up and asked what she had done; so I told her, and the old lady said-

"'Poor thing! you must just excuse her for this time, for she got so interested in her story that she quite forgot till she was past the place.'

"'What story?' quoth I. And what do you think Nelly told me with her own lips? That after hearing of the burning of my pie, she had gone direct, and borrowed *Uncle Tom's*.

Cabin from the baker's apprentice; and it was by reading that abominable book that she had landed me at Strone Point! I was so provoked that I just shut my other fist, and gave Nelly just as much on the other side of the head. So a lump of a lad that was standing looking on came forward and said—

- "'Wife, were you going to Kilcreggan to look for a house?'
- "I said I was.
- "'Well,' quoth he, 'you need not care much for being taken past the place; for there are no houses there for common folk like you: all the houses at Kilcreggan are for the gentry.'
- "'Gentry,' quoth I, 'and common folk! You impudent monkey, how do you know whether I am gentry or common folk?'
- "Quoth he, 'A person might be a little puzzled with some folk, but it is easy knowing the like of you.'
- "'What do you think,' quoth I, 'if I could perhaps buy some of your gentry?'
- "'Ay,' quoth the boy, 'you are just like a wife that would buy folk, and sell them too; but it does not happen to be the fashion in this country, Mrs. Legree.'
- "Well, for all I had given her, Nelly was so well pleased with the boy's impudence to me, that she roared and laughed till I thought she would have fallen over the quay. It is my opinion she would have fallen over the quay if the boy had not happened to notice her, and cried, 'Hold on, Topsy! for suppose you are a duck, I 'specs you would sink.' The last thing the boy cried over his shoulder to me, as he took his departure, was, that I ought never to go past Greenock when I was going to the salt water. So I had just to come away home with my finger in my mouth, all in and through that abominable book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

"And that was not the last of it; for I got into more than one scrape through that abominable volume that very same day. You see, the sunk flat of our tenement has been let

for the last two years to a black man, a cook in one of the steamboats. Some say he is married, and some say he is not married, but at any rate he lives with a woman, and there are two or three whity-brown children that there can be no mis-Well, it seems our Tommy had been playing in the close with one of the whity-brown boys, and it seems our Tommy had taken a top from the boy, and he made an awful roaring and crying about it; and our Tommy is rather quick in the temper (his father says he takes it of me). So it seems Tommy had fluing the top down the back stair, and when the little boy ran down after it, Tommy, it seems. had flung a bit brick down after him, and it seems the bit brick had rather 'scarted' his heel, and he had gone in roaring to his mother. So up the stair she comes, and just as I am coming in the close, there is the black prince's lady standing at the head of the stair shaking her fist at our Tommy, and saying, 'O my poor boy, if that passion of yours is not curbed in your young days, it will bring you to an untimely end." These were the very words that met me as I went into the close. So I just made answer, 'Go down the stair with you, you impudent huzzy; go down the stair with you! An untimely end! it will surely be long before anybody is brought to an untimely end for flinging a bit brick at a blackamoor. Go down the stair with you, and see in your excitement and not make such a mistake as to curl your hair with your marriage lines!'

"'I care no more,' quoth she, 'for your vulgar insinuations than for the wind blowing: they just indicate the rotten state of your own black heart.' And down the stairs she went, and up the stairs I went, and dressed myself, and went straight away to the landlord, to see if decent tenants were to be annoyed with a parcel of trash like that in a sunk flat.

"Our landlord, you know, passes for being a real good man in the eyes of the world,—'as wise as a serpent, and as harm-

less as a dove.' I could swear for the serpent part of the busi-The landlord received me very blandly, and ness, at any rate. listened to all I had to say. He then sat back in his chair, put up his spectacles on his brow, and said very quietly, 'I am glad you have called, Mrs. Gallacher; I am glad you have called. Your visit gives me an opportunity of stating a matter that I felt some difficulty in mentioning. I have always been of opinion that the part of my property that you occupy has been let rather under its value, but felt reluctant to raise your rent. Now, however, that you talk of removing, I must make a new bargain: so you will know this, Mrs. Gallacher, whether you remain or remove, there will be three pounds added to the rent of the house you occupy. And as for the dark people, you certainly have not read that wonderful book, Uncle Tom's Cabin, or you would know that that great lady, Mrs. Stowe, has drawn a magic circle around all that poor unhappy race which it would be perfect sacrilege to think of crossing. For my own part, I would not only rather part with you, but with all my tenants, than be compelled in any way to touch one stick of poor Uncle Tom's He knew perfectly well that, circumstanced as I was, I could not remove; so there was I with three pounds added to my rent, all in and through that abominable book, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"Well, on my way home from the landlord's, I thought I would call in and see how a dozen of shirts that I had given out to make were getting on. I had given them to a poor creature who lives in one of the closes in the High street—one of those proud-spirited creatures, too independent to take anything off the parish, and who slaves herself night and day working for herself and a sister's son, a little blind boy that lives with her. I was recommended to her by a Mrs. Scrubber, who knows pretty well where to get anything of that kind done. You see, it was a charity to put work in the creature's way, and more than that, she made the shirts for

thirteenpence halfpenny, and that was three halfpence cheaper than I got the last ones done in Bridewell. Well, when I had climbed the long stair, of course I knocked at the door, and getting no answer I thought I would try the latch. So I opened the door and walked in, and what do you think I saw in the poor miserable garret but the poor starved-looking creature sitting over a miserable bit of fire; and what do you think she was doing?—reading Uncle Tom's Cabin to the little blind boy, the tears coming dropping over both their noses! I stood for awhile and said nothing. Some how, at the first, I felt a little to disturb them, but at last I said, 'It will be a long time before that puts much in your pocket.'

"And then the thin, pale, skinny-looking face was turned up to me so very quietly, and she said, 'A person should not do everything in this world with a direct view to their pocket.'

"'Them that have plenty,' quoth I, 'in their pocket do not need to be so particular.'

"'It is not what one has,' quoth she, 'it is how they are satisfied with what they have. There are some people that are contented with very little, and there are others that would not be satisfied although they had the whole world.'

"'You will be one of the satisfied kind,' quoth I.

"'I cannot take much credit to myself for that,' quoth she; 'I must say I never had any great anxiety to be possessed of much of that heart-hardening substance, money: if I had a wish,' quoth she, 'I would rather have given to the world such a book as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* than be mistress of all the gold found in California or Australia.'

"There was a pretty speech for you! I thought I would just cut it short by asking how she was getting on with my shirts?

"'There is not a wrong stitch in them yet,' quoth she.

"'What do you mean?' quoth I. 'Do you mean to say that you have not begun to them yet?'

- "'No,' quoth she, 'I have not begun to them; I was astonished to see the way in which the cloth was cut.'
- "'Were you not pleased with the cutting of them?' quoth I.
- "'No,' quoth she; 'they are at least a dozen of years behind the fashion of the present time. I was astonished at your cutting the cloth.'
- "'Well,' quoth I, 'I will be very plain with you: I will tell you how I cut the cloth. I have seen when shirts were given out to make, that there were pieces of cloth went amissing; so I thought if ye had every bit cut for its own proper place you could be in no danger of being blamed. That is the way the cloth was cut.'
- "'Oh,' quoth she, 'I understand now;' and away she went, with all the dignity of a queen, and brought down the parcel of linen, and opening the parcel, quoth she, 'There, I think, are all the pieces just as you brought them—the bodies, the sleeves, the necks, the wristbands, and gussets.'
 - "I said they were all there as I brought them.
- "'That's well,' quoth she, and folded up the parcel very carefully, and putting it into my hands, she said, 'I would be obliged by your getting some other person to make your shirts. I don't know what I may be reduced to; but, as yet, I am under no necessity of doing work to any one who takes precautions with me as if I were a common thief.' And, before you would have said six, she was sitting reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as if I had not been in the world.
- "I could have twisted the neck of the impudent, ungrateful creature. So as I am coming down the stair, thinking to myself, this is, no doubt, a lesson to me on the 'dignity of labour,' as it is called—the dignity of abominable impudence!—as I am coming out of the close, there is a big lump of a boy comes up to me and says, 'Wife, I'll carry your bundle to you for twopence.'
 - "'Go away with you,' quoth I, 'you big lump!' and as I

am getting clear of him, there's a little white-headed boy says, 'Leddie, I'll carry your parcel to you for a bawbee.' The bundle had a terrible weight, so I gave it to the little white-headed boy. As we were going along Trongate Street I saw a crowd of people looking into a window. I asked at the boy if he knew what they were looking at.

"The boy said he thought they were looking at Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"So, when I came forward, this was a draper's window, with a lot of beautiful boxes in it, and on the lids of the boxes there are beautiful pictures of 'Eliza crossing the ice,' 'Unche Tom writing his letter,' 'Master George,' 'Eva and Topsy,' and all the like of that. So I stood for some time admiring the pictures, when I bethinks myself to look if the little boy was all right;—and, would you believe it?—I had seen the last sight of that little white-headed boy and my dozen of good linen shirts! Is it any wonder that I hate the sight of that abominable book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin?*"

And so, you see, I have said nothing about Mrs. Gallacher. It is not what is said or done about anybody that makes them up or down. No. It is by what they say or do themselves that they stand or fall.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

LECTURE—HEART'S EASE.

STORY—THE STAIR-HEAD BATTLE.

HEART'S EASE.

WHEN we look upon the placid landscape sleeping in the loving sunshine of a glorious summer day; when we note the luxuriant charms of nature as seen in grand old hills, in richly wooded dells, in undulating fields of ever-changing hue, in murmuring streams, in gay cascades, in browsing flocks, in lowing herds; when every breeze brings with it the breath of flowers, the hum of insects, and the song of birds; when far in the brilliant blue the lark unseen pours down its tide of melody; when all the scattered cottages send up their peaceful wreaths of smoke; when the hamlet is vailed in a sleepy cloud; when the ducal palace, gleaming in the dazzling sunshine, from each of all its many windows sends forth a sun;-when we look on such scenes, the thought that most frequently fills our mind is, What a happy world this would be if men were wise—if they would "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks"-if they would "hang the trumpet in the hall, and study war no more!" But men are not so wise.

Glance at the changing picture. A far-extending plain of cultivated land, dotted here and there with bustling, thriving towns, sprinkled with stately mansions, and powdered with humble happy homes. See, in the dim level distance streaks of glancing steel appear! The distant land has now a tinge of red. It is an armed host approaching. It numbers many thousands. They march to stirring music, which seems strangely echoed from a sunny cloud that screens the distant

land to which the host is bound. No, no; that is not an echo. The sunny cloud is rising, and now we see another armed host, with bands and banners which proudly wave as they advance to meet the invading foe. The opposing forces have each other full in view. They are swiftly forming in line of The cannon speaks, and is answered by the bursting shell. From both sides deadly work is done; from both sides there is a steady rattle of musketry, though its killing accents are lost in the roar of the artillery. Long rages the deadly strife. The equal forces fight with equal bravery till the carnage becomes monotonous. They are charging now: they close in deadly strife, and, man to man and hand to hand, strike for dear life. The verdant fields are saturated with warm blood. The wounded remnants from both sides fall back, and are replaced by brave fresh lines. The work of death goes fiercely on. It were hard to tell which side may win, both sides so lose in noble men, who strew the plain in murdered heaps. 'Mid clouds of smoke they now are indistinctly seen, yet still they fighting fall. The sun is sinking, but the battle rages still. Night throws her mantle o'er the struggling hosts. Both claim a victory, which both mayhap deserve, but which neither yet have won. The placid moon is now looking down on the field of carnage, shedding her soft light o'er the dead and dying. She is lending her rays to those solitary figures who are moving with such silent speed amongst the heaps of dead. That is a mother seeking for her son, who now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking; that is a sister seeking for an only brother; that is a wife—hark her piercing scream as

> "She finds him lying murdered Where he wooed her long ago!"

Such is material war. We turn from its fearful pictures, certain that, with all its horrors, the human family suffer less from war than from the internal warrings of our hearts. The fierce physical struggle is soon over; while the warrings of the unsubdued heart may, and do, continue for many years, during which the weary soul finds no peace. How many of us have such warfare! How many of us have set our hearts on some darling object, which Heaven refusing to grant us, we pine in secret discontent, and refuse to take delight in the many blessings with which we are surrounded; and, vainly plotting, strive to thwart the will of the Allwise. The idols of our hearts are broken in mercy; and yet, in our stubbornness, we yearn after them, refusing to walk in the better way. One man loses a worthless friendship; and he is ever after soured with life. Another loses a silly woman, whom he has seen in a radiance that had no existence save in his own eyes; and he is melancholy for A third would be quickly rich: he cannot make heaps of money; and so he is miserable. A fourth would be famous; but he cannot climb the slippery steep; and so he refuses to take comfort in the homely joys of everyday A fifth would grasp at power: it is denied his mad ambition; and so he mourns his disappointed hopes. We would all be or have something that kind Providence refuses us; and so we war in our hearts against the will of the Allwise, and are therefore strangers to "heart's ease."

By what methods, then, are stubborn hearts subdued to content and happiness? Much, in such subjugation, is done by the application of common sense to our seeming afflictions. In illustration of this I shall, assuming the part of physician of the heart, examine and prescribe for a few cases of heart distress; and shall, I trust, give to each of my patients "heart's ease." Each case examined shall be a type of a class of cases.

My first patient is a young man, who is silently mourning the loss of a friend who has proved faithless. He shall tell his own story. He begins:—"My love for my friend was passing the love of woman. Some men don't understand such love: I have felt it. In all my dreams and schemes of life he was ever present. I had no joy in aught in which he was not a sharer. I almost worshipped him. Fortune has taken him by the hand. He is rich: I am poor. He passed me in the street without recognition!" He did; and you are mourning for the loss of such an one! Thank God that you are quit of such a weed! Pluck all the roots of it from your heart. Give half the love you gave to him to all the men you meet, and you will soon have more than one true friend. Love worthily given begets love; love foolishly bestowed, as yours has been, upon the worthless is idolatry, for which sin comes suffering. You still yearn after his friendship: such yearning is just as wise as would be the yearning after a counterfeit coin, the baseness of whose metal you detected at a time when you had no urgent need of money. It is well detected now, and flung away; it might have turned up your only coin when you were far from home and supperless. Such a friend as yours would certainly have deserted you in the hour of need. Be thankful, then, that you have found him out ere you had need to lean upon him. He always was a rotten stick, falsely varnished with your good opinion. You are young and strong, and do not need his help; no, nor the help of any one. You may give help, and will certainly find "heart's ease" if you give the love you lavished on him to the poor and friendless. Do so, and you will soon be able to thank God that your rotten idol was broken in your sight, for all your present pain will certainly prove the seeds of future "heart's ease."

Our second patient is a disappointed lover. How very sad her look! She is pale and thin. Her melancholy eyes are bent upon the ground. She has no more tears to shed. Her hand is pressed upon her heart as she says, "Oh, that this bleeding heart would break, that I might be at rest! I loved him as woman ne'er loved man before: I loved him more than I loved my God. I can never cease to love him;

he was my first, my only love. There was a magic in his eye that thrilled my soul; his voice was all my music; his touch was rapture. I thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night: it were heaven to me to die in his arms." Well, well:-we know all about that. Tell us what sort of person he was. "Person! he was of the rarest type of manly beauty; he had every grace." Well, well; -we know all about that too. We wish you to tell us how he treated you. "He treated me like a true man until he became the dupe of I was then forsaken,—and forsaken for an artful woman. one who was unworthy of his noble heart." You may depend upon it, my dear, she was quite good enough for him; and that you are much better without him. Any man who could forget such love as yours was certainly unworthy of such love. "But," you say, "it was all her doing." No. no; he must have been a consenting party. If he was not bad he was at least silly; and you are much better without him. You think he would have proved a model husband; and that you would have spent a very happy life with him. Do you not think it possible that the man who could desert such a lover as you might have deserted his wife? He might; and have left you with a disgraced and unprotected family. Suppose you had been wed to him, and he then had been brought into contact with this same artful woman. I will not finish the picture. Such things are occurring every day. I chance to know the man you mourn for. Take him all in all, he is a very moderate specimen of humanity. If you had seen as many men as I have seen, you would pronounce your idol a piece of very common stuff indeed. He is ignorant and vain, and thinks far too much of himself ever to treat any woman well. He married his present wife because he thought she had money. He treats her very meanly; he swears; drinks to excess; he is a liar; not quite honest; and that's the piece of clay you worshipped !-loved more than you loved your God! Down on your knees, poor foelish girl, and thank God you are not the mother of children to such a man! You yet will live to feel fervent gratitude for your escape. Your wounded heart will heal, and the first step to its cure must be active employment in useful work. Your leisure must be spent in doing good, good to the neglected wives and families of such husbands as you have been preserved from. You will yet live to be beloved by a much better man,-which love you will fervently return. Meanwhile, your duty is submission, which will in time bring you "heart's ease." Our fair patient is incredulous. She is still affected with love's delirium. It is almost certain to wear off; and as she sees the future of her worthless idol unfolded-when, perhaps, she reads his strange, stupid, false revelations when examined as a bankrupt—she will understand her reason for gratitude to Heaven for her present escape. She will then, in spite of an occasional sigh for her silly youthful dream, find and prize "heart's ease."

Another lover seeks an interview. He, too, is disappointed. The world for him has lost all charm. He takes no interest in anything. All his plans of life are shattered. He looks upon everything as stale, flat, and unprofitable. He is weary of life. She was his life: she cannot return his love; and so he is miserable. He speaks: "I have dome everything in my power to break the spell that binds me to that woman; but all my efforts are fruitless. She is never absent from my thoughts; and still she stands before me, arrayed in all the winning graces with which my love invests her. Often, before I am aware, I thus stretch forth my arms to clasp her to my heart, and but embrace the empty air. In dreams she is ever present with me, and then is all my own-telling ever, in burning words, how truly her heart beats in sweet response to mine. She then is urgent as myself to have our marriage hastened. An early day is fixed. The sweet morning dawns. I go forth a proud and happy

bridegroom, and at the altar meet my radiant bride. The holy man in solemn tone lays on the vows, which we in fervent rapture take. He says, "Join hands,"-and I awake, my heart with disappointment beating like a camon! can sleep no more, but toss in agony till morning. Sometimes my thoughts in sleep take other shapes. But yesternight I seemed sailing with her on a silver sea. moonlight, and a very gentle breeze sat in our sail, urging us along a beauteous track of golden wavelets, raised by the footsteps of the gambolling gusts that hurried on before. My hand lay gently on her shoulder, and we talked in whispers, she often looking to the stars, I seeing no stars save her sweet eyes. She oft repeated, "We shall never part." My heart was throbbing with such rapture that I sat motionless and silent,—when suddenly our boatman pointed to a small dark cloud that boded danger. With frightful speed it blackened all the sky. We instantly stood in for shore. We were swiftly nearing land, when from the very centre of the cloud a blaze of lightning burst. Our boat was struck, and I was swimming in a broken surge, hearing naught but fearful thunder. A second flash displayed my loved one. She was clinging to a fragment of our boat. Heaven seemed to grant me more than mortal strength. I seemed to reach her with a single stroke; then with one hand I cut the foaming surge, while with the other I upheld my precious prize. The breaking waves were strong; but I, inspired by love, was I never paused to rest till safely on the beach we stood. She gazed on me with a look of triumphant love, and I, emboldened, made to take my payment from her lips, when, starting, I awoke! Such are my dreams-by thoughts of which my waking hours are haunted. I know she can never be mine; and yet I cannot break the spell that binds me to her." Perhaps it were best to tell such a lover to love on and die, consoling him with the assurance that

"There's nothing half so sweet in life As Love's young dream."

But such a style of treatment will not do. The poor fellow must be brought back to his senses; so I must tell him that it is for some wise purpose that he is denied the love of that woman, and that it is his duty to set about finding out why he is better without her. If he gives sufficient attention to the question he will certainly solve it to his satisfaction. with this idea in view, he looks narrowly at the lady, he will in all probability discover some flaw in her that will assist him to "heart's ease." If he cannot find in her aught that makes him bless his stars that she is not his, let him look to her relations. Are they all people he would desire to be connected with? Is there not some contemptible personages amongst them, -some old narrow Scrubbs? There is. Is that the sort of old woman his idol is to become? Very likely; and if it were so-by some such process of reasoning, if long enough followed, our friend will reach the conclusion that he is better without the subject of his dreams. While he is proceeding with such examination of the merits of his charmer and all her relations, I would counsel him to be very careful of his own personal appearance. He should wear the most costly and stylish clothes he can afford, and frequent every place of fashionable amusement. He should work hard, walk quick, read the driest book he knows in twenty volumes. might set about learning Gaelic. His teacher should be a clever, blooming, handsome, Highland maiden. And if he fails to master the language, he should acquire it by marrying his instructor; and I have not the slightest doubt that with her he would find "heart's ease." His strange dreams and vain air-clasping will all cease when he clasps his sprightly Flora to his heart!

A host of other lovers seek our counsel. Each one says that his or her case is quite peculiar. But it is not so. Their cases are all very much alike. They have all invested very

commonplace persons with sweet ideal charms; and have thereafter made a foolish fuss about them. Such fuss is very well when all goes right; but when the spell must be broken the idols must be looked at,—not as they seemed to blind love, but as they really are; and that, in almost every case, will be found commonplace enough. I think I hear your roars of laughter, if I could bring up beside me a few specimens of persons about whom other persons had been well-nigh heart-broken. I think I hear the young ladies saying, as I descanted on the charms of each of my specimens,—"Very ridiculous beau ideals, indeed!" And yet these same ladies may be languishing for youths whom we would all pronounce decidedly "silly."

A maiden lady now whispers me that a single life is very-comfortless. She must find consolation in reflecting that Providence has so arranged that many of our best women are never married, and still are very useful, and have as much happiness as falls to the share of humanity in general. Useful old maids have, I believe, an average share of "heart's ease." The Baroness Nairn has, in four very beautiful verses, painted the contents and the discontents of married and single life, counselling each to extract the blessings that exist in their own lot.

"Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie
Thinking, 'gin she were a wife,
The sun o' joy wad ne'er gae down,
But warm and cheer her a' her life.

"Saw ye ne'er a weary wifie
Thinking, 'gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blithe and cheerie,
Merrily as the day would pass.

"Wives and lasses, young and aged, Think na on each ither's state; Ilka ane has its ain crosses— Mortal joy was ne'er complete. "Ilka ane has its ain blessings—
Peeviah, dinna pass them by;
Seek them oot, like bonnie berries,
Though amang the thorns they lie."

The next person we shall honour with an interview is one who is sore and soured at heart because he cannot become speedily rich. If he had money, he thinks, he would have "heart's ease." He has no loud complaint to make, only he confesses his state of feeling is such that he takes little interest in anything. Birds sing in vain for him; the perfume of flowers yields him no charm; the grandeur of nature He would be rich: he cannot acquire he does not see. money; and so he is the victim of constant discontent. But he shall tell frankly his own story:--"For a number of years I plodded quietly on at an honest trade, making it gradually a little better. I grew tired at length of my snaillike progress, and ventured on a speculation, by which I made a lump of money. This led to another speculation, by which I lost my former gains. And so, for years, I have floundered up and down, and now am poor and heartless. The trade I am forced to prosecute I look upon as drudgery. If I could but be rich, I know I would be happy." So speaks the man who by moderate labour can command good food, comfortable clothing, and a respectable house to live in. What shall we prescribe for him? If we had pills composed of honesty, we would make him swallow them in thousands; for the eager desire to gain wealth by a manœuvre is not the growth of an honest heart. We have no such pills; so we must reason with our patient. Consider, my friend, how wealth is honestly acquired. Those poor labourers who trench and drain that piece of waste land, thereby converting it into garden ground; those humble fishermen who brave the dangers of the deep to land the finny tribes for our consumption; those lowly artizans who make our shoes, and clothes, and furniture; those skilled mechanics who build

our houses, ships, and engines, are the first and most importent wealth-producers in the world. By honest toil they carn an honest living. They are the healthiest, happiest men The next, in point of usefulness, are the humble merchants who act as distributers of all the homely products of useful toil. They labour hard, content with meagre profits, which yield them the simple requirements of life. They, as a class, eat the bread of honest labour, enjoy their hours of rest, and, as a whole, are happy. After them come our hard-working professional men, who make our laws, aid us in sickness, and take charge of our secular and spiritual instruction. These workmen, worthy of their hire, become but slowly rich, yet in their usefulness are happy. Such are the various ways of life that lead to happiness; but you, my friend, who would be rich at once, would overleap these ways: you would reap where you had not sown. would not dig, nor plough, nor weave, nor build, nor legislate, nor cure, nor teach; and yet you would be rich. You would by some dishonest dodge appropriate the labour of thousands. I must speak plainly, and tell you that in your heart you are dishonest. Do not be indignant. I speak the simple truth; for to cherish a desire to be possessed of aught for which we have not given the world full value is thievery. You would speculate. Yes; and by a dodge cheat that poor old man, that starving sempstress, that unsuspecting andient maiden, that helpless widow, that poor blind man. You would rob them all by a skilful manœuvre,—that you might be rich and happy! Few men acquire riches in such a way. And in such a way no man ever yet got happiness. If you would be honestly rich, work hard: be as skilful as you please; but give value for what you receive. Buy that moor, and make it into fruitful fields; contrive some plan by which the comforts of our race may be increased; make some grand discovery in science which will be useful to mankind, and then you may be honestly rich; but give up all thoughts of

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merely scheming. Riches so acquired would have no satisfying element in them. My friend asserts that he knows men who have become rich by scheming. This I deny; for to be really rich a man must be contented and happy; and no schemer is so. The fever grows upon them all; and if they do not lose their money they lose all power of enjoying it. But what, after all, my friend, would riches yield you, that you have not now? You have health and strength; you have wholesome food, good clothing, a comfortable bed; you have all the knowledge in the world open to you; nature lays all her charms before you; you may be as useful and as happy as any man. Just take a glance at the rich men you know, and tell me if you think that they are peculiarly happy. Did you ever know a very rich man who seemed to take a very great share of enjoyment? Did you ever see a very rich man with a large company of happy friends about him? Did you ever see a very rich man foremost in a patriotic movement? Did you ever see a very rich man personally administering to the wants of God's poor? Did you ever see a very rich man ordering the newest and most expensive book for his own use? Did you ever see a very rich man enjoying a pantomime? Did you ever see a very rich man dancing a hornpipe, or singing a song, and getting great applause? You never saw a very rich man doing any of these things. You never saw a very rich man that had not a guarded, distant, solitary look, that seemed to say,-"Here I am with my money; do not come near me; I cannot be familiar, or you might require obligations." Depend upon it, my friend, riches have not the power of bringing "heart's ease." My patient's wife-who has been all along present with her husband-says, that ever since her husband's first fortunate speculation, she has been constantly dreaming of becoming the proprietor of a stately mansion, surrounded by fine old trees, down whose avenues she seemed driving in a chaise and pair; and when she wakened from such dreams,

and looked around on her humble dwelling, she was very discontented. Do you think the possession of a fine house would cure her discontent? Very likely, although she lived in a very fine mansion, the inhabitants of the adjoining castle would never recognize her: she would still feel far behind.

But a word of moralizing about fine houses. I could, within a very short distance, point out to you half-a-dozen of the most handsome residences, each of which might lodge a lord, that are at present either tenantless, or occupied by strangers; for in each case, just as the house was finished, its proprietor was removed to that house where prince and peasant require precisely the same accommodation. My dissatisfied fair friend may believe me when I tell her that "heart's ease" comes not with fine houses; nay, it seems to flee such grandeur, for I have very often found when, struck by the beauty of some noble seat, I have inquired about its inmates, that they had been for years far away seeking "heart's ease."

But I must dismiss these patients, and I do so with a few additional words of counsel. Give up thinking of riches. If they come into your thoughts, have beside you a copy of the share list of the Western Bank. Read it: calculate the sums that each partner lost. Such exercise will remind you that riches take wings. Look then to the many thousands who have none of the comforts you enjoy: stretch out the hand of help to some of these. You will soon feel that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Endeavour to take a lively interest in all your surroundings; learn some innocent games; grow flowers on your window sill; treat yourselves to singing birds; learn to play some instrument; read all that comes in your way; work hard, and never think of money; and I have little fear you will soon have "heart's ease." More grumblers about money would force themselves on our attention, but we dismiss them all with the words of the poet, which, amongst other truths, convey the truth

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we are urging—namely, that it is not in riches to give parmanent happiness or "heart's ease."

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lair,
To mak' us truly blest.
If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could mak' us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye
That mak's us right or wrang."

My next patient is a melancholy youth. He enters with measured tread, in the style of the "Prince of Denmark." He has what he looks upon as a "noble brow,"—from which his too long hair is thrown rather wildly back. He has an à la Byron collar; and his necktie done in the style of William in "Black-eyed Susan." He introduces himself with an exclamation from one of our spasmodic poets,—

"Fame, fame, -next greatest thing to God!"

This young gentleman decidedly over-estimates fame, and we may do him good by questioning him a little about this same fame. What, then, my dear sir, is fame? "Fame, sir, is the concentrated wisdom of the age, that sounds the praise of the worthy of each generation down to latest time." Not so bad. And you are panting after fame? "Yes, sir, I think of it by day and dream of it by night: if I had fame I would have happiness—I would have 'heart's ease.' You said that fame was wisdom which praised worth down to latest time. This wisdom, then, will certainly be honest: she will never praise a humbug and overlook true worth. "Never," says the melancholy youth. Then, if you have true worth,

you are all right. So I do think it is folly to lose time thinking of fame; you should think only of being "worthy." The fame is sure to come. Fame, you said, was praise that lasted for a very long time; and that is what you are longing after-praise. You would have every one saying as you went along, "That is a wondrous genius." When you passed the cobbler's stall you would have him give his ends an extra pull, and say, "He's wonderful." You would have the barber jump and cut his customer each time you passed his window. You would like to see a score of tailors, all minus coats, and having very scanty breeches, standing on a wooden stair as you passed by, to catch a peep of the famous man. And then, when you had left the world (that world unworthy of your presence), you would have monuments in scores erected to your memory. Do you not think that you are a little selfish to desire such a fuss to be made about you? Do you think Shakespeare, or Milton, or Newton, or Watt, or Scott were ever in a fever about fame? Our youth says, "Burns had great longings after fame." Yes; I admit that was one of the poet's weaknesses: had he had more certain faith in the future, he would have been a greater and a happier man. All who would be truly great, and so truly famous, should remember the words, "Let him who would be greatest among you serve." Do the world's work, give over idle dreaming, and become a famous something useful. In our time we seem most in want of a famous Scavenger,one who would devise some plan by which the sewage of our cities could be removed without the pollution of our noble rivers. There's an idea for our youths with down-turned collars and upturned eyes, worth all they will learn from spasmodic poetry in a lifetime; for certain fame is surely his who does the useful work I have indicated! But it is not of such work that our youthful aspirant after fame dreams; he would be petted for dreaming, for just going to do something great. I bid my youthful friend adieu, bidding him get employment on a daily paper, where he will find immediate use for all his great ideas, and certain fame, if he deserves it; but he must not think of fame—he must think only of duty. When he does so, his foolish dreams having evaporated, he may possess "heart's ease."

I am now waited upon by one whose heart is yearning after power. He thinks that would bring him "heart's ease." I cannot spend time with one so foolish. I but point him to Lords Russell and Palmerston; to the Emperors of France and Austria; to the late Czar of Russia; to the present Pope—all men of the greatest power, yet all, save one, strangers to "heart's ease,"—the dead Czar of Russia's heart is at rest.

Who pants for power should think of Napoleon's steel shirt, and thank God for his lowly lot, which yields him peace and happiness—"heart's ease."

I thus dismiss the devotees of fame and power, and turn to our common, general discontents; and will strive to drop a few thoughts that will aid each and all of us in finding "heart's ease." The most frequent cause of discontent amongst the humblest working-class is the want of money. Almost every man, and certainly every man's wife, thinks wages too small: if they were only a little higher, perfect contentment would be the result. When John, who has only fifteen shillings a-week, puts that sum into Mary his wife's hand, Mary thinks if she had just one pound a-week she would be perfectly satisfied; Catherine, whose husband has a pound a-week, thinks if her William had twenty-five shillings a-week, she would ask no more; while Mrs. Brown, whose lord brings her home his twenty-five shillings regularly, thinks if Mr. Brown had thirty shillings, she would not call the queen her cousin; Mrs. Black, whose husband is an under-foreman, and has thirty shillings a-week, would be as happy as the day was long if Mr. Black had two pounds; while Mrs. Gray, who can count on Mr. Gray's hundred a-year, would have "heart's ease" if Mr. Gray had a hundred

and fifty. What would satisfy each and all is just a little more than they at present possess. Now, I am not going to find very much fault with the poor housewife, who finds it so difficult to get fifteen or twenty shillings a-week to furnish the wants of her household, for wishing she had a little more. I am sure I wish she had. I am only going to give her the comforting information that all her neighbours, who have thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty shillings a-week, have just as hard work to get their incomes to supply their wants; and that many who have thousands a-year of income are just thinking the same as the carter's wife, with her sixteen or seventeen shillings a-week. If there is any good lady hearing me who is often, even in the dead of the night, sad at heart as she lies awake thinking, "If I only had a little more!" I would have her find "heart's ease" in the thought that almost every one in every class has the same thought and wish,-" If I had only a little more!" The old Highlander said, "The fever, sir, has been very bad here; but, thank God, it has been a great deal worse at Strahur." Donald, however, only meant to thank God that they were no worse than their neighbours. We should all do so, and in doing so we should each and all find "heart's ease."

The next cause of discontent amongst humble workingmen is the hardness of their work. Incessant toil from morn to night, day after day, and year after year, seems to some a hard, hopeless lot; and they feel themselves, at times, quite in a humour in which they could, adopting the counsel of Job's wife, "Curse God, and die." When any workman feels such discontent stealing over him he should mix the thoughts of his hard work with thoughts of his sweet hours of rest; of his refreshing slumbers; of his truly heavenly sabbaths,—all delights of which the indolent never taste. He ought to stretch his lithe figure in gratitude that he is free from corpulency; he ought to dance in triumph that he has no gout; he ought to sing such songs as—

"When Sawnie, Jock, an' Janitie
Are up, and gotten lair,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
An' when wi' age we're worn down,
An' hirplin' round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' well;
And meikle luck attend the boat,
The merlin', and the creel."

Amen, say we. May "meikle luck" attend all useful and honourable labour! May its sons and daughters be ever in possession of "heart's ease!"

The discontents of the middle class; in a community such as ours, arise chiefly from the fact that we are impatient: we will not move on in the slow, sure style of our fathers. In everything we must go with telegraphic speed. When we enter business we must have large "concerns" at once; when we marry, it is not a home of love that we are content with,-we must have an "establishment:" the youngest must walk abreast with the oldest-nay, outstrip the "foggies." Our wives and daughters are not content with being clothed,—they must be moving mounds of silks, velvets and laces. "The more cost the more honour" seems the motto of the fair: so, to keep all this going, money must be made very quickly. Some men, do as they will, are not able to keep up the supplies; and so are strangers to "heart's ease." I, my friends, can hardly keep my temper in speaking of such things. Poor men, heartbroken in a vain endeavour to supply the frivolous wants of empty vanity! I am almost tempted to say, let all our men become swindlers, and all our women what you please,only keep up the style, take larger houses, engage more servants, extend your skirts, increase your trimmings, have twice as many changes, and then insure each other's lives. know the rest, "The money must be had," But such

counsel will not do from one who professes to cure. endeavour to direct the feverish business man to "heart's ease." I would have him who would be happy, in beginning business to aim at doing a sure, rather than a large trade. I would have him live a good way under his income. When he marries, let his house be much smaller than he could afford, that his wife may have scope for gradual extension. He who begins business so, and so carries it on, will every now and then see some new firm, with neither experience nor capital, going right ahead of him. He will see them great in apparent prosperity, although he knows they are buying dearer and selling cheaper than he. He will even be sometimes sad at heart to think on the slowness of his own progress. Well, in such cases I would have consolation come from the thought that such annoyances don't last very long. Some fine morning the postman delivers a large bunch of invitations to the creditors of the annoyingly successful firm; and it comes out that all along the go-a-head gentlemen have been squandering money. I would have all moderately successful men, in their moments of despondency, to think of the firms we have seen in our time, whose wondrous expansion astonished and puzzled us all for a space; and astonished us still more when their fearful condition was revealed. I would have you think of those, and bless your stars that you are not a splendid rotten sham. Think of those, and it will do something in assisting you to "heart's ease."

A very frequent cause of discontent amongst the "well to do" business class is the incessant application that business requires. We find the currents of fortune such that, if we are not pulling with all our might, we feel ourselves at once drifting astern,—being scourged with bad bargains, bad debts, and bal luck in everything. So we must keep incessantly at the oars. The larger our business the harder we must work. To those who feel much distressed at this I would recommend a short visit to some place of fashionable resort, where they

will meet with persons in the enjoyment of perfect leisurepersons who have nothing to do-persons who have been everywhere, seen everything, and everybody, and who, in their useless, yawning listlessness have, with Sir Charles, in the play, come to the sublime conclusion that there is really nothing in anything under the sun. The sight of a few such men will send the business man back to his counting-house very much reconciled to his hard work and close application. I can easily imagine an able man, after spending some short time amongst the idle, returning with true enjoyment to active employment, and fervently exclaiming, "God help the poor rich people who have nothing to do!" When we feel inclined to grumble at the urgent claims of business on our attention, we might be aided in attaining "heart's ease" by taking a few minutes and noting down the names of all the distinguished men that we have either seen or read of .such as Lord Clyde, Dr. Livingston, Lord Elgin, Lord Palmerston, John Bright, and so on; and then inquiring what amount of leisure such men have, compared with us. We are at once forced to the conclusion that all such men have to work harder than we have; and so we have simply "to be, or not to be." For, to be anything in the world, we must be active; if we are content to be nothing amongst our fellow-beings, if we have a very little money, we may go to sleep. Work is Life, idleness Death. Homer sang on when he was old and blind. Milton's great work was the performance of an old blind man. Shakespeare sought little rest from writing. All our recent authors have died in harness: all our present great men are great workers. In proportion as we are small, and useless to the world, can we be spared to carry ladies' parasols, to pet their lap dogs, and to say pleasing nothings into silly ears. Such thoughts as these should tend to calm us when we get restless at our work, and should bring to the business community at large "heart's ease."

I have spoken hitherto of what may in a sense be called our imaginary evils. I must, however, ere I close, grapple with the more real sorrows and sufferings to which flesh is heir. These are far too numerous to be dealt with individually, and can only be glanced at in a general way under the following three divisions:—Afflictions that reach us through our purses; afflictions that reach us through our persons; and afflictions that reach us through our relations.

It is only a very limited number of the human family who are liable to the first-named class of afflictions,-The afflictions of the purse. The purses of the great mass of mankind are wholesomely empty; or, if they do contain anything, it is so very trifling that hearts are in no way affected The extremely poor will part with their last copper, without feeling any concern either of head or heart. It is only the favourites of Fortune that the capricious lady has the power of wounding. It is only those whom she has blest with her smiles that she can curse with her frowns. She would never have very much power over any of us if we were wise enough to set only a proper value on her gifts;if we would only look upon what Fortune gives us as something which has been lent us, and may at any moment be recalled. We would then set no great store upon riches, and would part with them at any time without parting with our "heart's ease." But very few of us have such wisdom. The golden threads get entwined about many hearts, and so, when our riches are torn from us, our hearts are sorely lacerated.

A man works hard, perhaps, for the greater part of his life, and secures what he looks upon as a competency, when, at a sudden turn of Fortune's wheel, his treasure is swept away. What can we say to such a one? I would say at once, "Don't let your heart be troubled about your loss; if you do, it will spoil your appetite and disturb your sleep,—and that would do you far more harm than the loss of your money." Such counsel is easily given; yes, and every

wise man will take it. He will turn his eyes at once away from what he has lost, and will look to what he has left His will be a very bad case if he does not find himself still possessed of far more than the great mass of mankind ever He will reflect on this, and thank God for what remains. If he sometimes thinks on how long it took him to make the treasure he lost in an hour, he should back up that thought with the reflection, that having already lived so long, he cannot, in the course of nature, live much longer to need money. But then he meant to leave it to his If this thought vexes him, his annoyance will depart if it should cross his mind that his darling son was wishing him dead, that he might inherit his money; and so God, in mercy to his child, removed the temptation. will perhaps sigh at the thought that his daughter will now have no portion. If he does so, he might find comfort in thinking that she was now safe from every sneaking moneyhunter; and would now, if she married, marry for love. If he grumbles at the thought that he cannot now retire from business, his friends should tell him-for it is true-that he is far happier working away than he would be retired. He will by and by come to understand that, having had the pleasure of making his money, he had really got all the pleasure he ever could have taken out of it. When he gets this length, he will be in a fair way to "heart's ease."

But I must look at a worse case than the foregoing, and recent events could furnish any number of such cases. A widow lady is left with a numerous family, and a sum sufficient to keep them in a respectable position. Well, the concern in which the widow's money is invested gives way, and she is left without a penny. What would I counsel such a one do? She had best first take her Bible, and read the inspired words—"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." She should look up from the page per-

fectly assured that, if she does her duty, her children are not to be beggars. She must then clear her mind of all the silly mother's dreams she has had about the future of her children; and, calling her eldest boy to her, tell him that she expects his help in bringing up his brothers and sisters. will whisper in his ear her proud desire to be independent of charity. As the boy responds, "Never fear, mother; I will soon be able to work for you," the widow will feel a thrill of joy, which in prosperity she could never have experienced; and, as her heart glows with that feeling, she should rest assured that God has ordered all for the best. moderate competence secured to them, her children might have leant upon it, and made no way in the world; now, having nothing to depend upon but their own exertions, they will be healthfully active, and may soon, themselves, make more of fortune than she has lost. One after another they will now find their way into some field of useful labour; and as each in turn lays his first earnings in his mother's lap, that mother will feel that her loss has been gain; and, in full possession of "heart's ease," will sometimes muse on what might have been her lot if she had not lost her money. She might have been tempted to take another husband, who, pretending to love her, was only affectionately attached to her money; and so her children might have been scattered, and she lonely and far from the possession of "heart's ease." I, therefore, without the slightest hesitation, say to the widow who has lost her money,—Don't let it grieve you: if you do your duty you will yet live to thank God for your loss, which has developed the noble powers and noble feelings of your children, and has led them to know the genuine qualities of their worthy mother, and so brought you well-earned "heart's ease."

We must glance at another case. A prosperous merchant, who has made a considerable sum of money, adopted an expensive style of living, and grown confident in his success,

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has lost all taste for small transactions, and deals only largely, makes one monster bad debt, which at one swoop takes all his gains away, and leaves him bankrupt. To such a one we say,-Keep up your heart; your loss may yet be made a gain: retrace your steps, reduce your style of living, and adopt a safer system of trading. In your security, you put more than all your own eggs into one basket; be wiser now, and build your future fortune on a broader base: put it not in the power of any one man to ruin you; seek after the small transactions you formerly despised, and you yet may be securely rich. The dangerous mode of business your vanity led you to adopt would certainly have ended in ruin. Be grateful, then, for the lesson you have been taught in comparatively early life; and, adopting a course of certain safety, seek and find in that course "heart's ease." We need not multiply individual cases. A few general counsels may be useful to all my hearers. Burns says.—

"Though losses and crosses

Be lessons right severe,

There's wit there, ye'll get there,

Ye'll find use ither where."

To extract these lessons from our losses should be our constant aim. When we meet with a common misfortune, in the shape of a bad debt, we ought to look well to all the circumstances connected with it, and mark them in the chart of our future lives as rocks to be steered clear of. When we lose heavy sums in companies which paid us nearly ten per cent., which came to us we knew not how, we ought to console ourselves with the reflection that our loss might have been greater, for we were embarked foolishly in a concern we really knew nothing about. When by any sudden misfortune we lose our all, we ought to find comfort in the thought that we brought nothing into the world, and will take nothing out. If we have the prospect of dying poor, we ought to feel pleased that our friends will have no un-

graceful disputes at the reading of our wills. If we should find ourselves old and poor, we ought to find comfort in the fact that "the parish is bound to maintain us." And to such as myself, who have seen many pauper pleasure trips, and often taken part at grand soirees in poor-houses, that fact—namely, the liability of the parish—would go a good way in directing me, in extreme poverty, to "heart's ease."

In my second class of afflictions—namely, Afflictions that reach us through our persons-all are interested, because all Although a poor man is well-nigh free from are liable. purse sufferings, he is just as sensitive in his person as a rich Any of us may at any moment be deprived of any one of our senses. We may be struck blind, or deaf, or dumb, or lame, or sick. We may have any or all of these afflictions; and yet withal, if we have true wisdom, we may have "heart's ease." It is very seldom, however, that all these bitters are put into one cup. The men or women who are deprived of any one of their senses are generally in a measure compensated for their loss by an increased acuteness of the senses they still possess. The blind man hears and feels with an acuteness of which we, in possession of sight, know nothing; while the deaf and dumb so observe with their eyes that, in a sense, they may be said to hear with. This is one of the kind compensating laws of Nature, which she carries out to all her children. If we are deprived of one blessing, we have certainly some other blessing to compensate us; so, whatever our condition may be, if we have wisdom, we shall have "heart's ease." No one human being has every perfection: indeed, we have, almost all, very great imperfections. One man feels that he is decidedly too small of stature; another, that he is awkwardly big. A. is getting uncomfortably fat; while Miss B. is growing as thin as a rasor. Mr. A. has very red hair, which is not the colour he would have chosen; while Mr. B., though still young, is quite bald. Miss C. has no colour; while Miss D.,

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who drinks only cold water, has a fearfully red nose. I could go on with such an enumeration to any length, for every member of the human body is liable to both deformity and disease; and in every case where such disease or deformity exists, "heart's ease" is in danger. Now, such should not be the case, for every human being has much to thank God for; and we are so constituted that if we are not thankful, we can have no happiness; for grumbling only makes matters worse. Miss D.'s red nose, for instance, is to her a sore affliction:—she should bring herself into a proper state of mind by visiting those who would be thankful for red noses,—those who, by accident or disease, have lost that "very ill-to-spare" member.

"Heart's ease" comes from a variety of sources to the personally afflicted. It comes first and most certainly from happy resignation to God's will; it comes, perhaps, secondly, from the pleasure we have in comparing ourselves with others, and finding that we would not change positions, all things taken into account, with any of our neighbours. We would all rather be ourselves than any other. Stout Miss A. would like if she was thinner, but she would not be the knife that Miss B. is, on any consideration; while Miss B., although she does covet a little more plumpness, would not for the world be the mountain of flesh that Miss A. is. Well, Miss A. will never become Miss B., nor will Miss B. become Miss A.; so each should, in her own person, discern the right person in the right place, and therewith be content.

Great bodily afflictions may, and often have been, by the afflicted converted into even apparent blessings. The cripple boy who sits at home with his book, while his more robust brothers are at play, often becomes the great man, useful to the world; while his brothers remain unnoticed or unknown. Homer and Milton were both blind; Scott and Byron were both lame; Dr. Kitto was deaf; and the great American historian, Prescott, was blind; Pope was deformed; Æsop,

and a whole host of the great ancients, were in some way deformed. Such facts as these should reconcile the personally afflicted to their respective lots, and assist them to the acquirement of "heart's ease." I take leave of personal afflictions with one suggestion. Whenever we feel ourselves becoming discontented at an unavoidable affliction, we should reason thus: -Almost each individual in the great mass of mankind has some personal distress. This is the lot of Well, have I more than my average share? fallen humanity. If the answer is, I have more than my share, the fallacious thought will be corrected if you look at the whole matter in this light:-Suppose there was a great pit formed, into which each human being who thought that his personal affliction was more than his neighbours' could throw that affliction, and thereafter, blindfolded, take out the personal affliction of some other fellow-mortal in exchange. Many might approach that pit—the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the scrofulous, the consumptive, and the liable to insanity-all determined to throw in their distresses; but, as they mingled with one another, each would shudder at the thought of what he might get in exchange for his present trial, and retire from the pit hugging his known malady in preference to any one he saw around the pit.

Such a train of reflections would assist each and all of us to "heart's ease." One other thought. Whatever our own personal troubles may be, they will never be increased by any efforts we may make to alleviate the sufferings of our fellow-beings: no; all such efforts will be found as something paid to account of our own "heart's ease."

The third class of afflictions to which I have referred—namely, Those that reach us through our relations—would in themselves afford ample scope for an entire lecture. I can, however, only glance at them. We have sorrowings at the loss of our friends and relations; we have sorrowings at the misfortunes of our friends and relations; and we have

our most bitter sorrowings at the misconduct of our friends and relations. I have said we have sorrowings at the loss of friends,—

"Friend after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."

Such partings are the will of Heaven, and so should be borne without any protracted eclipse of "heart's ease." When we lose our parents the lines of Shakespeare—

"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity"—

should have due weight in reconciling us to the loss. When husbands lose their wives, or wives their husbands, resignation is the most becoming virtue; and "heart's ease" should be sought, on such bereavements, as in the great majority of cases it is, in once more making choice of a partner! Never mind although meddling neighbours gossip: the young widow should have her tears kissed away as soon as possible; and the young widower need be in no fear of me quizzing him, although he should ask me to be "best-man" at his wedding, before his "weepers" be much the worse of the wear! Unavailing sorrow long indulged in is folly: natural grief having had its course, natural consolation ought to be cordially embraced. When children are taken from us by death we ought to feel that the stroke has come from the hand of love; and, looking at the dangers and temptations of the world from which our darling has been removed, we ought in humble submission to find "heart's ease."

When we sorrow at the misfortunes of our friends, we shall find "heart's ease" from such sorrows most readily by doing our very utmost to make amends to our friends for their misfortunes. During the disasters of 1848 a number of friends were bewailing the misfortune of an old and much-respected gentleman who had lost his all, when one, the poorest of the company, said, "Well, I'll give him a hundred pounds;" another immediately added, "I'll give him two hundred;" while a third said, "I can spare him three hundred." On the spot a thousand pounds were collected: the old man was provided for, and all his friends had, so far as he was concerned, "heart's ease."

The misconduct of friends and relations is one of the very greatest trials of life. When our nearest and dearest prove false to us, and therefore false to themselves; when we have relations who are guilty of dishonesty, of glaring immorality, or of fearful crimes, such trials must be borne; and in such trials "heart's ease" can only come on every effort of head and heart being made for the restoration of the lost one. If, for instance, a parent is subjected to this great sorrow—the fall of a beloved daughter—there is no prospect of "heart's ease" if indignant pride takes the helm and turns the unfortunate into the streets. No, no; such a course can only lead to hopeless misery to all concerned. The parents can only have comfort in such an affliction when they fold the lost lamb to their hearts. When they have stilled the throbbings of the frail sufferer, they themselves will have "hearts ease." And even such a sorrow may, by true wisdom, be converted into a joy.

But I must have done; and I close with one thought which has been present to me all through my lecture. I said at the outset that much was done towards producing "heart's ease" by the application of common sense to our seeming afflictions; much, I said,—indicating my belief that all is not accomplished by such a process: no; something more is required to produce true "heart's ease." All the earthly treasures on which we set our hearts may be, and often are, one after another, taken from us. If, then, we would have certain "heart's ease," we must place first in our affections a something that is above and beyond the things of

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time; a something that will be ours although we may be stripped of all our earthly possessions; a something that will be ours although we may be forsaken by our best friends; a something that will be ours although our fondest love may be repaid by hatred; and that something can only be a well-grounded hope of eternal happiness through the blood of the Lamb. If we have such hope, we may on the voyage of life encounter much of mist and darkness, rock and whirlpool, storm and tempest; but we shall never, even in our greatest trials, be long deprived of "HEART'S EASE."

THE STAIR-HEAD BATTLE.

IT is wonderful the fuss that men make about their battles. their glorious victories, their immortal heroes, and what not; and it is not only their battles that are famous,—there is a great fraces made about their descriptions of battles, from old Homer all the way down to the last warlike correspondent of the Times. Every ready writer that has favoured the world with the description of a battle has got an undisputed niche in the temple of fame. To this I have no objection; I merely allude to the fact, as a simple hint that I would like an odd corner in the same edifice for my loquacious acquaintance, Mrs. Monro; for I am sure her descriptions of the battles that it has been her privilege to see are just as true to nature as those of any of the famous authors of either ancient or modern times. And then she has this certain characteristic of genius: she pours forth her immortal words perfectly unconscious that she is saying anything remarkable. I met her the other forenoon as I was going down the front street for a pennyworth of vegetables. I knew by her face that she had something of importance to communicate. Ere I could get a word out, she said, "Woman, I have news to tell you!"

I said, "If it is good, we cannot hear it too soon."

"I don't know," quoth she, "whether to call it good or ill; but what do you think, when Mrs. Meiklejohn, Mrs. Carmichael, and Mrs. M'Farlane, have had a regular pitched hattle on the stair-head no farther gone than yesterday?"

"That is news," quoth I. "It is news," quoth she, "that I have been looking for this some time. Oh, woman, you friendship could not last; they were perfectly 'scunnersome'a complete nuisance to the whole tenement-Carmichael in the one end, Meiklejohn in the other, and M'Farlane in the mid-room. Well, from morning till night their doors stood to the wall, and they went 'but' and they went 'ben,' and they cried 'but' and they cried 'ben,' and there could not a creature come up the stair but they were all to their doors gaping and staring at them; and M'Farlane, who has no children of her own, she was the humble servant of the other two; for she had always some of their 'brats' in her arms. But I never saw much good come of such over-intimacy, nor did I ever see it last long. So I was wondering when it would come to a head; but I never thought it would come so very simply about. It seems the two Johnnies, Johnnie Carmichael and Johnnie Meiklejohn, had been playing on the stair, and they had found a ball, and the one would have the ball, and the other would have the ball, and none of them would give it up, so they took to fighting; and the boys are about one age, you know, and were making a rather tough tussle. Johnnie Meiklejohn being rather bigger at his age, he was like to get the best of it, when out came Mrs. Carmichael, and gave him a slap on the side of the head. But oh, woman, she had better held her hands, for Mrs. Meiklejohn saw her, and she never said a single word, but came out and knocked Johnnie Carmichael's head to the wall, and the row began in Mrs. Carmichael said 'She wondered Mrs. Meiklejohn could encourage the big lump to strike the child.'

"'The child!' quoth Mrs. Meiklejohn, 'I am thinking he is as old as him; and if he were putting his meat in as good a skin he might be as big; but,' quoth she, 'he is come of a diminutive race anyway.'

"'A diminutive race!' quoth Mrs. Carmichael.

"Ay, a diminutive race,' quoth Mrs. Meiklejohn; 'for

what is his father, I am sure, but a poor, shambling, insignificant, diminutive body?'

"'Better be little,' quoth Mrs. Carmichael, 'and all there, than big, and want any of his faculties; thank goodness, he is not deaf.'

"This was an awful blow to Mrs. Meiklejohn; for it seems Mr. Meiklejohn is very dull of hearing, and it is kept a great secret. It is hard to say how far they might have gone, but Mrs. M'Farlane came out and said, 'I wonder to see you two stupid women fighting about children's disputes. I really thought you had more sense. The children will be going with their arms round one another's necks when you will be keeping up the spite; but if ye were doing as ye should do, and keeping them in the house, as ye should do, there would be fewer disturbances.'

"'You have a deal of impudence,' quoth Mrs. Meiklejohn.

"'I see very little business that you have to interfere,' quoth Mrs. Carmichael; 'but I am thinking it is very easy keeping all yours in the house.'

"'Yes,' quoth Mrs. Meiklejohn, 'there are not many disturbed with them, poor things!'

"Now, you know, Mrs. M'Farlane is a woman that has nothing to say in a row; so she just turned on her heel, and went in and shut the door, and the other two did the same.

"But this was not the last of it; for it seems Mrs. Carmichael had the loan of a pot from Mrs. Meiklejohn; so her door was no sooner closed than she banged it open, and then banged open Mrs. Meiklejohn's door; pitching in the pot, she cried, 'There's your pot;' and in her hurry she cracked it.

"But it seems Mrs. Meiklejohn was to be upsides with her; for she had the loan of a pair of fire-screens from Mrs. Carmichael; so she was rattling the fire-screens across the stair-head, with the intention of pitching them in as the pot had been pitched, when one of the legs of the fire-screens caught the side of the door, and came away. So this in a manner balanced the thing: the broken fire-screens did for the cracked pot.

"So the doors were once more shut, and you would have thought it was past; and so it was, until the three husbands, Mr. Carmichael, Mr. Meiklejohn, and Mr. M'Farlane, coming home from their work, halted a little on the stairhead, to settle some theological difficulty which they had under discussion. The knotty point was just about mastered, when Mrs. Meiklejohn put her head out at the door, and cried passionately—'John Meiklejohn, come in to your porridge, and don't stand talking nonsense there; I am sure you are not very nice with your company.'

"The three men were turning round with a look of amazement, when Mrs. Carmichael commanded their attention, saying in a calm distinctness, 'Yes, Mr. Carmichael, come into your tea, and let John Meiklejohn into his porridge—porridge, porridge, everlasting porridge; no wonder the poor man is deaf; his naturally thick head cannot but be stuffed with porridge.

"Mrs. Meiklejohn's reply was (and she, too, now took plenty of time to make every word tell), 'Yes, John Meiklejohn, come into your porridge, and let Mr. Carmichael into his tea; the poor man is new-fangled about his tea; he is the first one of the seed, breed, or generation that ever tasted tea: his old father, Daniel, that carried home the poor-house coffins, did not get much tea.'

"Mrs. Carmichael was replying with some allusion to some of the Meiklejohn ancestry that had been eminent in the scavenger line, when both the husbands demanded to know what all this outrageous nonsense was about. Each antagonist at once charged the other with the murderous abuse of her Johnnie; and both the husbands seeming to fail in a speedy comprehension of the row, Mr. M'Farlane, who has a

very jeering tongue, said, 'Pshaw! it is just two old cats fighting about their kittens.'

"This brought the row to a climax; for the antagonists at once lost sight of their own dispute in their mutual indignation at M'Farlane's audacity in using such terms to them and their offspring. What they called him it would not be decent for me to repeat. You may guess that the circumstance of his not being troubled with any 'kittens' at all, was a fact exhibited in a variety of lights. I am sure Mr. M'Farlane wishes by this time that he had kept a bridle on his tongue, for he may live to be a very old man and not hear the last of the 'cats and their kittens.' At any rate, the gracious neighbours' doors are shut, and I think we shall get peace to go up and down the stair for some time to come, without so many prying eyes upon us."

Such was Mrs. Monro's story, word for word, as she gave it to me; so I will leave it to you to say if the decent woman is not worth a place among the most eminent of our "word painters" of famous battles. I will tell you a thought that has often struck me concerning Mrs. Munro:-If old Homer were to revisit this world, and take, as of old, to singing and spouting for his livelihood, Mrs. Munro would be a very fit and proper person to accompany him! She could not only be useful in going round with the hat; but when the old man was taking his breath, after some glorious burst about the doings of his ancient heroes, Mrs. Homer (as she would then be) could give the company a bit touch about the encounters of some of the modern heroines. perfectly certain that there would be a considerable rattle in the hat when she had finished in style the "Glasgow Stairhead Battle."

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

LECTURE—MONEY.

STORY—ORDINATION IN MARRIAGE.

It is a fact pretty generally known that men famous for their laughter-raising powers frequently cherish a longing desire to become distinguished exponents of the tragic muse. Were the crack comedian of the dramatic company, who has dug Ophelia's grave time out of mind, permitted to choose his own part in Shakespeare's greatest drama, he would, I believe, at once don the sable plume, and step forth as "Hamlet the Dane;" creating, no doubt, as much laughter by his delineation of the "Philosophic Prince" as when he flourished

"A pick-axe and a spade, a spade."

This yearning after honours and pleasures which nature has denied us is no doubt implanted in the human heart for some wise purpose, and may occasionally result in transforming a famous fool into a profound philosopher; for to be a famous clown much philosophy is required. It is, therefore, but natural that the wise fool should often long to drop his grotesque mask, to rank amongst men of acknowledged wisdom. I am led into this train of thought in glancing at the grave and somewhat hard subject on which I have chosen to address you this evening. Why have I chosen such a subject? I, who have spent so many of my few leisure hours in wooing the muse, in cudgelling my brains to turn up to me the droll corners of Nature's book, that I might reap the laurels given by

"Laughter, holding both his sides."

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Why have I chosen to speak of "money?" Perhaps I have been inspired by the same feeling as would have prompted the inimitable Weeks to have made his bow as Romeo. say, perhaps it is some such thought that has guided me in the selection of my subject. The guiding thought which was apparent to myself when I chose to speak of money was this: I thought that on such a subject I might be able to string together a few of my jottings on life's journey, that might be of some little service to an audience chiefly composed of those who must stand or fall on fortune's field unaided, save by self-help. I have known not a little of the humble working-classes, who have very little money. I have seen a good deal of the more comfortable middle-classes, many of whom have acquired a competence; and I have now and then been brought into contact with the very rich; and remember a few trifles concerning all three classes, which I know is of service to myself; and shall now, as well as I can, present you with the cream of these remembrances. if I succeed in dropping a few seeds into any mind present, which will germinate and sprout, and bring forth ultimately happiness, I shall account myself well repaid for my labour.

I spoke of my subject as a hard one. Well, a little skill may soften it. What does any man see in extreme poverty? He sees very soon neglect, and even insult; he sees weary days and still more weary nights; he sees the beings of his love compelled to hopeless drudgery, perhaps tempted to crime, and so the heirs of all its sorrows. What is seen in the possession of even a little well-earned money? Genuine home comfort, the sweets of friendship, the respect of our fellow-men, an honourable position in society, ever-brightening prospects, the ability to do good, high hopes for our children, and an independent old age. Poets have often grumbled at this contrast between the position of the very poor and that of the well-to-do. This grumbling, however consolatory to the poet's feelings, is somewhat absurd;

for, in such matters, "whatever is, is (very often) right." A. retrospective glance at the history of a great many very poor men brings to our knowledge talents unemployed, opportunities neglected, sometimes principles of rectitude forgotten, unfair advantages sought after, and gross passions indulged; while the review of the life of a man well-to-do generally discloses self-denial, economy, scrupulous honesty, wise forethought, patient industry, and heroic perseverance. fore, then, should the poet complain that the husbandman reaps according to the quality of the seed he has sown? Some of my hearers may be inclined to think that there is more in luck than these remarks of mine would seem to indi-To this thought, which may exist in the minds of some, I have to reply, that all my experience in life has gone directly to prove that every man in a great measure holds his. fortune in his own hands, and is poor or comfortable just in proportion as he deserves to be. I believe that all men, by putting forth a fair amount of exertion, may acquire as much. as any man needs. I do not say that all may become rich, but every man may have enough, and

> "He that has just enough can soundly sleep, The owercome only fashes folk to keep."

My early remembrances of monetary matters are a portion of my experiences of the workshop; and I shall give you these recollections as nearly as I can in the order in which they occurred. The first note on the subject of money that still dwells in my mind is that the frugal saving of a little money soon commands the respect of one's shopmates, whilst its lavish expenditure, and the consequences thereof, soon take a man down in the workshop. This became impressed on my mind very strongly by the following circumstances, which occurred under my observation when I was about twelve years of age. I was then message-boy in a tailoring establishment, spending a few hours each day upon the board

amongst the men. Tailors are not proverbial for their saving habits: certainly my early shopmates had few dreams of ever becoming rich. "If they did not earn their money easily, they got easily clear of it," was a favourite saying amongst As a whole, my shopmates were decent fellows, with nothing very remarkable about them. There was one man amongst them who was blamed with being a hoarder; and, to balance this, there was another who was notorious as a spendthrift. The board was frequently the scene of much humorous "chaffing," or "ragging," as it was more generally called. A quiet question would be asked by the fast man as to how much his parsimonious shopmate had in the savings' bank, which commonly drew forth remarks to the effect that Donald was "better up" than to trust his money in any bank. Banks might fail, and so Donald's treasure was far safer in the corner of his "kist," in good-looking half-crowns. were queer hints thrown out as to Donald spending his Sunday mornings in building bridges in the corner of the said "kist" with the said good-looking half-crowns. Donald would sometimes retort, that he would rather have a very few halfcrowns in his "kist" than a great many pawn tickets. This being recognized as a hit at the fast man, some one, hitherto silent, would take up his defence by asserting that Donald's insinuation was quite unfounded, as it was many a day since a certain party had anything to pawn. Such "bars" were usually followed by a fair proportion of "hear, hear's," laughter, &c. One day, after more than an ordinary set-to about Donald's savings, on Donald leaving the board on some trifling errand, one man, usually very hearty in his "sets" about Donald's riches, said-"You must drop this nonsense, chaps; Donald is the only man amongst us." There was dead silence as he added-"God only knows what I would have done when my lassie died if it hadna been Donald: he came ower to my house that very night, and slipped me quietly a couple o' pounds, like a right good Samaritan as he is."

When Donald returned to his seat he was quite unconscious of the cause of the silent respect with which all treated him. When Donald's bridges of half-crowns were alluded to after this, there were, of course, jokes as usual; but often the jokers expressed an earnest wish that they had the standing piers of a few such bridges erected. Donald soon became the most respected man in the shop: the "fast man" fell in esteem just as quickly as Donald rose. Every now and then some fact came out concerning him that indicated thorough shabbiness at bottom. One Monday morning the removal of his very few tools told he had taken his leave-gone no one knew whither. On Tuesday a decent old woman called to make inquiry about him: she was his landlady. When she fully understood that he had "bolted," her eyes filled with tears; and she was quietly turning away when Donald asked how much the defaulter was owing her. The answer was-"Just a fortnight's meat and lodging:" she added—" I'll get ower't, and he'll no be much the richer." Donald asked the woman to stop a little. He proposed a subscription. Each man was ready with his name for a shilling, and Donald was at once ready with the funds. No one knew, but Donald got credit for making his subscription five shillings. And so the landlady departed, saying, what I know is true-"They're a goodhearted set, the tailors." What was the after-fate of the fast man I do not know. Donald, I know, left that shop thoroughly respected both by master and men, in possession of fully fifty pounds of his honest savings, and is now in a comfortable position, doing a good business on his own ac-This fast young man I have spoken of, by his foolish and reckless expenditure of his hard-won earnings, led himself directly into meanness, and even dishonesty, and so, no doubt, embittered all his after-life; while Donald's wise course of conduct laid the foundation of a prosperous and happy life. I have no hesitation in asserting that the great mass of well-employed unencumbered young men may, by the exercise of a moderate amount of exertion, save as much as Donald saved, and so secure a comfortable position for life.

About this same time I became acquainted with the son of an humble neighbour, whose quietly heroic conduct called forth even then my admiration. This youth was the son of a labouring man: a right sturdy, selfish old fellow, that labourer was. His son wished to learn a trade: he wished to be an engineer; but his father decidedly refused to keep him for the wages given to the apprentices of that trade. The old man in his youth had been a farm servant, and this he decided should be the work of his son. The young man uncomplainingly took a fee, but still cherished his desire to improve his position. He wrought on at the country work for about five years, at the end of which period he had saved a sufficient sum to eke out his apprentice wage to the self-sustaining point. He engaged himself to a first-class engineering firm, and spent his evenings, -not in singing saloons and "free-andeasies,"-no; but in the drawing and other schools. That young man was, shortly after the expiry of his apprenticeship, first engineer in one of the large steamships that sail between Liverpool and New York. Is not such a man a hero?—ay, and a general too! Driven by a stern fate into the most obscure position, by patient perseverance and the judicious management of his humble earnings, he soon found for himself a place in the first rank of workmen. Had that young man not known the true value of money, he would have been a poor drudge; whereas he is now in a position where he can easily secure all comforts, and make ample provision for the still distant decline of life.

The next monetary note recorded in my memory presents a very complete life drama. I had left the clothing department, and was engaged in a cabinet shop. The business was not a large one, and so the few hands employed were very intimately acquainted. Next door to our shop there was a public-house: that house had rather a peculiar

sign for such an establishment: the sign was a full-length portrait of a negro man holding aloft in triumph his broken fetters, the word "freedom" being written under. Well, in this "freedom" our shop had credit; and for a considerable time such scores were run up for drink as made quite a hole in the pays on Saturday. One Monday morning after a rather heavy week's score, as we were seated round the stove in the breakfast hour, one of our number said, "This drinking is confounded nonsense; for my part, I mean to give it up." He was as good as his word, and henceforth this young man saved that portion of his earnings that was wont to find its way into "freedom's" till. In a very short time, with a very small capital, this shopmate of mine was in business on his own account, and was thoroughly successful: he proved a blessing to the family circle of which he was a member. Some two years ago I met him,

"The night before the wedding."

He was not indulging in gloomy reminiscences over "a slowly dying pint of port;" no, he felt himself quite young and fresh at more than "thirty-four." He had no fears of muttering dark memories in his bride's ear. His bosom was warmed by a wholesome manly love. In assuming the duties of the husband he right gracefully took leave of his father and mother by settling on them for life the sum of sixty pounds a-year. That was a handsome thing for a commonplace unpoetical man to do the night before his wedding.

These incidents of real life that I have given you, all convey one lesson—namely, that by a little prudent exertion, men while young and unencumbered may easily save a little money, and that money, saved at such an early period of life, is very valuable in laying the foundation of future comfort. You are all familiar with the insurance tables which exhibit the small sum with which a young man can insure his life for a respectable amount, compared with the sum required

to insure for an equal amount a man of advanced life. To the great mass of young men such insurance would be very easy, while to many advanced in life it is all but impossible. It is precisely the same in the saving a little money: if it is done in youth, it is easily done; if left over to a late period of life, it is very difficult: and remember, a pound saved by a young man keeps on growing;—the quietly accumulating interest ere long doubles the amount. This is the case if it is only consigned to the bank; but if invested in some prosperous mercantile enterprise, it goes on "hop, step, and jump," until it becomes a large capital; and its possessor may enjoy therewith "the luxury of doing good."

I can easily imagine that some few of my hearers may be thinking that my counsellings on the subject of saving money can only be acted upon by the coldly philosophic, knowing ones, who know nothing of passion's fire. Were all present to give us the benefit of their experience in life, not a few would have to tell that before they had the chance of saving a penny, their "eyes looked love to eyes that spake again;" and the pleasure of saving money had no chance with the indulgence of the "glorious passion;" and so, without a sixpence of provision for the future, they married, and got into a mess from which they can never extricate themselves. such I say,—Be of good heart; a bright future may be before you, if you discharge your own duties aright. I trust you will believe my "single" self when I tell you that I never see a very young couple proudly carrying the first-fruits of their love (it may be calf love), but from the bottom of my heart I say, God bless them; and assuredly God will bless them if they do their duty. There are many places in the world,-and I think our own land is one of them,-where

> "Children are blessings, and he that has most Hath aid to his fortune, and riches to boast."

But to prove a blessing, children must be well trained. They

must have sound principles implanted in them; their errors must be corrected, and a fair amount of education given them: they must be taught self-respect, which can only be taught by their being firmly grounded in truth and honesty—by their being taught to shun all appearance of evil, to despise meanness, and cleave to all that is noble; and this can only be taught by the virtuous example of their parents. I need hardly tell you that, in the elevation of the family, very much depends on the conduct of the mother. I might give mothers much general counsel: I think, however, it will better serve my present purpose to tell the story of one noble mother's life.

Some forty years ago a young couple took up their first home in one small furnished room as lodgers. After defraving the expenses of their marriage, they had one pound to begin the world with,—certainly a very small sum, seeing that they had no furniture of their own. Before the honeymoon was over, the wife had discovered that her husband's education was more defective than she had thought. proposed that he should go to an evening school to make up his educational lee-way. A false pride caused the husband to refuse to comply with his wife's request. On hearing his refusal, she said—"You can be nothing, then, but a poor drudge for life." And, sore at heart by her first matrimonial grief, she took what in after years she called "a good hearty This young wife was very soon in a house of her own, having (although little finery) what did her turn. was soon engrossed by the cares of a young family. come was small, and it took strict economy to make ends It was her chief pride to see her family every Sabbath morning going "amongst the very first to church." And that family might have very humble fare, but they had always, not only good, but fine "Sunday clothes." I could easily sketch that family group (from memory) as I first saw The eldest daughter with her light blue frock and round

straw hat, from under which fell clusters of glossy ringlets; the second daughter with frock and trousers-her head-gear a brown beaver, with a tiny real ostrich feather; the elder boy with blue jacket and white trousers, and sporting a cloth cap with gold band; the youngest of the family, a very rosy fair-haired little fellow, in a smartly braided nankeen dress, with handsome cap and gold tassel, which his father, who now sailed (he was a ship carpenter) from London, had sent The mother was attired like any lady of the home to him. land. I dwell upon these particulars because I believe this nicety about the Sabbath costume did much to inspire that family with the desire to get on in the world, and did not a little in inspiring them with self-respect. With her husband very often at sea, that mother had a hard struggle-was often at her last shilling; but, although she made all her family purchases with ready cash, she always knew where she could borrow. In case of extremity she had sometimes For years, besides doing her housework, she to borrow. earned fully a shilling a-day at a certain kind of sewing; in which work her eldest boy and girl were soon learned to give a hand between school hours. When he was little more than ten years of age, her eldest son, anxious to help his mother, sought and obtained employment. When he presented his mother with his first-earned half-crown, she smiling said, "There will be a blessing with your siller, Jamie." Her second son was as soon at work. He, too, sought employment unbidden. Don't think that that mother had no desire to educate her sons. She would have done it nobly if she had had the means; but she scorned to beg even education for them. With their own earnings they paid their own evening school fees, and so became fair scholars. While her sons were learning their trades, that mother could save no money: it was when the eldest became a journeyman that she saw the tide in her affairs that led on to fortune. mother was her son's banker; and when, seven years after the. expiry of his apprenticeship, he resolved to enter business on his own account, his mother brought forth his treasure: it had lain, I know not where, concealed in a well-darned old stocking. When counted, it amounted to more than sixty pounds. At the end of his first year in business the sixty pounds were more than doubled; and now the second son was assisted by his brother to enter business on his own ac-Many prophesied that he would not succeed. He had spent his first seven shillings in the purchase of the works of Shakespeare, and was given to the company of "spouters." But he did succeed. He cleared his little stock during the first six months after his sign was hung out. That family soon became independent; and well they know how much they owe to their worthy mother. She fought life's battle well, and closed her eyes in peace. Her last words to her family were-"I ken ye'll no be shabby to ane anither when I am awa'." Her husband still survives her, hale and hearty; and may now be seen during the summer months trimming the roses that begin to cluster round his own cottage windows, on the fair margin of the frith of Clyde. She has gone to her Father's house of many mansions, and her memory shall ever live in the hearts of her children as a strong motive to good. I shall make no comment on this mother's life, but leave the simple statement of the facts, as what I believe to be the best counsel I can give our mothers.

Before stepping on to the middle-class branch of my subject, I must give expression to one thought which may be of some service to very poor parents. This thought arose in my mind in the following circumstances:—I was speaking one evening to a large mercantile concern. I had spoken to all the different departments, and was winding up with a few words to the labourers employed by the firm. I found it somewhat difficult to point out to them the road to any great advancement. I told them how I felt. They seemed to appreciate my sincerity, when a happy thought came to

the rescue. I said,-Do you not think it possible that even the poorest amongst you, if you were determined on it, could get at least one of your sons well educated-educated in such a way as that he could take his place in your employer's office? Sure am I, I added, nothing would give the heads of this firm more pleasure than to receive into their office the son of their most humble labourer, if he were fit for the place; and thus would a direct passage be made from the humblest to the very highest position in such a firm. know not what of worth there was in this hint, but the pleasant acquiescence of the chairman and the hearty applause of the men indicated that they thought the thing quite practical. Remember this thought, then, you who have little chance of making money. Make a hard struggle to have your children well educated. If you do so, fortune may tumble right upon you just when you most need it.

The second branch of my subject—namely, "Middle-class efforts at money making"—is a very interesting matter, if I am able properly to exhibit it. We daily see the wheel of fortune taking what appears to us the most fantastic turns: one man becoming rich, another becoming poor; one man failing in his every effort, while another finds everything prospering in his hands. Carelessly looked at, the prizes of life seem drawn by lottery; but upon careful scrutiny we find that chance has nothing, or next to nothing, to do with either man's success or failure. This I shall endeavour to exemplify by giving you, as briefly as I can, a few sketches from mercantile life, which will illustrate the ups and downs, exhibiting at the same time the "why so," arranging them thus for the assistance of our memories: the three Georges, the three Jameses, and the three Johns.

Taking them, then, in this order, we begin with our George the first. He had talents above average. He was in every way suited for his trade. He began business on his own account at the age of twenty-four. He had at once a very

good trade,—was highly popular with his customers. He was what is generally termed "good-hearted," --- ever foremost with his contribution to any object of charity. He had a large circle of friends, by whom he was very much respected. He made money fast, and spent it just as fast. His philosophy on the journey of life was, to "live by the way." When, as was often the case, some of his more sensible friends suggested the propriety of his making an effort to save a little money, he gave a knowing look, and said-"It will be all right with me when the old fellow drops off." This old fellow, all his friends knew, was an old uncle worth several thousand pounds, whose sole heir he was certain of being. Our George the first for a very few years led rather a jolly life, but saved no money. Many of his friends who began business about the same time as George, acting on a wiser policy, had acquired considerable capital, and somehow George seemed to have little relish for their company. indicated this so plainly that they ceased to visit him. however, had plenty of company. His back-shop became quite a haunt for all the good fellows of the district. Customers began to take notice (his customers were chiefly ladies) of his improper company, and told him of his error. George, who was pretty good at a defence, thought he answered the ladies interested very satisfactorily. But George's trade began to fall off. Well, George knew it would be all right when the old fellow died, and that surely could not be long. George married, became bankrupt, and died. His rich old uncle laid his head in the grave. Thus was a life wasted and cut short by a foolish looking forward to what was to be received, to the neglect of what might have been honourably acquired. That young man, I am confident, might with moderate wisdom have this day been one of our most successful merchants. He was wrecked in fortune, in health, and in character; and dying, left a wife and family entirely unprovided for. It only throws a stronger light on George's folly, when I tell you that the old uncle did leave his money to George's children.

George the second was a smart, active fellow. Occupying a good situation, and living cheaply with his parents, he soon saved a very considerable sum of money, with which he began business on his own account. He was thoroughly successful. He was one who did business in what he called a first-class style. All his communications were written on the most beautiful paper; his envelopes were of the best quality; his steel pens ditto. He had ample assistance for every department of his trade, and his trade went right There was, no doubt, a deal of money spent; but then there was more made, so it was best that everything should be done in style. George the second married, and in this matter acted quite like a gentleman; that is, he started a first-class establishment. Some of his friends thought a rather humbler style of life would have been more suitable to one who had his fortune to make. George replied to this by taking a larger house, and increasing his expenditure. Unforeseen circumstances still further increased his expenditure. Business the while, in his expensively conducted establishment, falling off, George barely made as much as it required to keep him. Worth more than a thousand pounds, he felt himself poor, inasmuch as he was going back rather than forward in the world. He lost heart, and confessed his life a bungle. Thus was one naturally well qualified to make a very considerable figure in the world, set aside for want of a very little Scotch caution. Had he been more economical in the conducting of his business, a lull in trade would have been less felt. Had he started housekeeping in rather a more homely style, he would have certainly had more of home comfort; and his fine house would have surely come in due course. But George was too fond of show, and so became the victim of appearances.

George the third was of delicate constitution. With very

small capital, he began business about the age of twenty-six. He was no way attractive in his manner; had a very moderate trade, but conducted it with great care and economy; and lived in a very humble house, which was very moderately furnished; but all his friends were welcome to a seat at his kitchen fireside;-he kept always a first-rate kitchen fire. George the third was never in the very first fashion as regarded dress: he cared very little for appearances. spoken to about his rather too strict economy, his answer was-"I come out as strong as I can afford: remember I am not rich." George was most attentive to his business, and thus it gradually increased. Customers found that, although they got no soft sawder from George, they could depend upon him. George's trade was now very considerable; but he still lived in the same small house, and still held all his levees at his kitchen fireside. One of the largest merchants in George's trade talked of retiring. George made offer for the business, and got it, and was at one step in a first-rate position. George for a year or two still retained the small house; but in due time, still young, he married, furnished a rather handsome house, and really came out strong. Not long after, he purchased a neat self-contained house with garden, a little way out of town.

I need make no comment on this wise man's life. The lives of the three Georges show, I think—first, the folly of neglecting opportunities of making, in the mean expectation of getting; second, the evil of pitching on a style of life even a shade too high; and third, the true wisdom of quiet, persevering, sober economy, which leads certainly to comfort, riches, splendour.

James the first was left by his father a considerable sum of money—several thousand pounds. His father had been a quiet plodding man, and had died rich. James, of course, found, when left to himself, with merely his own portion, that he was very far from being as rich as his father had been. He felt impatient at this idea, and was in haste to make rich. He tried his hand at a few railway shares. His father never would go at all out of his own business for any spec., however tempting. James had more courage. His first transaction in shares proved quite a hit: his second and his third spec. in the same line had made him money. There was an apparent rise in the article of James's own legitimate trade. James resolved to make a large fortune at a single stroke: he purchased on a gigantic scale. The markets took a sudden turn downwards. James tried his hand again at railway stock. His transactions were all ruinous. He became not only bankrupt in trade, but bankrupt in reason. Here was a life wrecked, as thousands have been, in a mad grasping at fortune by any and every means!

James the second was somewhat advanced in life before he entered business on his own account. He was industrious. cautious, and persevering, and so made (although slow). certain progress in money-making. He was a most correct After a few years of very hard work he business man. found himself worth three thousand pounds-all of his own On various occasions during his business career he had been what he thought favoured by a very large firm from whom he very frequently purchased. All his transactions with that great firm had been gone about in the most correct business fashion. In his visits to the establishment of the great merchants, James was often overawed at the vastness of their doings,-often wondered how a business so huge could be managed profitably. James was flattered by the personal attentions he received from the merchant princes. He was honoured on more occasions than one by going publicly arm in arm with the chief of the large firm. After one of these personal agreeabilities, James having during the interview made rather, for him, a large purchase, on returning home found that the merchant prince had taken the liberty of forwarding through the bank bills to

the full amount of his purchase, - James not yet having the goods bought in possession. James thought the liberty taken quite improper, and so resolved to return the bills, until he was put in possession of value, which would be several weeks, the goods being heavy, and it being impossible to forward them in a shorter time. James, however, did not act on his first and correct decision. He thought on the personal kindness of his business friends, on their great position, on his own comparative insignificance. Again, he thought that he really knew nothing of the real strength of the great people; but then they surely must be safe. seemed to do them reverence. After a sleepless night James signed the paper; and in a few days learned from a friend on the street that a telegram had just been received. announcing the failure of the said great firm. James lost every penny of two thousand pounds-the earning of many years of patient labour-by being simple enough to be overawed into doing that which he knew was wrong by the sham flash of a great house. James is plodding quietly on, and will, I believe, make up his loss by patient labour; but really he paid a painful price for his one lesson.

James the third was an humble merchant, early in business. For the first year his success was very moderate: his second year did much better. After a very few years in business, having several hundred pounds to spare, he purchased the property in which his shop was situated. Thus invested, his money accumulated pretty quickly. He soon added to his possessions by becoming the laird of a whole range of houses in the little country town of which he was a native. This second purchase proved a very good spec., and now the laird's entire annual rents were something very considerable. The laird's business did still more than keep himself and family; so the rents, all saved, soon came to something handsome. All the laird's law business had been done by one first-class legal firm. This firm called James

the third's attention to a very large block of property which they had to dispose of. The property belonged to a rich public trust, who wished to have a certain fixed interest for their money, and to be clear of all the bother of looking after tenants. The laird's quick eye at once saw a bargain. He offered the sum which his legal friends advised him to offer, got the property; and now the humble merchant can pocket his five hundred a-year, after all deductions for interest are made; and still you can any day find him working hard behind his own little counter. A friend of mine, however, was taken some time ago to see a fine country-house which the laird was thinking of purchasing as a family residence. Meanwhile he still lives in an humble flat of his own property. These three lives have all their lessons.

James the first exhibits the folly and crime of a too great haste to become rich by any and every means. His shattered reason was the legitimate result of his attempt to fly over fortune's well-spiked walls, instead of being content to enter by the gates of industry, frugality, and perseverance. James the second, plodding on as he did for years, and then by a departure—one departure—from business correctness, losing at one sweep almost his entire earnings, should impress on us all the necessity of keeping entirely clear of every risk we can legitimately avoid; and especially should it be a lesson to us to beware of being mesmerized by great people, the foundation of whose greatness is to us a mystery. While the life of James the third, who believed in hard work, economy, and substantial stone and lime, and so made a snug fortune, repeats to us the lesson of our George the third's life-namely, the true wisdom of quiet, sober, persevering economy.

My first John began business with a fair amount of capital. Advised by his best friends, he resolved that all his stock should be purchased with ready cash; but very soon this excellent resolution was broken through.

A plausible merchant, with whom he had a transaction, requiring, as he said, cash very urgently, proposed to take John's bill for the amount. John was reluctantly consenting to accept, when, as if struck by a bright thought, the bill drawer said, "If you were in want of a little ready money, I could draw for double the amount, and hand you the balance." John was just needing a little money; he agreed to the proposed accommodation, and so, by this one false step, entered on a course that proved his ruin. accommodation, so simply begun, was carried on for a good number of years, during which John was thought by all to be making money. He became bankrupt, and freely confessed that he could not tell how he stood with the party to whom he had so simply at first given his name for a few pounds. He believed the same gentleman had cheated him altogether out of about a thousand pounds; but he could not prove it, and so his creditors had to lose the sum. At thirty-four John began the world anew, and has, we trust, profited by his former egregious bungle.

John the second was early in business. He was pretty successful, and very generally accounted talented. He had several companions, who were to some extent lights in the literary world. The select circle had frequent meetings, the chief effect of which was, by a great exchange of compliments, to raise the entire circle in self-importance. They were all making money: they had always done so. One of the party, half in joke, one evening proposed that they (the clever circle) should become a power in the state, and make their power known by starting a newspaper as the organ of their views. John at once caught at the idea. He would write leaders; the proprietary would be kept secret, and more than one would be astonished by the new broadsheet. John was the only one of the circle who had ready money, which he could spare, to set the paper a-going, and so he came down handsome. The birth, life, and death of the great organ was all got over in rather less than two years, John having in that time spent all his spare capital—some eighteen hundred pounds—in a vain attempt to establish his importance in the world of letters. When John wishes now to look large in print, he pays for an advertisement. That he accounts by far the cheapest method of flourishing in type.

My third John is a youth of about eighteen years of age, of a sanguine, nervous temperament. He has written respectable poetry, and essays on various subjects that would do no disgrace to any older author. He leaves his native country town for a situation in Glasgow. He enters the countinghouse of a large public work as the humblest clerk. well treated by his employer, and never thinks of chang-His salary is small, yet he saves a little money. is promoted in the office; his salary is raised; his expenditure is not increased; and he saves more money. Again his position is improved; yet still he lives on in the most quiet A change is taking place in the partnership of the firm. John puts in his claim for a share in the business: he has, of his own saving, the requisite capital. He is admitted as a partner. He in no way changes his style of life. quietly progresses in fortune, until he becomes sole proprietor of the magnificent work which he entered as its humblest clerk. Years after, every stone of the great structure was his own. He was still to be found occupying a modest par-If you seek him now, you will find his lour and bed-room. name in every subscription list, and that, too, for handsome And if you follow him to his home, you will find it has every comfort, and not a little splendour.

So ends my somewhat monotonous catalogue of lives. The simplicity of John the first, which led to his being so easily entrapped into unwholesome accommodation, is to be avoided by all; the vanity of John the second, which, by his literary venture, cleared him of his eighteen hundred pounds, is to be remembered by every one troubled with a

belief in his own great mental weight; while the modest and thoroughly successful life of John the third again repeats the great value of the simple virtues of quiet industry, and sober, persevering economy.

I can easily imagine that some of you may think there is very little remarkable about any of these lives I have endeavoured to sketch. I have not told you of any new Barnum-like dodge about money-making. I have no faith in the success of any dodge. The showman's own ups and downs is an excellent commentary, I should think, on his dirty book; which, I am glad to say, I was not tempted to read. As a knowing one, his dodge was to sell his book. My dodge, or rather, I should say, my right, was not to buy it; and I exercised that right. I saw numbers of people reading Barnum's stuff, and I could not help feeling contempt for their simplicity, in thinking he could teach them aught that would be of service to any honest man. I would just as soon think of taking lessons from our thimbleriggers: they are smart fellows; but after all, few of them seem to get rich.

One thought I would have you all note regarding the nine lives I have sketched; that is, that while they exhibit six different causes why the six men did not get on, or failed in life, they exhibit but one road to competence. George, James, and John, who were successful in life, all climbed fortune's stiff hill by the same steep, narrow path of industry, economy, and perseverance. The moral, then, we draw from the nine lives is, that there are many and various ways of going down fortune's hill, and, so far as we know, but one way of ascending; and that path may be entered upon by all of us, and will certainly, if walked in, lead us to competence.

Before quitting this branch of my subject, I would like still further to impress on your recollections the errors which led to comparative ruin the six men whose lives I have been sketching. This I shall best accomplish by reminding you of

the facts which I mean these lives to typify. I would then have you all remember that there are thousands of men who, like George the first, become wrecks in foolishly looking forward to what they are to get, while they neglect making what they might honourably acquire. There are fully, perhaps, as many thousands like George the second, who get amongst life's breakers from carrying just rather much sail; that is, living in rather too stylish a fashion. In recent times, there have been thousands of lives wrecked, as was that of our James the first, by the desire to become rich at once. A giving way to this desire is certain ruin. When such a desire rises in any of our minds, it would be of service were we to take note of all the well-to-do people we know, and try to find out how they acquired their treasure. Such a course would soon dispel the dream of riches at one bold stroke. James the second lost two thousand pounds by one departure from a correct business rule,—by paying goods before he had them in possession. Many worthy men have been cleared out in this way. It is usually safe to purchase from very large firms; but it is never safe to let them take any such liberty as was taken with James. If any of you think there is little fear of you at any time erring in this way, I have to say to such, See that you don't; and to impress my counsel on your memories, I may as well tell you that your humble servant very nearly lost all the earnings of his life just as my second James lost his. The fictitious credit into which my first John was so simply led is the rock on which very many have split. Let us, then, avoid all fictitious accommodation. The interest of such money eats into the vitals of a business Let us be content to square our transactions like a cancer. as nearly as possible to the amount of capital we can legitimately command. The circumstances by which my second John lost his money—namely, his newspaper adventure—I introduced to exhibit the fact that there are very odd ways of losing money; and that vainly carrying out any of our favourite hobbies too far, is very likely to lead to the loss of money. Of my three successful men, I have to say, that all the men of means that I know have risen in life in precisely the same way as my three model men; and there is really no other way of honourably rising.

The third branch of my subject, viz., the "very rich," must necessarily be treated with brevity; and I enter on it by telling you in one word, that the very rich men of whom I have known anything have been very much alike: with some noble exceptions, they have been hard, narrow-hearted, selfish, illiterate, and consequently far from being "very happy" men. Let me give you a sketch of one rich man's house, and its occupant, and the one picture shall stand as the type of all I have seen in that way.

I had a letter of introduction to the rich man. some little business to transact with him, but wanted no favour from him. Walking on according to the direction I had received, I passed several very fine houses with gardens laid off in the most tasteful manner. One of these particularly arrested my attention. The sweet fragrance of flowers rose so thickly on the evening breeze, as I drew near, that I paused in admiration at the garden gate. Oh it was a lovely sight, the view into that garden! To the right there were roses, to the left there were roses, and right on there were roses, roses, roses. As I gazed in admiration on the sweet scene before me, I was still further charmed by the appearance of a still more beautiful flower in full bloom,a charming young lady. Having gazed at her, what seemed to me, somewhat stupidly, I set myself to rights by asking if this was Mr. - "the rich man's" house. The young lady smiled, and answered me with a rather long-drawn no-o-o. She then directed me on my way. Her last words to me were-"You will know your friend's garden at once: there is not a flower in it. He has no belief in flowers." I walked on. On reaching the rich man's gate, clean, coldlooking gravel and cold dark evergreens were the only objects that met my view. I at once passed on to the house door: it was not opened to me in any haste. The servant gave me rather a suspicious look: she would see if her master was in; would I give my name? My letter of introduction was sufficient to insure me a seat at the rich man's parlour fire. spoke of the beautiful gardens I had passed, and complimented the taste of his neighbours, and was very soon given to understand that there was no neighbourly intercourse existing between the man of money and lovers of flowers. I was told that the said neighbours were well enough in their way; but they had no money. The fair lady I had been charmed with, I was told, was a pretty doll; but she had no money. I wondered that, with such a fine piece of ground in front of his house, my friend did not cultivate flowers. "What would be the use of them?" was the reply. "I am not fond of spending money on what will not bring money." I changed the subject of conversation from flowers to books. The man of money brought me to a stand still by saying-"Is it not rather strange that the banks are charging 61 per cent. for discounts, and only giving 31 per cent. on deposits? I mentioned the power and noble purpose of Mrs. Stowe's greatwork, Uncle Tom's Cabin. My friend said the only cabins he took any interest in were good four-storey houses, on which there was no danger of lending money. I asked who was minister of the parish, and what sort of person he was? "He did well enough," my friend said. "The minister was a man of means; his father left him ten thousand pounds, and he was one that could take care of it." I now submitted myself to be led in conversation by my friend. We were soon among bills and bonds, per centages and mortgages. Great firms, very wealthy people, the Messrs. Baird of Gartsherrie, was the last topic introduced; and, as a subject of talk, they lasted until bedtime. Money, money, money, was the only subject in which the rich man could take any

interest. I retired to rest, praying to God that I might never become the slave of money.

This is in no way an overdrawn picture of many a rich man, and it has its important lessons to all. The deadly blight which the love of money had thrown over all that was naturally noble in that man should speak to each and all of us of the folly and sin of giving our hearts to Mammon. God has given us in this world many duties to discharge besides the scraping together of money; and many noble engagements with which the acquiring of money should in no way be permitted to interfere. This should be well remembered by men in every position of life. We have duties to God, duties to our fellow-men, and duties to ourselves, in the discharge of which we should ever find our chief delight. There is no pleasure of which humanity is susceptible half so exquisite as that of doing heart-homage to our Father in heaven. This is the sweet that never cloys,—the seeking to find out the perfections of the Deity, and to live according to His blessed will. In this search we are led directly to the discharge of our duties to our fellowmortals. We are led directly to the sweets of love and friendship, and to the true joys of Christian charity; to the luxury of doing good; to the Christ-like work of cheering the drooping spirit, and binding up the broken heart. discharging all such duties we are merely doing the duties we owe to ourselves. How poor is the position of the mere money grub, however rich he may be, compared with that of the true, fully developed man! The slave of money sees nothing in the world but the yellow dross. To the true man every flower that blows has a thousand charms.

> "The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heav'ns,"

all give rapture to his soul. Each ray of sunshine carries a



joy to his heart. The rich music of nature's minstrel, the winds, is melody to his spirit. He delights in the storms of ocean, and is enraptured by the glorious sparkling of the moonlit sea. The singing of birds fills him with a holy joy. He hears God's voice in the thunder. On every page of nature's book he reads lessons of love and mercy. treasures of art are to him the source of profound delights. Literature to him unfolds her witching stores, and pours the essence of all mental greatness into his heart. From all these joys the mere money worshipper is shut out. He sees no colour but yellow; hears no sound but the jingle of his own "counters." Let us all, then, in our efforts to make money, keep clearly in view the fact that is but a very small portion of our work on earth. There is nothing to prevent the young tradesman who is striving hard to make a little money, at the same time to cultivate fully both his head and his heart. There is nothing to prevent such a one from giving a portion of his time to some good work. Such a one may, with little effort, take some part in the training of the neglected young in our Sabbath schools. He may be instrumental in promoting the temperance, or some kindred movement. He may, too, to fit him for such work, give not a few of his spare hours to the perusal of the great masters of literature. If he does not take part in some such works he may rest assured he is leaving in barrenness that portion of his nature which would, with very little trouble, bring forth flowers which would lend both beauty and perfume to all his after-life, and make him, when he had acquired the position he is so earnestly striving after, both a blessing and blessed.

The active young business man, whose conduct evinces clearly that he will make way in the world, would do well to guard against giving his every effort to the furtherance of his business. The bow hath greater elasticity and power

which is occasionally unbent; and unbending will produce the same effect on the business man. If you turn aside now and then from the pursuit of money to the cultivation of your head and heart, you will (to say nothing of duty) be all the happier for it. Our philanthropic movements, our benevolent institutions, and our local governments must all be managed by volunteers from the ranks of active business men; and it is not only a duty, but a privilege, to take part in such work. The mere business worm, whose whole heart is set on making money, is a very miserable creature indeed. When he has attained the object of his desire—a large fortune—and tries to sit down to enjoy it, he finds his power of such enjoyment is gone; and he must either return to business or die! I could, without much effort, give you a long list of business men who, after acquiring a fortune. retired, and having no sources of enjoyment, were most unhappy, and either rushed back to business or sunk into the How different would have been the condition of these men, if, in their early life, they had snatched a few hours now and then from the pursuit of gain for the cultivation of their hearts and intellects, gathering, as they went along, the flowers of literature and the gems of art, and scattering in their path kind words and kinder deeds to the everpresent "God's poor!" Such a course of conduct would have given charms to their quiet retirement in the evening of life, and furnished them with noble work, which would have daily become to them more acceptable as the hour drew near when they would meet, face to face, Him "who went about continually doing good." Let us all then, whilst we pursue money

"By every wile That's justified by honour,"

at the same time endeavour to cultivate our entire nature. Let us daily rise in mental grandeur, by gathering the honeyed sweets from all the flowers of thought that have been given forth by the great of all ages; and let us daily rise in nobility of heart, by practising in our lives, in all things, true Christian charity. This done, when we knock at the celestial gates, be we poor or be we rich, there will be no mention made of our MONEY.

ORDINATION IN MARRIAGE.

A PERSON is never so apt to make a gross mistake as when, without thinking, one makes a random observation with a view to please. I experienced this very decidedly the other evening, in a conversation I happened to have with my friend, Miss M'Cracken. You know, Miss M'Cracken is not young-anything but young-and there is no appearance of a "man" turning up. It rather seems to me as if Miss M'Cracken had missed her matrimonial turn. So, somehow, in the course of a rather rambling talk, we happened to touch on that very interesting subject-matrimony; when, thinking it would be acceptable, I said, "Marriages above all things puzzle me. You will see," quoth I, "young girls married long before they know anything like the proper way to conduct themselves; and wiselike, mature, sensible women, and never a man asking their price. Marriages," quoth I, "seem to me a chance affair altogether."

Quoth Miss M'Cracken, "I hold an entirely different opinion. Whatever ordination there may be in other matters, I do believe there is a decided ordination in marriages. There are, no doubt, many foolish marriages; for it seems a natural law that the silliest people are married first. This is philosophically accounted for," quoth she, with a face as long as my arm, "from the fact that the humbler the organization the greater necessity for multiplication."

From this starting-point she went on-"There are, no

dcubt, as I. said, many foolish marriages; but they are not chance affairs for all that. Just look how simply and unexpectedly marriages come about. Look, for instance, how our friend Miss Mary Smith fell in with her husband; -and a very decent husband he is, although he does happen to be a beadle. Mary is far from being a beauty, and yet you could not call her ill-looking either. She has a kind of comfortable look: she is rather of the dumpy order—there is a good deal of what they call the Dutch build about her; but Mary happens to have remarkably neat feet, and like all the folk that ever I knew that have neat feet, Mary wears ridiculously thin shoes both summer and winter. Well, it was one Sunday forenoon last winter, in the church, that Mary felt her feet so cold that she was afraid she was going to faint; and, to prevent a scene, Mary thought she would just go out and take a walk in the church lobby, to see if the exercise would bring back the natural heat to her feet. So, out she went; but just as she was closing the door the beadle was at her heels (it was just about four months since the beadle's wife had died). The church-officer, of course, very politely asked Mary if she was poorly. Mary said there was very little the matter with her, only her feet were remarkably 'We will soon cure that,' quoth the beadle; 'there's a first-rate fire in the vestry.' With this, he showed Mary into the minister's room, where there was really a most comfortable fire. He placed a chair, set Mary down upon it, and in a very kindly, cozy manner, put up Mary's feet to In doing so, he happened to take notice, and made the remark, 'Dear me, lass, ye have uncommonly neat feet!

"Mary had known the beadle a little when he was a boy, so she put him in mind of this, and asked him how he liked to be a beadle.

"He said, 'Just middling; it was a very bare job.'

"Mary said, 'There would be a few perquisites, of course.'

"'Very little of that,' quoth the beadle; 'sometimes at a christening, if it happens to be a decent working-man's wife, I may get the matter of a shilling or eighteenpence; but if it is any of your gentry dirt, I am just told that they will see me again—and it is perfectly true; for when there is another child to christen I see them then, and then it is the same old story.'

"Mary said she was not so shabby as that. She just carried one child, and the folk, being rather near the 'wind,' gave her nothing to give the beadle, so she just slipped him a half-crown that she happened to have of her own. The beadle said there were not many people so ready with their half-crowns. The beadle and Mary got on to a real comfortable chat; so much so that Mary, without thinking, said, 'Is it not a pity that it is Sunday? this would be a first-rate place for courting.'

"'What about Sunday?' quoth the beadle; 'the better day the better deed; but,' quoth he, 'you should come to the Wednesday evening meeting; there is a very interesting meeting in the church on Wednesday evening.'

"Mary needed no great coaxing to attend the Wednesday meeting: she was present at the first one. As it was dismissing, the beadle whispered Mary that if she would slip in behind the door till he got the church secured, he would take a walk with her. Mary did as she was told. Where do you think they took their first walk? Round and round the passes of the church! Among other things that the beadle entertained Mary with during their walk was his telling her that if his talents had not been neglected in his youth, in place of being a beadle, he would very likely have been a very popular minister, for he had first-rate talents for the preaching business: indeed, he said, with the cultivation he had, he could preach nearly as well as the most of the ministers that came to their church. He said if Mary liked to go into a pew, and be the congregation, he would go up

to the pulpit and let her hear what he could do. Mary was perfectly agreeable to act the part of the 'beloved brethren,' so in she went into a pew, while he went into the vestry and put on the gown to give his ministrations full effect. He was not long in the pulpit until the sweat was breaking on him as he rattled away about 'the hardening of Pharaoh's heart.'

"Mary listened very attentively for a good while; at last, quoth she, 'I am tired of hearing this kind of sermons; could you not give us a touch at some of the sins of the present time—perhaps The Sunday Cab Question, or The Drinking Customs?'

"'No, no,' quoth the beadle; 'I understand the preaching business better than that; the minister who, in a city like Glasgow, would keep together a wealthy and respectable congregation must keep clear of all allusion to any sins, unless it be the sins of the antediluvians: he may occasionally come down the length of Pharaoh, but never farther.

Miss M'Cracken cut her story short at this point, saying, "I need not trouble you with all the outs and ins of the courtship: Mary's thin shoes and cold feet led her direct to matrimony; for it was but a short time until she and the beadle were married."

I said, "If the history of Mary's courtship were generally known, it would make thin shoes even more fashionable than they are."

"The thin shoes," quoth Miss M'Cracken, "were but one link in the chain of predestinated circumstances: the first links between Mary and the beadle were, no doubt, welded when they were boy and girl."

"And yet," quoth Miss M'Cracken, starting on another tack, "that early association is in no way an essential link in the matrimonial chain was very clearly proven in the case of Jessie Watson. Jessie was Mary Smith's bride-maid, and, before a month thereafter had gone over her head, she

was married to a most respectable man that she had never spoken to until the night of 'the beadle's wedding. You will be thinking she got the beadle's 'best-man'? No; he was none of the marrying sort. He went home with Jessie. to be sure, on the night of the wedding; but Jessie says he was the most lukewarm wooer that it was ever her misfortune to be paired with. In walking home he kept the most gingerly distance; and when the wind blew Jessie's gown across his pantaloons it evidently made him nervous. was a geological student, and his entire conversation was devoted to his favourite science, by which, he said, we shall ultimately be able to ascertain precisely the form and structure of all the creatures who inhabited this world before the creation of man. Jessie said, 'It must be a very interesting study;' but when she shook hands with the geologist, whose petrified paw had no more feeling in it than the hand of a mummy, she thought within herself that, in her ignorance of science, for all practical purposes she would prefer a companion whose studies had been chiefly devoted to those creatures who have inhabited the world since the creation of Well, when Jessie had parted with the 'Fossil,' as she called him, and arrived at her own door, she discovered that, in the bustle of preparation for the wedding, she had forgetten to put her latch-key in her pocket; and, there being nobody in the house, she, of course, was locked out. What was she to do? She had seen, in coming up the stair, that there was light in the lobby below, so she thought she would just step down and see if Mrs. Murray's latch-key would open her door; and yet she hesitated a little in calling at Mrs. Murray's at that time of night (it was half-past eleven); for although Mrs. Murray herself was a real neighbourly body, she had a stubborn, sulky, bachelor son, who, if he were to come to the door, might shut it in Jessie's face. Jessie had never spoken to him, but had heard from his mother more than once that he in a manner hated the

women: his mother said she dare not for her very life allow a young woman to come about the house. Mrs. Murray did not know how it was, but her William had no notion of the lasses. Jessie, however, thinking that there was no fear but Mrs. Murray would answer the door herself, knocked gently with the old-fashioned knocker, and in a moment, as if by magic, the door opened, and Jessie stood face to face with Mrs. Murray's sulky son. Jessie's breath fairly left her.

"The young man said, 'I thought you were my mother.'

- "'Did you?' quoth Jessie, in a timorous kind of way.
- "'I meant to say,' quoth the young man, with a humorous smile on his face, 'that when I heard you knock I thought it was my mother.'
 - "'She is not in then?' quoth Jessie.
- "'No,' quoth the young man; 'but I expect her immediately: just step in.' This was said in such a soft, pleasant, and yet confident tone, that Jessie instinctively obeyed, and before she had time to think whether it was right or wrong, she was sitting in a cozy easy chair in Mrs. Murray's parlour, her sole companion Mrs. Murray's reputed sulky son. The young man seemed anything but sulky. Jessie was at home with him at once. She told him of her dilemma regarding the latch-key.

"He said his mother had her latch-key in her pocket. He then very pleasantly asked if there had been much fun at the wedding.

"Jessie said it had been a very sober wedding, but it was rather a funny courtship. She then, in her own lively way, told Mary's first interview with the beadle in the vestry, and how speedily the wedding had come about. Mr. Murray said it was a very natural love story: he said groves and glens did very well for the children of imagination to court in; but for real flesh and blood drawing cozily together, there was no place like a comfortable room with a good blazing fire.

"The two soon got into a real cozy, comfortable talk; for which they had ample opportunity, for Mrs. Murray did not return until nearly five o'clock in the morning. she did return, and saw at a glance that Jessie Watson had, by mere accident, at one swoop scaled all the fortifications of fictitious sulky stubbornness with which she had so long defended her son from all feminine artillery, she wept with perfect spite. In her indignation she told her son that he had ruined the young woman's character. The old woman did not calculate the effect that this ill-natured remark would produce, or she would have been more guarded in her commentaries; for whenever William Murray saw that it was possible that Jessie's innocently sitting all night at the fireside with him might make her the subject of vulgar scandal, he at once proposed marriage; and in less than a month the beadle and his wife, and their petrified 'best-man,' So," quoth Miss all danced at Jessie Watson's wedding. M'Cracken, "if that wedding was not brought about by circumstances over which the parties concerned had no control, I am no judge of the dispensations of Providence."

I said there was certainly something in the idea of matrimonial ordination.

"Something in it!" quoth Miss M'Cracken; "it is a simple fact, of which we have the very clearest demonstration. I could give you illustration upon illustration of the providential ways in which I have known people brought together. A very curious one occurred last season at the 'salt water.' The lady, in this instance, was one that by general consent was written down an old maid,—Miss Janet Salmond they called her. She was a shrinking, bashful creature, that was very retiring in the company of men; so much so, that she was 'left blooming alone' long after her schoolmates were all married and had families. Well, last summer Miss Salmond, being complaining a little, was recommended to try the effect of sea-bathing; so, with this intention, she took up her quar-

ters in a small cottage near the sea-side at Duncon. The first day or two Miss Salmond did not try the bathing, having no companion, and being afraid to go into the sea by herself: she just sat at the window watching to see if she could observe anybody bathing that she could take the liberty of going in beside. After due consideration, she came to the conclusion that she would go in along with a stout lady that bathed regularly from the adjoining cottage. This stout lady was a first-rate bather, and seemed, so far as Miss Salmond could judge, in no way ceremonious. So the day after Miss Salmond had made up her mind to bathe, she was dressed in her bathing-gown, and sitting at the window, looking out for the appearance of the stout lady. Little did modest Miss Salmond think of the step she was about to Well, the stout lady was, as usual, punctual. So, whenever she was in the water, Miss Salmond stepped in beside her, and modestly hoped the stout lady would excuse the liberty she had taken in bathing, as it were, under her protection. The stout lady nodded her head, and laughed, and after plunging three times over the head, was going out, when Miss Salmond, who was standing chittering, asked (as she was an awful coward) if the stout lady would dip her? The stout lady, without speaking a word, took hold of both Janet's hands, and put her over the head; then, pointing to the shore, directed Janet out; and after taking two or three good plunges herself, came out at her leisure. seemed a very simple affair, not likely, one would say, to lead to any peculiar results; but wait a little. Miss Salmond had just got herself dressed when she received a note from her bathing companion, which ran thus:- 'Mr. Turbot, the gentleman who had the honour of bathing Miss Salmond, will take the liberty of waiting upon Miss Salmond in the course of the afternoon, to apologize for the circumstance of his bathing in the space set apart by courtesy to the fair sex.' "'Mr. Turbot, the gentleman!' Poor, modest Miss Salmond grew blind as she read the words. And so the stout lady was a man! Miss Salmond's good judgment informed her that the man had acted like a gentleman, yet how was she to face him! She grew crimson always when she thought that she, bashful to a fault all her days, had actually gone into the sea and asked a man to dip her! She wished he would not come; but he did come, and a jolly gentleman he The first thing he did was to assure Miss Janet that their having bathed together was a secret in their own keeping; for, during all the time she had been in the water he was quite sure no one observed her. Janet felt this a very considerable consolation. Mr. Turbot's apology for bathing on the ladies' beach was, that being troubled a little with rheumatism, he was really unable to walk to the distant region to which false delicacy had banished the lords of the creation; he had therefore adopted the innocent artifice of assuming a feminine bathing-gown and cap; although, he said, he would much rather bathe without them.

"To change the subject, Janet asked if he had nothing but bathing recommended for his rheumatism.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I have often been recommended to take a wife.' He then asked if Miss Salmond knew any one that would suit him.

"Miss Janet blushed, and said he should know best himself who would suit him.

"Mr. Turbot called again on the following day, and in the course of a bantering crack, he said, with a knowing look—'Would it not be a capital joke if it could be truly told that Turbot and Salmond met in the Frith of Clyde, and swam ever after in the Sea of Matrimony?'

"It was truly told, for in six weeks they were man and wife."

I told Miss M'Cracken that I had had various opinions during the course of her illustrations. I first thought thin shoes and cold feet would come greatly in vogue; and then

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I thought there would be nothing, amongst girls who had the chance, but their forgetting their latch-keys, and so locking themselves out; but the story of Mr. Turbot and Miss Salmond would, I feared, when it became known, set all the girls a-drowning themselves, in their eagerness to be introduced to their future husbands; for, said I, ordination or no ordination, there are very few feminine wanters who sit idly still in regard to their matrimonial affairs: they are all willing to give themselves a helping hand, to bring about the consummation so devoutly wished!

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

LECTURE—THE WAY OF LIFE.
STORY—NON-INTERVENTION.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

Some time ago I read a little volume by Emerson, bearing the title, The Conduct of Life. I read the great American's book in the earnest hope that I might find in it a few thoughts which would assist me in steering my own course. I expected to have pointed out to me "footprints on the sands of time," which would in some measure point me the way I should go. Well, I liked Mr. Emerson's book; but I did not find in it anything I could turn to much practical account. Mr. Emerson's lamp did certainly give forth a kind of light; but it was of such a sort as seemed to me only to aid in "making the darkness visible;" and yet, I must tell you, I had pleasure in reading it. A single thought contained in it I do not at present remember; but I recollect distinctly my feelings in reading it were akin to those I have experienced when, stretched on the green sward on a glorious summer day, I have, shading my eyes, gazed into the soft blue vault of heaven, and carelessly mused on the wondrous mysteries of existence, catching at times sweet glimpses of thought which give joy for the moment, but can never be definitely recalled; or, when walking alone by the shore on a placid summer night, I have gazed in rapture on the scene, sometimes pausing in a strange ecstacy of thought as the idea flashed across me that earth, air, sea, and sky, and all its countless worlds, with their bright reflected forms, had each moment, in my eye, a new creation. My little orb of sight embraced the great

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material universe: might I not at some future time travel quick as thought from star to star?

It is thoughts such as these that Emerson's Conduct of Life resembles; and so I had pleasure in the book. If ever I should have the joy of meeting Emerson in the everlasting city, or in the green fields of Eden, we shall have some jokes about his Conduct of Life. I will certainly tell him that it would be much easier for any mortal to find out the way of life for himself, than to find out the meaning of his mystic sayings. I do not feel that Mr. Emerson stands at all in my way as I enter on this subject.

In speaking of the way of life, my desire shall be to impart to you, in as simple a form as possible, all I have learnt, either from books or experience, calculated to guide me through the perplexing paths of active business life. I will therefore avoid, as much as possible, theorizing, and be as practical as I can. If I do attempt to be flowery and eloquent occasionally, these ingredients will be introduced only in such quantity as may be necessary to make your humble servant pleasant to see and hear.

The Way of Life!—look to it, and they that travel on it!—Happy childhood, with its uncounted hours of sunny joys; hopeful youth, with its bright dreams and ardent aspirations; life's prime, with its passionate raptures of love, joy, sorrow, pride, anger, and ambition, all ruling by turns. The noon-day past, life's charms begin to fade. A serious aspect now is worn. The traveller now looks backwards and upwards. The cords that bound him firmly to the world are breaking, one by one. Old age succeeds. The vale of years has such a company that parting should be pleasure. Vice parts with sin and suffering; while virtue, ripened for entrance on the true and good, feels that to die is gain.

These thoughts map out our course. What, then, can we say that will serve childhood in speaking of the way of life? In other words, What can we tell the parents present that

will be of advantage to their children? One of the first things parents should teach their children is the beautiful hymn of Dr. Watts:—

"How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour, And gather honey all the day From every opening flower!

"In works of labour or of skill
I should be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

These thoughts could hardly be conveyed in better language; and I know no ideas more important to the happiness of the traveller on the way of life. That children should be taught them early is very important. We must therefore make an effort to make all children understand that, if they would be happy, they must be busy. To tell a child this in words is not sufficient. The precept must be enforced by example. When Mrs. M'Larty told either her sons or daughters to do any piece of work, they answered, in the language of their mother-"I canna be fashed;" but when Mrs. Mason set to work, and got the girls to help her, and by their united efforts converted the close, dingy, comfortless room into a bright and cheery apartment, the girls were really instructed. Children, I think, would be less apt to look on their lessons as irksome if they saw their parents taking pleasure in acquiring a mastery of some branch of knowledge; and all parents, we know, would add to their own happiness by some such exercise in their leisure hours. If parents fully understood the pleasures of constant occupation, the first lessons taught our children would be very different from what they are. Just look for a moment at the first lessons taught the children of our humbler towns and villages. The children are all in the streets, and following their natural instincts. busy; but they are sitting in Turkish fashion, making dirt

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pies, while their parents, seated in some lazy corner, are gazing vacantly, chatting listlessly, and smoking at intervals, a passing cart or canal-boat occasionally rousing them to more active staring. These parents are giving, and these children are receiving, their first lessons for their direction on the way of life. And so, in all likelihood, when these children become men and women, they will lounge, and doze, and smoke, and spit, and stare, just as their parents did, and all around them will look as slatternly and comfortless The same "middens" will stand in full view. same "dubs" will lie before every door, and on the same spot the next generation will busily bake their dirt pies, seeing precisely the same sights their fathers saw. Such, we know, is the style of the first lessons in not a few places we could name. People who have lived all their lives in localities so very select that they have never had an opportunity of viewing the picture we have sketched, may have indirect proof that such scenes do exist, even while promenading before the most tasteful villas in our most stylish watering-Look to the beach. Right before each garden gate lies a huge accumulation of earth and stones, with every sort of decaying vegetable matter, hurled there week after week by the youthful dirt pie bakers, who have now grown men, and become gardeners or gardeners' assistants, and from their early training believe a dunghill right before even a palace door the right thing in the right place. To every town and village of bonny Scotland we would say-"Reform this system of teaching altogether. Resolve that your children shall never see you lounging amongst a gaping idle crowd,-that they shall not learn to think dirt their natural element, by being set to play in filthy gutters. earliest remembrances of their father be, seeing him in his leisure hours making everything tidy, sweeping with a will all round the cottage, whitewashing its walls, planting daisies in the little strip of ground beneath each window, and then sitting down with book in hand, holding converse with the world's great thinkers!"

Were such a style of "first lesson" adopted, it would do much to sweeten and brighten the lives of your children; and it would give them never-failing sources of pleasure in storing their minds with charming pictures of their early days, which would dwell in their memories as things of beauty that give joy for ever. These hints to very humble parents may be taken advantage of by parents in higher Those have not done their entire duty to their children when they have paid high school fees for them, or engaged a learned governess or tutor for their instruction. Doing that is all right and proper; but in addition, the parents must be careful of the lessons they themselves teach their children; for whether parents are willing or not, their children will take lessons from them; and if, as is sometimes the case, the son never sees his father but in the evening. and he is then lazily dozing at the fireside, or with a jolly friend enjoying a glass of toddy, I do not think that the lesson of the parent will be of advantage to the child. The conclusion the boy draws, who receives such lessons, is, I must at present do as papa desires me; but when I get the chance, I will do just as he does, and that will be, smoke my eigar, take a jolly glass of toddy, and not trouble my head about learning.

I feel I could speak a long time about this matter, but I must hasten on, merely adding—If parents in easy circumstances would give their children a chance of happiness, they must do all in their power to teach them that if they would be happy they must be busy, and busy, too, in something that is useful to the world; explaining to them that he who cuts a fine statue, paints a fine picture, writes an exquisite poem, or tells a good story, is just as useful as he who grows grain, or he who brings our coals from the bowels of the earth.

In glancing first at the way of life, after childhood I saw

youth-hopeful youth, with its bright dreams and ardent aspirations. In treating of childhood I spoke to parents of their children. What I have to say to youth I address directly to the youths themselves. I counselled parents to teach their children, that if they would be happy they must be busy. If there be any young men or women present whose parents have not taught them this, they will be pleased to remember that it is the first lesson I give them. If you would go cheerfully on the way of life you must keep yourselves constantly employed. The great majority of young people must in youth learn some trade or business by which to earn a living. acquire a sufficient knowledge of any trade or profession requires very diligent application. If such application is not heartily given, the neglect will embitter all your after-exist-The young lawyer who would be useful and happy in his profession must give his nights and days to the study of laws. He must learn the principles of equity on which they are based, and the way in which they have been applied to difficult and complicated cases. He must be very familiar with all the pleadings of the great masters of the law. young tailor must be equally diligent in becoming expert at seaming, stitching, and rantering, and must give all his heart to the "pinking" of a buttonhole. Unless he does so he will be what tailors call a "poor snob" for life, and will certainly lead a very miserable existence. No matter what your work is, that must have your entire attention. Young lawyers often think they would have made famous soldiers, and young tailors often think they would have made great actors. Well, perhaps they might have done so; but at present they are required to give proof of their ability by becoming great at their present occupations. This should always be remembered -that a man really great will excel in whatever he applies himself to; and this, too, should be borne in mind—that more men have acquired both honours and riches as lawyers than have won prizes as soldiers, and that for one great actor who

has made a fortune there are a thousand tailors who have risen to fortune, if not to fame. If a youth has chosen, or has had chosen for him, a business for which he is peculiarly unsuited, a change should be made as soon as possible; but when this cannot be conveniently managed, the youth should work on with a good heart, and give his leisure hours to the study of something for which he may think himself suited. He is quite sure latterly (if he is really willing to work) to find in his way work suited to both his tastes and his talents; the first and chief attention being given as due to that which is to bring your bread and butter. Your hours of leisure should be all devoted systematically to some ennobling pursuit.

Were I young again I think I would, as I did while quite a boy, join a debating society. I cannot boast of the great advantage I derived from my connection with the association of young orators; but I can very truly boast of the great happiness I experienced while a member of the "Western Self-Culture Society." I am old enough to take stock pretty accurately of all life's joys, and I rank very highly the pleasure yielded to hard-working young tradesmen in the debating society. The labours of the day over-drudgery, masters, and foremen all forgotten-a cozy room, bright gas light, cheerful young faces, and then—I must use the phrase— "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." How often have I, after spending an evening in our club, enjoyed whole nights of rapturous thought as I recalled the things I had said, and thought of the better things I might have said, and would say the next time the question came up. That was indeed a very happy time in my life. Knowing more of life now, I feel very grateful to God that I was so directed to spend my leisure hours. If I could live my life over again I would give the subjects debated in such a club more earnest attention, and be more anxious than I was to exhibit truth, and less anxious than I was to exhibit the weak sides of my

clubmates. The debating club, then, you see, is my favourite as a pastime in leisure hours. Many, I know, would turn their leisure to better account by devoting it to the study of any of the sciences or languages. A profound acquaintanceship with these will fit one for offices of honour and usefulness. which many an accomplished debater could not fill; and if I am any judge of the signs of the times, glancing at the speed with which the iron horse is galloping us right round the world, I would say that to devote your leisure to acquiring a great variety of languages would be one of the most certain ways of humble youth going right on to fortune. There would be no harm in both studying languages and practising debating. I believe a young man may excel in both, and perhaps be a first-rate shoemaker at the same time.

To those who may have neither taste nor talent for such pursuits in their leisure hours, music will perhaps have charms, or they may find great enjoyment in the cultivation The youth who, so soon as he has taken his supper, devotes himself earnestly to the fiddle or flate, or even the pianoforte, is almost sure to prove a good member of society. And he whose whole heart is set on taking the first prize at the district flower show is one who will in all likelihood prove a good neighbour. In speaking of these lighter matters, I hope the young present will understand that I take it for granted that they all know that truth in word and action is essential to progress on "the way of life." I have spoken at this length about attention to work, and the diligent occupation of leisure, because I thought these matters which many young people might not understand. Some, I feared, might labour under the delusion that it would be very jolly to have nothing to do, which is as great a mistake as any one can fall into. As to truth in word and action, I repeat, I take it for granted that all understand that any departure from truth is not only sinful, but stupid,

and is a certain bar to all true progress. On, then, my young friends, by the straight, narrow path of honour! Duty is the only road to happiness. All the tempting short cuts of roguery are the snares prepared for folly, and only fools will be deceived by them. My parting words to youth shall be the wisest uninspired words I know. They are Shake-speare's, and should be engraven on the heart of every youth:—

"But above all, to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

In speaking to men and women of the way of life, I have reached a field so broad that I am at a loss where to break ground.

The captain who had started for the first time on a long, a difficult, and a dangerous voyage, through seas which he had never sailed, would do well to examine carefully the charts prepared by voyagers who had gone before, and to have well fixed in his memory the various points where dangers were to be encountered, where hidden rocks were to be avoided, and dangerous currents contended with. voyager who took not such precautions would have little chance of making a very successful passage; nay, he would be almost certain to perish on some unknown shore. the voyage of life is a very difficult and dangerous passage, and every one must act both as pilot and captain for himself. How important, then, is it that, when they reach that period of life when they take full command of their own actions, they should seek to profit by the experience of the great and good who have gone before! This experience is to be found largely in good books. "Good books!" Some may think this a very vague expression, so I must qualify it by saying that valuable experience will be found in almost all books which have been popular for one hundred or more years. This is the sort of reading which I think young men

and women will find most profitable. I have no objection to them reading, for recreation, the last "sensation" novel; but if they would profit by their reading, let them read the grand old masters, where they will meet with lumps of thought and great "ruggs" of common sense. I often regret that, in groping my way in the world of letters, no one ever told me that I should read certain important books. I was never told to read "Plutarch's Lives;" I was never told to read the works of Plato; I was never told to read Burton. The fact is, I never got from any one the slightest hint what books I should read. I just stumbled upon these masters I have named, and found them full of wisdom. I am quite sure young men and women would do well to be guided, for a time at least, in the selection of their books by my hint,to read books that have been popular for a hundred years. Shakespeare has been rising in favour during three centuries: · and at his next centenary the ploughman bard is likely still to be holding his place. But some may ask if I am really recommending young men and women to attach importance to Burns and Shakespeare, a loose-living exciseman and a writer of plays. Well, I myself do not feel inclined to worship either of them; but there they are, acknowledged as our first intellects, and so I would have young people to drink deeply at their wells of wisdom. When I was very young I often read the address by Burns to his young friend. thought it then, and still think it, worthy of great attention. Burns was in a hearty, healthful, serious mood, and he sat down, pen in hand, to write to his young friend. doubt he prayed heaven and the muses to inspire him to write an epistle that in all future time would be of service to young men, and so he produced this string of pearls:-

"I lang ha'e thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind memento;

But how the subject-theme may gang, Let time an' chance determine; Perhaps it may turn out a sang, Perhaps turn out a sermon.

"Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
An', Andrew, dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
An' muckle they may grieve ye:
For care an' trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
An' a' your views may come to nought
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

"I'll no say men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha ha'e nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked;
But, och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

"Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may ha'e an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak' a nesbor's part,
Yet ha'e nae cash to spare him.

"Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through ev'ry other man
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

"The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love, Luxuriantly indulge it; But never tempt th' illicit rove, Tho' naething should divulge it: I waive the quantum o' the sin, The hazard of concealing; But, och! it hardens a' within, An' petrifies the feeling!

"To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
An' gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
An' resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

"The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
An' ev'n the rigid feature;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

"When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gi'e a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest driv'n,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
Is sure a noble anchor!

"Adieu! dear, amiable youth,
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, an' truth
Erect your brow undaunting!

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In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed' Still daily to grow wiser; An' may you better reck the rede Than ever did th' adviser!"

These lines are well worthy of having a place in every memory, as they contain all the advice that Robert Burns thought most important for the direction of the young on the way of life. I have often compared them with lines of a similar character by Shakespeare, a portion of which I have already quoted. They occur in "Hamlet," and are spoken by Polonius to his son Laertes, who is about to leave on his travels. I take it for granted that Shakespeare here makes the old man give expression to the thoughts which he knew would be of service to the young men of all future ages. I shall give you them in full:—

"Give thy thoughts no tongue Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel; But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice: Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy; For the apparel oft proclaims the man. Neither a borrower nor a lender be: For loan oft loses both itself and friend: And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all, -To thine own self be true; And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

These are very wise words, having, like the lines of Burns, much of sagacity and not a little of selfishness. In his last sentence, in god-like thought Shakespeare far transcends the

ploughman bard. Well, such are the directions for your guidance on the way of life by two undoubtedly great men. It will be found profitable to compare them with the counsellings of another. There will be no harm if my lecture should turn out a sermon,-not a bit; and so I follow the train of thought that naturally arises. The other Teacher is He who "spake as never man spake." How mean and earthly do the words of the greatest mortals look beside the jewels of thought that dropped from His lips when He preached upon the mount! We cannot read that sermon too often; nor can we study too frequently that perfect compass for our direction on the way of life-the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father who art in heaven:" how true, and pure, and beautiful our lives must be before we can appropriately use these words! "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven:" how all that is sinful flees before the soul earnest in this petition! "Give us this day our daily bread:" all the sins and sufferings of men would cease, if we sought only our daily bread. "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors:" the heart that can in faith utter these simple words must be a fountain of love,-forgive us as we forgive! I repeat, we cannot study too frequently that perfect compass for our direction on the way of life-the Lord's Prayer. It is impossible to make a single sinful word or action square with a single sentence of The thought I am at present striving to convey is best expressed by Solomon:-"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee." And this understanding, I think, is most likely to be found in good books, and above all in "The Book." But the idea of my lecture is to give you the benefit of my understanding in directing you on the way of life, so I must proceed. Well, what gives most concern to young men and women who have just arrived at the years of maturity? The young men, as a class, are most concerned about money, while the young women think most frequently Well, it might be proper to tell the young men about love. to temper their thoughts about fortune with thoughts of love, and the young women to season their thoughts of love with cash calculations; for experience is ever exhibiting the truth, that money without love can never give happiness, and that "A kiss and a drink of cold water make a very 'wersh' breakfast!" A happy human life is a well-concerted harmony, where all the chords of our nature are touched in turn, each giving its quote of sweet sounds, which, blending in beauty, produce happiness. The young man, then, who would walk wisely the way of life will diligently exert his every energy that he may be able honestly to provide for a household; and while he is so doing he will earnestly woo the star of love. Ambition, though often abused, is a noble attribute of our nature, and is properly exercised when it has for its aim a comfortable home, a charming wife, and lovely children. One young man told me lately that he had a sweetheart, and if he had a situation more to his mind he would marry immediately. I asked what his wages were? He admitted they were fully a pound a-week. My advice to him was,-

"Taste life's glad moments
While the wasting taper glows,
Pluck, ere it withers,
The quickly-fading rose."

I told him in plain prose that he was a humbug; that he was using his sweetheart shabbily; and that he should get married at once. I told him to tell the young lady that I said so. He answered—"She would say you were a very sensible man." The young man who has a very moderate wage has no right to make any woman "heart sick" by hope deferred; for the sweetheart of such a lover has no certainty that when his income is increased, it will not still seem too

small; and so life's joys may be lost in delay. I had proof not long ago that the fears of my friend with a pound aweek are sometimes cherished by parties with very handsome incomes. I met in the train one day a very smart young man. He was looking rather glum. He introduced the subject of matrimony. He said to me, "If I were in your position I would get married at once." I asked what was wrong with his own position. "Oh," he said, "I am merely a servant, with a small salary." I asked what was the amount of his salary. He told me he was in receipt of £140 a-year. My next question was, "Have you a sweetheart?" He said he had. I smiled and said, "And so you are afraid to marry on £140 a-year: you have surely very lofty notions." I asked if the young lady had any common sense; "for," said I, "if she has, she will just be as happy with £140 a-year as she would be with £5,000 a-year." I told him he should set about getting married without a moment's delay; and more, that he should with his young wife resolve to live on, at most, £100 a-year. I pitched it in to him about his foolish and discontented state of mind. I pointed him to several clusters of cottages we passed, where blithe wives were peeping from the doors, around which merry children were playing, and asked him if he thought any of these people had £140 a-year. The youth was silent; and the very next time I visited the town from which he came, I heard from a great many sources that he was to be married immediately. The young wife should send me quite a lump of her bride's-cake.

In telling these incidents I have no intention of saying that every young man who has a pound a-week, or £140 a-year, should get married directly. I only mean that the youths so situated, who have made engagements with young ladies, have in their worldly circumstances no excuse for delay; and so should set about buying their wedding rings immediately; and if they jointly do their duty, in the days of other years they will sing,—

"By working late and early, we've come to what you see;
For fortune throve beneath our han', so eydent aye were we.
The lowe o' love mak's labour light; I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
As kind ye cuddle doon at e'en 'mang clean pease strae."

Lest my shivering young male friends think I am giving poetical counsel, I will give them courage in a few facts.

Within a very short period I have taken tea in the houses of a large manufacturer, a large iron-master, and a most extensive mill-owner; all of whom were married when very young to penniless lasses; who have all large families, and are each worth perhaps £100,000.

Having said this much for the guidance of young men on the way of life, I must turn for a little to the ladies. I said already that it would be well if women would temper their thoughts of love with cash calculations. The young women who form the majority of my hearers are generally members of families pretty well-to-do. In their homes they have every comfort and many elegancies. Their work is often more ornamental than useful. They have servants to perform for them all the more toilsome of their domestic duties. If they marry they will expect to live in a house at least as good as the one they at present occupy. One servant will be indispensable. During the summer they will expect to spend a short time at the sea-side, where they must have, at least, a decent abode. In short, they will expect to live in rather a snug way. Well, I would think it profitable exercise for the young ladies of any locality to meet together (privately, of course) and carefully calculate—first, how many young ladies were in the district who would, when married, require all the good things I have mentioned. Then they should count how much money such comforts and elegancies would cost, putting down so much for rent and taxes, so much for servants' wages and keep, so much for fashionable clothing, so much for the summer jaunt, and ditto ditto for one or two winter parties. As a doctor might be required,

it would be as well to allow a little for him, and a very little for the support of religion; and, above all, don't forget to count the food, because the grocer, the baker, and the butcher, all require money. When all these items are counted up and added, you will have a very handsome sum. When you have arrived at the net amount—having already written down the names of the young ladies whose husbands must furnish them with that sum-write opposite each the name of a young man of the district who has the requisite income. I fear that in most districts the ladies would find that such wellto-do beaux were scarce; and so they would resolve either to reduce the standard of their wants, or resolve to die old maids. Except in cases where the husband has really lots of money-I mean by that some thousands-I think every young wife should be her own servant for the first season, at least; and then a "lassie to help to keep the wean" is quite enough of assistance for any healthy woman. While the young husband is putting forth the strength of his manhood to make, the young wife should be equally energetic to save; and, besides the profit of serving one's self, I should think the pleasure of it was great. How sweet for the tired husband to be ministered to by

"His ain kind dearie!"

What a charming flavour the tea has that she makes! How nice the scones that she bakes! And then, when the young wife is not "a'thegither right," what a splendid breakfast is it that the young guidman prepares—the toast buttered on both sides! But never mind; it is first-rate.

I hope the young ladies will excuse me for so lecturing them. I am anxious to direct them happily on the way of life. And I know many worthy young men avoid marriage just because women have learned to demand far more than their mothers were well pleased with. One gentleman writes to the *Times* the other day, stating that he is thirty-five

years of age, of average personal appearance, of gentlemanly manners and pursuits, has been ten years established in a respectable business, has from £350 to £400 a-year, and would marry if he could get a lady in his own position to accept his hand, but he has been frequently refused. He sends his most recent refusal, in which he is told by his fair friend—who has no objection to himself—that she would require a husband with at least £600 a-year. She tells him that she would require at least £100 for dress, and so on. The gentleman adds: This lady is no aristocrat, but lives in a very quiet way with an old aunt at Clapham Road. What shall we say of such a case?

"Oh! may the stupid silly jade
Be single till she's musty;
And at fourscore be still a maid—
The unmarried Miss M'Lusky."

These extravagant notions are the curse of our times, and are the chief source of all our other social evils. will require to take in a reef, or we will have even more of those ugly customers—Bachelors. I do not know how other men feel when they see a very extravagantly dressed woman, married or single, but in my eyes the costly finery always detracts from her appearance. I often think the finest sight in nature is a family group of working-people enjoying their holiday: the young mother with her infant at her breast; the young father proudly carrying little Mary, while little Jack is trotting by his side,—all evidently poor in world's gear, but all clean, tidy, innocent, and happy. One of the scenes I saw when recently on the Continent, which dwells in my memory, bears on this subject. employed a guide to show us some of the sights of Paris, he took us to various places, and amongst the rest to a very gay place called the Garden of Flowers. It is the chief resort of the too gay ladies of Paris. The place was brilliantly illuminated with variegated lamps; there was very

fine music, and there was a large concourse of the votaries of sensuous pleasures. Gay as the scene was, I thought the whole affair very ugly. Somehow I had the power of stripping off the masks, and seeing the entire miserable company as they were. The sight haunted me for some time, and it looked hideous when contrasted with a scene I witnessed on the day following. Passing through one of the chief squares, I saw, descending the steps of a stately church, a bridal party. The bridegroom was a handsome humble soldier. His bride was dressed in simple white: the only covering of her head was a long white vail. The sun was falling full upon them as they passed me, followed by their little band of friends. They seemed to me a party

"Marching through Emmanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high;"

while the Garden of Flowers I saw as the mouth of hell. Extravagance and false show lead both men and women to the haunts of sin, while modest self-denial and prudent economy lead to the greatest social bliss.

I do not believe that the acquirement of any great sum of money is at all essential to the possession of happiness. Yet a moderate competence is very desirable; and this we may, in the great majority of cases, attain by industry, economy, and perseverance. I know of no other way in which we are so sure to reach an honourable independence. We often hear of men making large sums of money, and shortly after we see them figuring in the Court of Bankruptcy. Real wealth is only created by the diligent labour of either head or hands. Lucky speculations are certainly balanced by speculations that are not lucky; and whether lucky or unlucky, I would have the excitement of speculation avoided, as I know it is certain to extinguish the purest, noblest, most disinterested feelings of our nature. The speculator thinks only of himself and his own concerns. Now, I believe our happiness may be

largely multiplied by our earnestly striving to add to the happiness of others. This idea is, I am sorry to say, but little understood by the great mass of men. I have, in all the various circles in which I have moved, seen men acting as if they found pleasure in making their fellow-mortals miserable. When I was very young I worked as a house carpenter, and have often seen poor labouring men doing all they could to injure one another. It was a regular practice amongst the labourers at a building, when any green hand was added to their number, for Pat to give Barney the wink, and up would come the barrow with a double load upon it. This would be repeated, until the poor stranger, exhausted, threw down the "slings," or perhaps, desperate with his cruel treatment, blackened Barney's eyes, to learn him the way to fill the barrow for the next green boy that came over. I have seen, too, in the workshop, amongst what should have been more intelligent tradesmen, the same villanous conduct. When any new hand entered the shop who did not please the taste of the old ones-perhaps offending them by refusing to submit to some of their rules anent entry-money or the like-I have seen in the momentary absence of the stranger his job so transposed that the poor fellow was almost certain to make a bungle of his work, and this trick the ignorant blockhead who did it thought clever! Still further up I have seen the same spirit manifested. I have seen in the counting-house, when a new hand was to be initiated into the mysteries of "the Books," the old clerk craftily conceal some important book from the new-comer, in order that he might seem stupid in the eyes of their employer. I need hardly add that such conduct is mean in the extreme; and will never give an hour of true happiness to any one. We are always certain to gain by being to every one as kind and obliging as possible. I do not say that we will always meet with gratitude from those to whom

we show kindness; but of this I am certain, every kind act has its reward, even in this world; and opportunities for the performance of kind actions are constantly occurring. When, for instance, we may be working side by side with one on whom the weight of years is beginning to tell, it is not the smartest thing we can do, when he falls in any way behind, to call him "a useless old blockhead." Years are rapidly creeping over us all. Let us, then, never be wanting in the respect due to age; so that, as a right, we may expect kindly courtesy when we descend into the vale of years. It does not take much breath to tell an old man that he is "looking fresh." It is as easily said as "You are failing, I see, Tammas," and yet it produces a much more pleasing feeling in the party to whom it is spoken. not have you become flatterers. No: but I would have you on all occasions to speak the truths that are flattering, and leave unspoken the truths the expression of which will give unnecessary pain. Were this policy generally adopted, the wheels of life would turn much more smoothly with us. The most certain way in which we can extend the sum total of human happiness is by constantly respecting the feelings of our own immediate neighbours. When, for instance, we come in contact with a workmate whom we find rather glum, it is not right to conclude that he is a sour sulky fellow, and to treat him accordingly. No: we ought rather to reflect that he has perhaps left a sick wife at home, or has perhaps a darling child in danger; and so we ought to speak to him softly. When we think that he should tell us frankly what is his distress, we ought to remember that any real trouble which deeply affected our own hearts was not much spoken of.

Having said this much in recommending the spirit of kindness to neighbours, I presume you take it for granted that I hold it the bounden duty of every man to do his very utmost to make his own home a paradise. I

know of nothing that does such honour to a man as a smiling wife and sportive children. A bachelor may have a passable apology in happy sisters; but a contented wife and merry children are the real evidence that a man is of the right stuff. You all know, of course, that this harmony of human life is a trio in which husband, wife, and children must all sustain their respective parts. the quality of the music would be kept up, the husband leads off in a fine tenor: the chief tone is a good regular pay, every farthing of which is handed to the wife with a smile on the pav-night. The wife strikes in with the air, which takes form in a clean fireside, a comfortable, well-cooked meal, and a happy, smiling face. The children supply the other portions of the harmony-clean, rosy cheeks held up to be kissed, attention to lessons for school, and cheerful obedience to parents. Where all these parts are sustained, there is true melody, pleasing to man and grateful to God. But how very easily this fine harmony is spoiled. Every wife cannot be entrusted with her husband's entire earnings. Where this is the case, woe is me for the happiness of that family! And then some husbands, who have good wives, need money to sport with boon companions. Alas, for the happiness of that household! But we will not enter on such serious matters here. Often, where there is nothing criminally wrong, the family harmony is spoiled for want of a little considerate kindness. Bad blood sometimes gets up in something like this way. When Mr. Smith was first presented with his little daughter he looked disappointed, and said he thought she was of the Red Indian tribe. Mrs. Smith was offended. and not long after, when returning from a walk with her husband, seeing grandmother holding up the baby to the window, Mrs. Smith said, "It is a very plain child that, and it is terribly like the Smiths." This stuck in Mr. Smith's throat for years. It was only when the child had developed into a charming little beauty that both parents were

ashamed of their folly. A man should let no word escape his lips that will in any way give his wife pain, and a wife should be as careful what she says to her husband as she was that night when she expected he was going to pop the question. Mr. Brown sometimes pleased his wife in something like this way. Mrs. Brown had got a new, highly fashionable bonnet, which she put on, and asked how Mr. Brown liked it. Mr. Brown did not like it; and so, looking in Mrs. Brown's face, he said, "A bonny bride is easily buskit." Mrs. Brown was, of course, highly pleased, and the bonnet scene wound up with a practical illustration of

"Kiss me quick and go, my honey!"

While acting on all occasions so as to manifest kindness of heart, we should at the same time do our utmost continually to exhibit a pleasant cheerfulness of manner. A gloomy saint does as much harm in the world as a merry sinner. Children often utter the thoughts upon which men and women silently act. This was the case with the boy whose father was a sulky saint. The child, seated on his mother's knee, after thinking for a long time, said, "Mamma, will papa go to heaven? because if he does, I do not want to go." This child gave honest expression to a very natural and proper feeling-a desire to avoid ugly gloom, in the presence of which all that is charming dies. One way to keep up our . spirits is to think often on the goodness of God, and to keep counting the many blessings he is daily and hourly bestowing upon us; and to all men and women who think aright, every season of the year, and every hour of the day, will appear radiant with good things coming direct to us from His hand. These blessings it is our duty to acknowledge gratefully, in blithe looks and merry words. We ought to be continually, by our life and conversation, enforcing on the downcast in spirit the truth contained in the lines.—

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercies, and will break
In blessings on your head!"

A cheerfulness of manner and a kindly consideration for the feelings of others will be sound advantageous in even a worldly point of view. I do not believe in the old saw, "There is no friendship in trade." There should be as much friendship in trade as possible; and the more brains and heart that traders have, they will in proportion infuse the more kindly feeling into their business transactions. I will show you (in confidence) the friendly way of buying and selling cheese.

Having gone to the country to purchase, I was directed to a farmhouse where the kane was for sale. It was the farmer's first year of the farm, and he had not yet met with a cheese merchant. The cheese were the first ever made by the farmer's young wife. Both husband and wife received me very kindly. I was at once shown into the cheese-house, the farmer accompanying me, while I noticed the young goodwife stood in the passage, listening, I knew, tremblingly, for the verdict of the stranger merchant on the first cheese she had made. examined the cheese carefully: they were not first-rate, but were a fair article. They were kept in a newly plastered house, and that was against them. After due deliberation, I said, "The cheese are very good, and if we can agree about the price I will buy them." The young wife now ventured into the cheese-house. There was a grateful look on her face. She said the cheese would have been better had it not I said they were very good. been for the new house. husband, in stating the price, said, "My brother got 56s per cwt. for his, and I would not like my goodwife to get less." I said I was going to offer 54s.; but, and I whispered in the husband's ear, "You will give me the difference in a luckpenny?" He nodded assent. "Well," said I, "I will take the cheese at 56s., and you can be as good to me with a luckpenny as you like." The farmer, when he delivered the

cheese, spoke to me as an old friend, and told me I was a very great favourite with his wife. The selling department is made equally pleasant. In recommending the cheese I tell the story of the way in which they were bought, and being good value, they are easily sold—more than one purchaser remarking, "If your cheese should be no better than your neighbours', your good humour gives them an additional flavour." Now, this kindly, happy spirit may be carried into every department of trade.

When shabby or dishonourable people are met with, a kindly spirit may be exhibited by telling them, in the plainest English, of their dishonesty, and then having done with them. I have once or twice found it my duty to tell a man that I thought he was not honourable with me, and in every case I believe I did him good. We must, however, be very careful to discriminate between errors of judgment and errors of intention. Errors of judgment must be patiently borne with, while intentional errors must be treated with that kind of sharp rap on the knuckles which will learn the offender never to do the like again.

Old age is said to be our second childhood. However this may be, I feel I must here treat it as I treated childhoodthat is, I must speak of it, not to it. The aged are rarely amongst my hearers, and so what I have to say of age must be said to one and all who are right on the way to the vale There is no more heavenly sight on earth than a venerable couple, who look back to the fragrant memories of a well-spent life, and forward to an early entrance on the enjoyments of eternal life. We can all call to our remembrance some such pair whom we have had the pleasure of knowing, and we can remember that their influence on all around was holy. Many of us, too, can call to mind bad old men and women whom we have known. How we turn in disgust from a dirty old man! how ugly in our sight is a greedy old man! and how utterly abominable do we hold a lecherous old man! Every sin in years grows more ugly.

Well, let both men and women bear in mind that what we are in youth we will become more strikingly in age. Let the young woman given to being slovenly take a lesson every time she meets a dirty old hag. Let the young man who is too anxious to save money examine himself every time he meets with a miserable, narrow-hearted, rich old man. And so with all the vices of our nature. Let us pluck them up by the roots in the days of our youth, that so our better natures may flourish in age. The lives of all men and women should be such that every old lady should be able to sing, with. Mrs. Anderson,

"John Anderson my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms!
And sae are ye in mine, John;
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that we ha'e seen,
John Anderson, my jo."

We feel quite sure Mrs. Anderson was not addicted to snuff, and that John was a cleanly old man. Let us, then, all through life, steer our course so that when we enter the vale of years we may take with us pleasant memories, virtuous desires, cleanly habits, and truly Christian charity, which all through life we can, with the help of God, strengthen in our souls, by the practice of the golden rule of Christianity—"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

If we cherish in our hearts true love for all our fellowbeings, our conduct in life will be regulated by the rudder of the heart, and we will cross life's main, our sails filled with the breezes of happiness, and leave behind us a track on the water so bright with the undying lustre of goodness that all who come after will bless our steering, our way of life being found, when followed under the guidance of the good Pilot, the most direct course to the haven of the better land!

NON-INTERVENTION.

I AM very far from thinking that the observations of a simple woman like me can have any direct effect on the policy of nations. I am, however, inclined to believe that the honest statement of the experience of an observing Scotch wife may act as a little drop of oil in sustaining the steady flame of the old-fashioned cruse of Scotch common sense; therefore it is that I presume to set forth the light within me on the rather important subject of non-intervention.

We all know that nations are just like individuals. Now, I am sure, it would have puzzled even Don Quixote himself to give a single instance of an individual who had in any way profited by interference in his neighbours' affairs; and it would just be as difficult to point out a nation which had gained either pleasure or profit by intermeddling in the affairs of neighbouring states. I, of course, do not pretend to throw light on the national branch of the question, but merely intend, in as few words as possible, to acquaint you with the circumstances that led me to decide neither by look, word, nor action to interfere in my neighbours' affairs. I confine my illustration to the events of a single day.

It was one forenoon last summer, after I had got my work finished, that I was waited on by an old neighbour of mine who was in great distress. Mrs. Hastie had come to consult me about the shortcomings of her only son, who, she said, was going very far wrong; indeed, she said, he was fairly breaking her heart; "and," quoth she, with the tears

dropping over her cheeks, "it is very ill his part, for I am sure, if ever there was an indulgent mother in this world, it has been me to that boy. I am sure he never had a desire that I did not strive to gratify. Since ever he saw the world's light I never went a single place that I did not take him with me, and give him the first and best of everything. Yes, Mrs. Muirhead, I have been an indulgent parent. fore that boy was four years old, when other children, about the New-year time, were playing themselves with little toy bottles, he was going about with a large bottle and glass, and real whisky, "first-footing" the neighbours, just like a little man. And I am sure he never had a fault that I did not try When he was twelve years old, and in a fit of pasto hide. sion flung a carving-knife at his cousin, I stood in between him and his father, and did not let him touch him. in one thing, but in everything, that I have been his friend. When, last summer, he took a ten-pound note out of his father's desk to pay the expenses of his London trip, I borrowed the money, and never let his father know; and yet, for all that, he has no regard for my feelings; no, you would rather think he takes a pleasure in vexing me. The thing that grieves me more than all, and what I am come to consult you about, is, that I have found out that he is going with some huzzy at the other end of the town, and I would not wonder but she may get him coaxed to marry her."

I made answer, "I do not see how the idea of his being married should grieve you so. I think you should rather be well pleased; if he were married, he would perhaps take himself up. I think you should be much obliged to any ordinary decent woman that would take him; she, you know, will get but a very poor bargain."

Mrs. Hastie looked at me as if she would have stared me through; the tears in her eyes seemed converted into fire as she said—"'A poor bargain!' and so you think my son would be 'a poor bargain!' Would your snivelling, two-

faced, hypocritical Daniel be 'a poor bargain?' 'A poor bargain!' I suppose you will count everybody 'a poor bargain' that is not a whited sepulchre of a Sabbath school teacher. And so, my William is 'a poor bargain' because he does not groan and sigh at congregational prayer-meetings, because he is not an elected manager and a budding elder! 'A poor bargain!' I will tell you what it is, Mrs. Muirhead, there is more pluck in my 'poor bargain' than in nine hundred and ninety-nine of your flat-footed, knock-kneed, lantern-jawed, blear-eyed, dutiful, and obedient tract-lending Daniels."

I was quite taken by surprise. When I rallied a little, I struck in, "You make rather a long sermon on a short text; but whatever you say about my Daniel, keep mind of the fact that he never threw a carving-knife at anybody, nor yet stole a ten-pound note."

At this Mrs. Hastie started to her feet, and vomited out a string of titles all directly applied to me, the like of which I never before heard from the mouth of either man or woman; they could not in any circumstances be repeated in the hearing of decent people, unless it were at a no-Popery meeting in the description of the Church of Rome; and even there they would certainly be accounted strong language. The indignant mother went out at my door, declaring that although she were to live a thousand years she would neither forget nor forgive my insolent abuse of William Hastie. As she went down the stair I heard her muttering to herself, "Revenge is sweet," and "A poor bargain!"

When I had shut the door, I sat down at the window to reflect on my unthinking folly in saying one disparaging word to a mother about her son, when I saw another of my old neighbours making as if she were going to pay me a visit: she was a Mrs. Darling. When she was my neighbour she had not got the length of mistress—she was a Miss Hunter; a very appropriate name I used to think, for she

was terribly on the hunt for a husband. She made no secret of this: she used to say on all occasions, "I think everybody is going to get married before it comes to my turn." I used to tell her that far greater misfortunes might befall her than being an old maid; to which she would reply, "It is easy for you to speak, who are married yourself: I do not know what worse could happen a person than being an old maid: it is a very queer husband that is not better than no husband at all." One day Miss Hunter called upon me, dressed in first-rate style, and in the highest possible spirits. I asked what was in the 'wind?"

- "What would you think?" quoth she.
- "You are perhaps going to be married?" quoth I.
- "Just that," quoth she.
- "Who are you getting?" quoth I.
- "Could you not guess?" quoth she.
- "Is he a tradesman or a shopkeeper?" quoth I.
- "Do you think," quoth she, "that I would take a tradesman, or even a shopkeeper? No, it is none of your common scrubs. What would you think of a gentleman—or the very next thing to a gentleman? What would you think of a commission agent?"

My thought had been that Miss Hunter, in her haste to get married, would have taken anything that had offered in the shape of a man, but I said nothing, but asked what the intended commissioned in? Miss Hunter said she did not know, only he had an office like Pollok & Gilmour—there was nothing in it but a desk and three stools; but that was the way, she said, with all the offices where things were done on a large scale. I said I hoped he was a decent man, whether his business was done on a large or small scale. Miss Hunter said he was that decent a man that he had taken her to the Paisley races in a chaise and pair; and that all the grand ladies in their coaches and four nodded to him, just as if he had been an old acquaintance. There was

no mistake of his being a decent man, and rather more,—he was a man of rank and station. Well. Miss Hunter was married in great style. She had £300 of her own-in which I could learn there was a good hole made furnishing the house and putting past the wedding. It was not long till I heard that Mrs. Darling had occasion to rue her bargain; but she had not come near me, so I got none of the particulars. It was more than a year since the wedding, and . this was the first time I had been honoured with a visit. When she came in, the first thing I noticed was that she wore the grand brocaded marriage gown, so scuffed and spotted that it seemed quite a different pattern. When Mrs. Darling put up her vail I could scarcely believe my eyes, she was so altered; her eyes were red and swollen, evidently with crying; her lip was swollen and cut; and her hair was hanging in loose tangles about her face. I could not help thinking that she was a darling in earnest. I asked what was the matter, which seemed at once to open the floodgates of her grief; for she sobbed until her heart seemed at the bursting. When she spoke, her words were-"It is that man,—that cruel, wicked man,—that unprincipled scoundrel; he is a liar, a swindler, and a thief, and he will finish his career with murder, for he will certainly take my life." After this, and a lot more of the same sort, I learned from Mrs. Darling that her husband of rank and station was nothing else but a dodging impostor. He had spent every farthing of her £300, and had run her into a bag of debt in all directions; he came home drunk every night that he did come home, but far oftener did not come home at all; he had twice lifted a knife to stab her, and had kicked her with his feet times without number :--he was constantly, in his abuse, threatening to finish her, though he should "swing for it." She had come to me to ask what I thought she should do in the circumstances. I had no hesitation in telling her that I saw nothing for it but just to leave him at once.

"Many a one," quoth I, "has had far more to do than to bring up one child by their own exertions." I said that she should not hesitate in her decision, but just leave him at once, for there was no saying what a ruffian like that might do.

Mrs. Darling took a good long hearty cry. She then dried her eyes and said, "And so, you would advise me to leave That is just like the consolation I might have expected from you; you would advise me to leave my own man? I suppose it would do your heart good to see me begging from door to door with my child in my arms; or perhaps to see me on a summer morning sitting cowering at a warehouse door, waiting my turn for yarn, when you were going past in a carriage on your way to the 'salt water.' It is just like you to advise me to leave my lawful husband. He has his faults, no doubt, and they are well known, thanks to his long-tongued wife; but with all his faults, if I had my bargain to make over again, I would rather take him yet than some of the well-doing husbands I see. husband, thank goodness! is like a man; he is not a thing that people turn and look after; he is not an oddity that a person thinks shame to be seen with in the street. No: Mr. Darling is like a man; he is not a guttapercha-looking scarecrow, like your own pattern husband, Mrs. Muirhead. I always thought there was a good deal of the wolf in sheep's clothing about you; but I know you now, you good Christian, to try to part husband and wife!"

I seemed to have lost my power of speech. I was silenced, I suppose, by the thought that, in my simplicity, I had twice in one day fallen into an error that a very small amount of reflection might have forewarned me of. When I found my tongue I made short work of Mrs. Darling, by telling her to go away home, and stay with her lying, swindling thief of a husband, until he killed her, as he threatened; and, when I

heard the "speech-criers" announcing the fact, I said I would treat myself to a halfpenny worth of the full, true, and particular account.

Mrs. Darling took her departure, saying, "That she would perhaps see day about with me yet. I could," she said, "be thinking what I would say for myself when Mr. Darling called on me; for as sure as she had the door-latch in her hand, she would tell him that I had advised her to leave him, and if he gave me a hot skin, I could just take it."

The sound of Mrs. Darling's parting words were still ringing in my ears when I heard a rap, ring, or rustle at the door,-it was a kind of compound noise,-that indicated a demand for admission. When I opened the door, there was my very oldest neighbour, Mrs. M'Corquodale,—she lived on the stair-head with me when I first took up house. heard of late that Mrs. M'Corquodale had become very fond of a dram. I took no heed to the rumour; but when I saw Mrs. M'Corquodale standing leaning up against the wall, I saw at once that there was something wrong. When she had got the length of the middle of the floor, it was easy seen that she was "fou" to the neck. The first words that she spoke were, "You must excuse me, Mrs. Muirhead, you must excuse me; for, I do declare, at this very moment, I find myself just like a person the worse of drink. I will tell you what it was that did it. I am perfectly sensible what it was that did it. You see, Mrs. Muirhead, I went out this morning to call upon several decent old acquaintances of mine-old neighbours like yourself, Well, after I had got my visits past, I Mrs. Muirhead. thought I would just come over and see you, Mrs. Muirhead -just for 'auld langsyne.' Well, as I am coming down Portland Street, I chanced to have a halfpenny in my hand, and I happened to get my eye on that grand new suspension bridge that we have got, so I thought there would be no harm in my taking a halfpenny worth of the bridge. Well,

I paid my halfpenny, and in I goes through yon whirligig thing; and, before I knew where I was, I was going reeling away over to the other side of the bridge. Oh, woman, I never thought they would have put up a high-fly, perpetual motion kind of a thing like you for the permanent accommodation of the public. Well, would you believe it, Mrs. Muirhead, it was as much as I could do, by hanging on by the railings, to get over to the other side; and, before I had arrived on terra firma, it had fairly taken my head, and I do declare I am like a drunk person vet. As I was coming up Maxwell Street I was reading you grand ticket of the magistrates about keeping the 'right hand to the wall,' and I was once thinking, in the innocent simplicity of my heart, to try to obey orders, till I began to think it would be the height of nonsense for the one half of the population to be going backwards to please them; so I came on my way rejoicing, with whatever hand to the wall Providence pleased. And now, Mrs. Muirhead, whether ye believe me or not, I am real glad There has been many an up and down to many a one since you and I fell acquainted; but you and I are neither much up nor down; for which we have great reason to be thankful. Many a thing we have cause to be thankful I am sure that, in the first place, we have both to be thankful for as good men as there is in all broad Scotland. am sure Mr. M'Corquodale is just as good a husband as any woman could wish, although she had him of her own making: and it's only myself that knows how that poor man adores me; but yet, for all that, Mr. M'Corquodale has his faults. We have all our faults. A wife, perhaps, should not tell her husband's faults; but Mr. M'Corquodale is very unreasonable at times" (Mrs. M'Corquodale continued with pathos, which gradually accumulated till it found vent in tears)-"very unreasonable. You know, Mrs. Muirhead, we have had the misfortune to have three bits of girls all runningalthough many a time I say a far greater misfortune might

happen people than having a few daughters. There is luck with the girls; and many a one is far more indebted to their daughters than to their sons. Well, Mrs. Muirhead, would you believe it? for as sensible a man as Mr. McCorquodale is, when the last girl was born he was so much disappointed that he did not speak to me for a whole fortnight—the same as if I could help it! And when at long and last he did open his mouth, what do you think he said?—it just showed what his foolish imagination had been running on all the time,—he said he hoped it would be a boy next!"

I got Mrs. M'Corquodale persuaded to lie down in my bed a little, until the swinging of the bridge would go out of her head. She had just laid down when Mr. M'Corquodale called, inquiring for his better half. I said she was a little poorly, so I had advised her to lie down in my bed a little, where I thought she would soon be better.

"Poorly!" quoth Mr. M'Corquodale, "we know too well what is the matter with her; not that I would grudge any woman a dram in moderation. No!" (the tears came in a manner hissing over his long red nose as he added)—"far from that. I think we are all the better of a little drop; but she goes fairly over the score."

With some little judicious management I got Mr. and Mrs. M'Corquodale started on their read home, without getting any harm between them. But I in a manner caught it for all that; for that night I had a dream that made such a vivid impression on my mind that I somehow look upon it as an accomplished fact. I thought, in my dream, I got a note from Mr. M'Corquodale, announcing that Mrs. M'Corquodale had got a little boy, and inviting me to get "blithe meat." Se away I went to see the no doubt muchthought-of boy. When I went in, the first thing that took my eye was the table perfectly loaded with all sorts of drink, and every corner of the house crammed full of worthless drunken women; and there was Mr. M'Corquodale going

about amongst them, bottle in hand, pouring out trayful after trayful, handing it round, and forcing them to take it. I stood looking on (as I thought) until I could stand it no longer, so I touched Mr. M'Corquodale on the shoulder, to make him conscious of my presence, and said, "I am astonished to see you, sir; you complain of your wife going over the score, but what else can you expect when that is the sort of company you encourage to come about her?" Mr. M'Corquodale said nothing; but an old wife, whom I had noticed drink five glasses of one kind of drink or another,—at every glass she drank "to the very good health of the pretty little boy," who, she invariably added, was liker his father than any child she had ever seen, and she had seen, she was sure, a thousand; -well, this old wife, sorting her spectacles, took a good stare at me, and said, "I never saw you before, and you are a very decent-like woman; but I will tell you what it is, if you were coming into my house, and setting up any such impudence to me, or any of my friends, I would just take and kick you down the stair!" Mr. M'Corquodale needed no further hint: he turned on me like a bear; and, after he had vented his wrathful indignation, he thought he was very witty when he said-" If you, Mrs. Muirhead, mean to preach a temperance sermon, you should reserve your eloquence for the Sunday night in the City Hall, where you will have the advantage of an audience worthy of your powers, and the benefit of the accompaniment of the grand organ." I thought that, in reply to this witty sally, I gave him an imitation of himself, when he said, rubbing his long red nose, "Not that I would grudge any woman a dramin moderation: we are all the better of a little drop; but she goes fairly over the score." This so roused Mr. M'Corquodale that I thought he at once acted on the old wife's suggestion, and in right good earnest kicked me down the stair. It is curious the thoughts that come into a person's head in a dream. thought it took me two years to come down Eglinton Street,

and that when I arrived at the Jamaica Street Bridge it was the dead hour of midnight. When I had got to near about the centre of the bridge, whom did I meet but Mr. M'Corquodale. He was walking terribly lonely and sad-like, and always looking over into the dark water. He seemed inclined to shun me; but I went up to him and said, "What are you doing here, goodman, at such an hour as this?" His voice had the tones of hopeless sorrow as he answered, "If it was not for that little bey I would not be long here; she is fairly breaking my heart."

"Well, goodman," quoth I, "you are like many a one more; you are reaping the bitter fruits of your own folly. You are like Mrs. Hastie and her son; she has her son as she trained him, and must take the consequences. You are like Mrs. Darling and her husband; she has him as she took him, with her eyes open, and must take the consequences; and you have your wife what by precept and example you have made her, and must take the consequences. I rather fear there is no cure for you, unless you could make up your mind to do without your own little drop, and so set your wife a sober example."

This was all I said, and yet it so roused the old rascal that, without giving me the slightest warning, he sprang upon me like a tiger, lifted me bodily, and threw me right over the bridge. I awakened just as I was falling into the water!

Now, although all this was but a dream, it was so like what might have happened, that it, combined with my actual experience, has firmly decided me neither, as I said, by look, word, or action, to interfere in my neighbours' affairs. Whatever light I have, I will try to spread by the enunciation of general principles; but when consulted about the shortcomings of friends, my motto is—Non-intervention.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

LECTURE—WORDS IN SEASON.
STORY—LOOKING FOR A HOUSE.

A LITTLE BIT TO THE BARGAIN FOR THE CHILDREN.

WORDS IN SEASON.

My Lecture this evening will assume something of a dramatic character, inasmuch as it will be a Lecture in Five Acts. At each Act the Scene will change; and I will thus speak to five different audiences, giving to each, I trust, "words in season."

ACT I.

Scene,—The Interior of a Country Church during a half-yearly fair for the hiring of farm servants. Audience,—Country Lads and Lasses, Farmers and their Wives. A large Landed Proprietor presiding, supported by the Gentry of the District.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Since I promised to take part in this meeting, I have had many serious thoughts as to what I should say to you on this occasion. I, having been born and bred in a city, am not quite sure on what subjects you country people require advice. In my difficulty I appealed to several friends, and asked them what I should speak to you about. My first friend said, "Give them plenty of amusement, Mr. Roy, and you won't go far wrong;" my second friend said, "Give them a good lecture about the dram,—that is sure to fit them;" while my third friend said, courtship should be my theme; and, said he, "Be sure and give the young people plenty of tether." He went further, and told me he was sure I would please if, by way of a flourish, I could introduce—

"Come all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the glen,
I'll tell you o' a secret that courtiers dinna ken,
What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name,
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame—
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk, when the kye come hame."

To him who bade me give you plenty of amusement, I said, "For my own part, I think very little of speakers whose chief aim is amusement;" to him who bade me give you a good lecture about the dram, I said, "I do not think that country servants, as a class, consume a great quantity of ardent spirits; they may occasionally take a dram at a fair; but they are not, like some of their betters, always drinking." I said I could not say much to you about the dram; and, as to speaking about courtship, I told my friend I could hardly give you the same length of tether as you got here on former occasions. "Well," said my friend, "do not touch on the subject at all; for if you do not give them all their own way on that matter, you will not please them." "Oh, yes," said I, "I will please them, and I will not give them all their own way. I will neither give servant nor master, tenant nor landlord, all their own way, and yet I will please them;" for I had resolved, after due consideration, to give you a few words of common sense on the duties we owe to one another as servants and masters, tenants and landlords; and as this is peculiarly a meeting of servants, I will give them the preference, and speak first to them.

What, then, is the first thing I have to recommend to plain, simple, hard-working country servants? I have, my friends, just the same principle to recommend to you that I would have to recommend were I to speak to an assemblage composed of nobles, princes, and kings. In your every action in life I would have you to be guided by the strictest honour. Yes, my friends, honour is the word. Some shallow people may ask, what have poor, hard-working lads and lasses, who, from morning till night, are constantly employed attending

to horses and cows, cleaning byres, hoeing turnips, and the like, what have they to do with honour? I answer, everything; and add, in the words of the poet—

"Honours from no position rise; Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

I know something of the ways of life in the great world, and I have no hesitation in saying that there is no employment under the sun more honourable than that of the tillers of the soil. Why, then, my friends, should you not aim at the highest honour in all your actions? A true appreciation of this noble principle will teach you to despise everything that is unjust, untrue, or impure. The servants who have a true love of honour will be as diligent in the absence as in the presence of employers—will fearlessly speak the truth to employers, and will comport themselves so purely that they will be an honour to the cottage-homes of Scotland. A true love of honour will make servants ever kindly and courteous to one another. You have all observed how circumspect gentlemen of rank are in the presence of high-born ladies: no rude word is heard when the ladies are present. would give voice to aught impure in the hearing of the fair would be banished good society. This is found necessary in high circles for the protection of female honour. should not the peasant's daughter have equal protection? The servant-man who is at bottom a gentleman will treat as modestly his fellow-servant-women as he would treat titled ladies; and the servant-girls who have clear heads and pure hearts will submit to no other treatment, for they will understand that the bad man, often from design, with lewd and impure words, breaks down the protecting barriers of virtue. which having done, he finds his victim an easy prev. Act, then, in all your intercourse with one another, with true modesty. Never forget that a servant-man may, and should be, as pure and chaste as any man; and that a servant-girl may, and should be, as modest and virtuous as any lady in the land.

A love of honour will lead to a love of independence, which will lead to thrift and economy. A man or woman who would be independent will make an effort to lay something past for a "rainy day." Some of you will think, I have no doubt, that it is not easy for servants to save money. Well, I admit it; and more, I can tell you it is not easy for any one to save money,—even wealthy lords have often a struggle to get ends to meet; at the same time, if you would arrive at an honourable independence, you lads and lasses must save a little money. And that it can be done, I can give you proof.

In a certain house in Glasgow, a cowfeeder's, where I often call to get a "piece" and a drink of milk, there were lately two servants, a young man and a young woman. been in the same place for a number of years, and to my certain knowledge the girl had £24 in the bank and the young man had £54, all saved off moderate wages. young man left some time ago for another place, but comes back now and then to see "Christina;" and I am very much mistaken if the intercourse does not end in a wedding; and the £24 and the £54 put together would be a very snug sum to begin the world with. Now, what these young people have saved any of you may save, if you set your minds to it; but you will never manage it if you keep shifting about from place to place every half-year. servant who does so, I would think, rarely saves money; for every term a new rig-out is required, and every penny goes. I know of nothing so hurtful to both servants and masters as frequent changes: it makes both servants and masters get completely careless about the interests of one another; whereas an old servant comes to be regarded in a measure as one of the family, and, in return, looks with increasing interest after his employer's welfare. I know enough of human nature to suspect that there is a charm about the excitement of change. A girl is on a farm where she has not met with a sweetheart to her mind; well, she resolves to see what a change will do; she gives up a good place, and takes her chance in the market; she finds her next place no imprevement on her last, and so she makes another change, and gets latterly so unsettled that she changes every term; and, if nothing worse comes of it, she, or he—for the men are as bad in this respect as the women—gets into that state of mind that they might appropriately sing—

"I care for nobody—no, not I, And nobody cares for me."

Servants who understand their own interest will keep their situations as long as they can. If their master and mistress are not so good as they would like, they should remember the old proverb, "Better the ill kent than the guid unkent." And so they will sit still, and by and by they will begin to think more of their employers, who in their turn will think more of them; for certainly respect begets respect, just as surely as leve begets love.

I do not know what you servants think of the feeing-market; you have got accustomed to it, and you know the man got accustomed to the nail that stuck up in the sole of his shoe. People got accustomed to anything; but I will tell you haw I felt when I first saw a feeing-market,—the long rows of man and women standing to be hired, and being carefully examined by the farmers and their wives. I passed silently through the scene, and when I had done so, I turned into a quiet street and wiped the tears from my eyes. I could not help it. I am not at all sentimental; but the sight of that feeing-fair made me weep. It reminded me of the slave-market; and I thought it degrading to the sons and daughters of honest toil. If I were a servant I would containly patronize the register, and would only on ungent neces-

sity go to the feeing-market. In such a place a virtuous young woman may be hired by a designing blackguard, and once hired, she must fulfil her engagement; and in such a place a good master may hire a very disreputable servant. In the registration system both parties can be informed as to the character of those with whom they engage, and thus honourable servants can find honourable masters; and when such have the good fortune to meet, if they take my advice, they will not part in a hurry.

I need not say a word about truth and honesty. I have been speaking of honour, which includes all virtues-truth, honesty, temperance, and purity of life. Permit me to tell a little incident in my own life, which shows how clearheaded honesty tells upon one's after-fate. When I was a boy I worked for some time in a cabinetmaker's shop. Well, one day, when cleaning out under the desk, where the floor was giving way with dry rot, I turned up a large mushroom, right in the centre of which I found a shilling. I entered the workshop, and let all the men see the curiosity; I then took the shilling and presented it to my master, saying, "I found it, sir, under the desk." When I returned to the workshop, my neighbour apprentice saluted me with, "What a fool you was to give the master the shilling! Did you not find it?" "Yes," said I, "I found it under the desk: I found it where the Highlandman found the tongs." I added, "I would just as soon have thought of stealing a shilling as keeping that one." An older apprentice was appealed to. He was asked if I should not have kept the shilling and divided it. He shook his head, and said, "Honesty is the best policy." Well, twelve years of my life had gone by; I had got into business; my business was growing faster than my capital; I was in want of money. I knew my neighbour apprentice had money he did not require—I mean the one who said honesty was the best policy. I called upon him; it was early in the morning; he was still in bed.

asked me what I wanted; I answered, "Money." "How much?" said he. "As much as you can spare," was my reply. My friend rose from his bed, and wrote me a bank cheque for £650—all he had in the bank. The shilling in the mushroom had something to do with the establishing that man's confidence in me. The boy who thought I should have kept the shilling would have had more difficulty in borrowing £1 that morning than I had in getting, without bill or bond, £650.

I mention this trifle that servants may learn to attach great importance to the strictest honesty in the merest trifles. Of course, the man who is honest will be truthful. I know of nothing more contemptible than a lie. I once saw a whole shopful of men questioned about some wrong that had been done. All equivocated or told lies to the master. At last one was called out who, it was known, would tell the truth. When asked to say what he knew of the matter, he answered—"It is of no consequence for you to know, and I am not going to tell you anything about it." He added—"Although I am not going to tell lies, I am not going to clype." The master could have trusted that boy with anything. It is impossible to calculate the evil a servant may do to himself or herself by the telling of even a white lie.

On the subject of temperance I will only say, I have been an out-and-out teetotaler for more than twenty years; and I mean to stick to the simple principle. I was as poor as any one in this meeting when I joined, and now, if I am not very rich, I am, as far as man can be, quite independent. My father and mother went down the vale of years surrounded by every comfort. I think that what has fitted me so well will fit every one in this meeting. Take my example and precept for what it is worth.

With regard to purity of life I will quote the sinning, suffering, ploughman bard:—

"The secred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
An' petrifies the feeling!"

Yes, my friends, remember the words, "petrifies the feeling;" for it is a fact that the slaves of this vice soon become so hardened that they care not although their victims go to destruction, if they accomplish their purpose.

I conclude then, as I began, by counselling you in all your doings to observe the strictest honour, which you must love for its own sake. I must give you a few more lines from Burns:—

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debara' side pretences;
An' resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences."

In speaking to masters and mistresses I will not require to detain you so long, for my counsel to servants is somewhat applicable to employers. The master and mistress who are truly honourable will ever set their servants a good example. I remember once being peculiarly placed with a servant of mine. I had purchased a new shop: I bought stock and trade, and get the shopman into the bargain. Well, as soon as I had gone behind the counter a woman entered and bought from my man a boll of meal, which I thought he sold too cheap: the woman left, and the meal was to be sent. Well, my new man got a bag, and proceeded to weigh the meal, and he took one scoopful out of the bag he had sold to the woman, and took his second scoopful out of

a bag of inferior quality. "Hold on!" said I; "what is that you are doing?" He said, "I sold it at such a price, and it needs this to make it pay:" he added, "this is the way we always did." "Well," said I, "if that is the way you always did, that is the way you shall not do any more; for while you are with me you must give my customers what you sell them." Now, I do not tell this story because I think I deserve credit for my honesty: my opinion is, that if I had become art and part with my servant in such a piece of roguery, I would have very soen learned him to steal more from me than he would have stolen for me. The master is a blockhead who does not check his servant on the slightest departure from principle. You all know the story that is told about the grocer who eried down the stair to his man-"John, have you got the meal mixed, the sugar sanded, and the whisky watered? if so, come up to prayers." If there ever was such a grocer, he was certainly a fool; for John would very likely go up to prayers with his full share of the plunder in his pocket. To have honest servants, it is absolutely necessary that we have bonest masters.

If I say anything about courtship, I must say it here, and say it to the farmers' wives. I think it is your duty to look upon the female servants of your households, as nearly as possible, with the same feelings as you look upon your own daughters; and when a worthy young man comes after any of your maids throw no obstacles in his way; let him come into the house quite openly, and when you get a chance, slip in a bit word in the girl's praise. Ask, if you can do it gracefully, what his prospects are, and advise the girl accordingly. If you think him a fool—that is, merely bent on "daffin," and so is losing the girl's time—advise her to pin the dish-cloth to his tail, and send him about his business. With regard to letting girls out to court, I am not very much in with that. Shakespeare says—

"The chariest maid is prodigal enough

If she unmask her beauties to the moon."

There should be as little moonlight work as possible. Some will say, The young folk must certainly have opportunities to court. Oh yes; and, if they are honest lovers, very little secret opportunity will serve them; and the young men and young women present may take my word for it, that far more love matches are spoiled by too much opportunity than by too little opportunity. As a general rule, an old "girning" wife knows far better when a braw young lass should come in at night than the lass herself knows. If the mistress who is strict in these matters with her maids would reason with the girls, much good might be done and much evil prevented.

While I counsel as much strictness as possible in affairs where there is danger, I would have employers study how they can give their servants as much innocent recreation as possible. They must never forget that their servants have the same feelings and desires as themselves, and that hard, heavy labour requires to be sweetened with occasional blinks of innocent enjoyment. All the good books in the household should be freely lent to servants, and they should be encouraged to read; and if it so happens that they are not great adepts at reading, the master or mistress, the son or daughter of the family might, with great profit to all, read aloud by the kitchen fireside in the long winter evenings;-The Heart o' Mid-Lothian, The Cottagers o' Glenburnie, and, if you please, Generalship, would be very good books to begin There are no pleasures more exalted than those derived from good books; and yet I have been told that in some houses it is accounted a crime if servants are seen with a book in their hands. Country people should take a hint from the fact that the first gentlemen in our country are now proud to read our best authors to the poor people of our great cities. But I need not dwell on these matters.

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present meeting is a clear proof that employers in the country districts are taking a deep interest in the elevation of their servants. Every such effort repeats, as with an angel's voice, "Excelsior."

I have now to say a few words to the "lairds." no doubt many of my hearers are saying in their hearts-"You must be very judicious now, Mr. Roy." And so I will; for although I seldom get credit for it, I am always The first thing, then, I say to the landlords present is-Stay as much at home as possible. It is great folly for people in your position to be running constantly away to London, Paris, or Rome, where you are just one in the fashionable crowd. It is far more sensible to stay at home, where you are well known and much thought of. I have seen all these places, and must say I saw very few attractions about them. It did not seem to me any great diversion to go driving up and down between long, straight hedges of chestnut trees; to go sauntering through long galleries, twisting your neck staring at old brown pictures, or cracked statues; or sitting two hours at a dinner, where you had no idea what you were eating, and were afraid to ask and show your ignorance. I never was one day on the Continent without thinking I would have been better at home. If I were a landlord, in place of going constantly to see all the world, I would do my utmost to make my own estate such a Paradise that I would have all the world coming to see me. I would, like the late good Prince, rear model cottages for my labourers. I would give them garden plots, and I would encourage them to cultivate them. I know some estates-I won't say where-the cottages on which are not fit for pigs to live in, let alone honest working-men and women. I never pass such hovels without feeling a contempt for the lord of the soil. And when, as I have done, I see an old man at the door going two-fold with rheumatisms got by lying in the damp den, I feel-but I had better not

say what I feel. I was saying what I would do if I were a landlord. Well, I would have all my model cottages clad with roses and honeysuckle. I would have my farm-steadings as near perfection as possible. If I built a very fine house for myself, it would only be if I could well spare the money to pay every farthing of it. I would not have my tenants say I had run myself ashore building a castle, and so could not afford to build cottages. You know, if I had an estate, perhaps I would be no better than my neighbours. But I think a landlord should give much of his time to the study of the way in which the people under him can be made most happy; and I think he ought to study, if possible, "the greatest amount of happiness to the greatest possible number." I mean, he ought not to set himself to having on his estate as few human beings as possible. I don't think it good that all our poor people should be driven into large towns. It is just possible that this may be overdone; for with our present great facilities for emigration, labourers may become scarce, and if the present struggle in America was over-the murderous war having made able-bodied men scarce-landlords may even require to coax workmen to stay at home. But I am getting too metaphysical. A good landlord will, in some measure, look upon himself as the father of his people, and will do all in his power to promote their weal for time and for eternity, and in all his efforts he will, or should, be well backed up by his better half. may be done by the lady to elevate and refine a district of country. All such ladies have a noble example in our sovereign lady the Queen.

My dear friends, I have done. I have spoken to you honestly and earnestly, and in parting with you, my prayer is, that Heaven may aid us all in our efforts to obey the golden rule,—" Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

ACT II.

Schwe,—One of our City Halls, gaily decorated with the flags of all nations. AMDIENCE, The various Employés of a large Shipping Firm, with their Wives and Sweethearts. The Chief Partner of the firm presiding, supported right and left by about Twenty of his Ship Captains.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Amidst the bustle, toil, and trouble of a city like Glasgow, we sometimes look back with longing to the primitive simplicity of ancient times, when the patriarch was wont to gather around him his sons and his daughters, his manservants and his maidservants, his shepherds and his goatherds, and all his other retainers, and, as one family group, feast and make merry. We are inclined to think that our own city can furnish no scene akin to this ancient homely grandeur. In rural districts we know that the lord of the manor may, and does, on great occasions, bring together the members of his household, his tenant-farmers, and his cottars, and sits down with them at one common board; but, sir, we are apt to think that in the great city the lofty and the lowly must dwell for ever apart. This, we know, is far too much the case. The present meeting is, however, an exception to this rule, and a beautiful exception it is. Here, it seems to me, we have a restoration of the ancient patriarchal style. we have the head of a famous firm very properly seated in his "ain meikle chair," presiding over his numerous employés, doing, I know, his very best to make you all happy. confess I look on this scene with great pleasure; and feel proud in playing my humble part at this your great family party.

I am aware I am a stranger to many of you; but we will be better acquainted by and by. I shall speak to you briefly of a few of the fundamental principles which we must all comprehend and appreciate in order that we may make a good voyage on the sea of life; and, so far as I know your various circumstances, I shall endeavour, in the course of my remarks, to "have at you all." I shall observe the "line of beauty" in my arrangement, by speaking first to the gentlemen of the pen connected with your firm; then to the sons of harder toil, who load and unload your vessels; and bring up the rear with a few words to your jolly sailors.

My friends of the counting-house, then, will excuse me for reminding them of what they all know-namely, that the first great requisite for success in this department is thorough integrity of principle. The clerk or cashier in whose character there appears the slightest flaw would do well to change his profession. With the horse (excuse the simile) whose knees have once given way, it is very difficult to regain a surefooted character; but it is still more difficult for the mercantile servant, if once he make a slip, to regain the confidence of an honest employer. In fact, my friends, it is impossible. Such a one may not be dismissed,—he may be forgiven; but he can never again be trusted—that is, in the full sense of the How eminently important, then, my friends, in your position, is scrupulous honesty in the merest trifles, and thorough openness with your employer! Here, for instance, is a cashbook that refuses to balance; some trifling entry has been omitted; it looks stupid; the alteration of a single figure will make it all seem right; it will never be detected. The pen is lifted; the ink is on the paper—hold, I say! let that figure stand as it is. Simple as the act may seem, it is not honest, and may blast all your prospects in life. down your deficiency, be it great or small, as a deficiency. It may come to your mind how the error occurred; and if it never should, it will stand before you as a reminder to be more careful in future. Your employers do not expect perfection. They will excuse a blunder, but cannot excuse a deception. Any such deception discovered in a set of books renders them entirely worthless, and sinks the perpetrator of

it in the estimation of his employer. You must be equally open when your error furnishes you with a surplus of cash. I do believe a surplus of cash is more difficult to deal with. inasmuch as it furnishes a more dangerous temptation. long ago I was told an incident which illustrates the danger of a surplus. A friend of mine was returning from business on a very stormy winter night, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. Turning round, he recognized a young man who several years before had acted as his clerk. The youth had something of a confidential nature to communicate. My friend invited him to his house. He answered-"I am ashamed to go to your house." He then took his old employer into a more secluded place, and informed him that once, while acting as his clerk, he had one pound of a surplus in his cash, and had been tempted to put it in his pocket. Since then, night and day, he had never ceased to remember his dishonesty, but never before could he muster courage to confess his fault. "My mother," he added, "died last night; and as I stood by her deathbed, listening to her last words, that pound lay like a crushing weight upon my heart." The pound was restored, with interest, and the young man restored to self-respect. How different would have been the case had that youth silenced in his breast the voice of conscience! As it was, all was latterly well. Let, then, open honesty, in small matters as in large, be your guiding principle.

Next to integrity comes sobriety. This virtue, I know, is not practised so much as it should be by the gentlemen of the desk: and without it the most honest fellow that ever lifted a pen soon becomes a poor worthless creature. This, I know, would have been strongly impressed on your minds if you could have overheard a conversation I had a few days ago with the young wife of a gentleman who a few weeks ago held a good situation as clerk in a most respectable firm in this city, from which situation he was dismissed through intemperance. Knowing his late employer, I asked his wife

if she thought I could intercede with him in his behalf. She said it would be of no use, as this was not the first offence, and the dismissal was final. I inquired if he had any prospect of another situation. Her answer was, "No; he is so ashamed of himself that he has never been out of the house since he was dismissed. He sits from morning till night with his hands on his face. He does not even look or speak to the children." This is not a solitary case; you have all known such cases; and the moral to be drawn from such clearly is, to keep entirely away from the tempting power of strong drink. Every such wreck we witness on the sea of life is the voice of God and nature saying, Beware of that dangerous rock; keep clear of it altogether.

The third and last virtue that I shall mention as essential to success in the counting-house is diligent application, and a desire to make yourselves generally useful. With one who would advance in any establishment there must be no stinginess in the performance of any duty that has a tendency to promote the good of the concern. I need not tell you that there is nothing more common than for a young man to enter a great firm as an humble clerk, and arrive ultimately at a partnership. This can never be the case with any man who is not willing to serve his employer, when occasion requires, by night as well as by day.

Take, then, with you, my friends, as three important points in your compass for direction—honesty, sobriety, and activity.

In coming to the second branch of your firm—those who ship and unship your cargoes—I must tell them that all my preceding remarks apply with equal force to them. Yes, my friends of the blistered, or I should rather say, of the hardened hands, working as you are daily among valuable goods, watchful honesty is the first requisite of fitness for your situation. If you have this quality you will be valuable your employers, and will be prized by them accordingly.

If you have it not, you are far from being "the right man in the right place." You know that packages are often insecure, and goods are quite at your mercy. It is, therefore, not only your duty to be honest yourselves, but to watch well that none of your casual assistants take any liberty with any of the goods entrusted to your employer's care. I have known men, very clear-headed on other matters, who thought it would be shabby in them to report to their employer any little delinquency committed by a fellow-workman. my friends, although I hate a talebearer, if I were working side by side with any man, and knew him to be guilty of the slightest dishonesty, I would at once report him at headquarters. If I did not do so, I would know that I was art and part in his crime,-just as bad as himself. I would know that in convicting such a man I was doing him a good service; for one petty crime passed over leads to another, and the delinquent goes on from bad to worse, until he is utterly ruined; whereas, if the evil had been nipped in the bud, he might have seen his error, and turned to the right path.

I lately heard of a case which very well illustrates this matter. A young man employed as you are, one day, while unloading a cargo of oranges, observed that at the meal hours one of his fellow-workmen had his pockets all filled with the oranges. The young man who saw this knew that it was wrong, but thought it best to say nothing about it. Not long after a small parcel went amissing, and no trace of it could be found. The young man had his suspicions about the appropriator of the oranges, but did not think it proper to mention them. Well, the result of this silence was, that shortly after goods to the amount of £70 went amissing, and suspicion fell upon the young man who had been guiltily silent. In self-defence he now told all that he knew about the man of the oranges. Guilt was at once brought home to him, and he was ruined for life. Now, had the first petty

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offence been exposed and punished, the graver crime would likely never have been committed. Remember, then, my friends, you do your neighbour an injury by concealing any trifling dishonesty he may commit. A prompt exposure and reproval may save him much future misery.

I must tell you, likewise, of the importance of sobriety. Valuable goods, handled, as they sometimes are, by men half drunk, are not very safe. I am not so very well acquainted about the quay, but I know that at many of the railway stations goods often receive beastly usage through the intemperance of the men. Not long ago I had a parcel of goods returned to me rendered almost worthless. So bad was the case that the manager of the railway at once agreed to pay the damage. I was at a loss to conceive how any set of men could have been guilty of such destruction. I got a cue to the cause when I heard several carters, who were looking at the damaged goods, say, "They must have been broaching the casks." I will say nothing further on this matter, only, that if such a practice is anywhere carried on, those who are guilty of it condemn themselves to the most laborious drudgery, from which they shall only escape when they fill a criminal's or a pauper's grave.

You all know the personal risk you run in being at work while under the influence of drink. I see on the streets of Glasgow a man walking two-fold. I remember that man when he was stalwart and handsome. He was what is termed "steam up," slipped from a gangway, fell into a boat, and was picked up a cripple for life. Speedy advancement in your position is, no doubt, difficult; but, if you are honest, sober, and persevering, it is certain. You may never even be more than honest working-men;—you can never be aught more honourable;—but, by and by, you may have an educated son, and I know that nothing could give the heads of the firm more pleasure than to receive into their office the son of their humblest labourer, if he were fit for the



place, and thereby open to the whole family the door of advancement.

I need say nothing to you about application to your work. Few of your class are ever charged with laziness. The work must be done, and you do it in style.

Now, then, a word or two to the sailors. My father sailed the seas for many years, and I had an uncle who was fifty years at sea, so I know something of the sailor's life. "Honour to whom honour is due:" your common seamen will hold on for their yarn until I say a word or two to the captains.

To be captain of any vessel is a position of honourable trust, but to be the commander of one of your magnificent steamboats is an exalted office indeed. To be thought worthy of the charge of so much valuable property, and so many still more valuable lives, is, I think, one of the highest honourswhich can be conferred on a human being. There is no office more exalted, if we except those of the great Minister of State, who holds in his hands the peace and prosperity of nations, and the great military commander, whose word decides Next in importance, sir, to these, I think, the fate of armies. stands the commander of your floating palaces. portant, then, is it that the duties of such an office should be discharged with scrupulous conscientiousness! How important is it that the mind on which so much depends should be kept ever clear and vigorous, ever ready for any emergency! This mental vigour can only be maintained by the constant practice of self-denial and self-discipline. true to a certain extent that the landsmen in high position may indulge a little, and no apparent ill come of it. so with the sea captain. The slightest indulgence on his part may, and frequently does, lead to the most disastrous A wrong order given by one whose word is law may prove the destruction of all on board. Let, then, your commanders practise the most rigid self-discipline while at sea, and this will be rendered very easy if they constantly

practise the same virtues while on shore. They will then be certain proof against any temptation when at sea. A captain of experience once told me that, when he carried passengers of worldly distinction, he was frequently, in their condescension, invited to join them in a tumbler. This, however, he invariably declined, simply answering-"I am on duty." The captain told me he knew quite well, whether his passengers were landed aristocrats or merchant princes, that they did not look upon him as their equal. He knew that were he to meet them in certain circumstances they would not He was therefore proud to decline their recognize him. condescending offer. He told me of one scene which I think worthy of special notice. His passenger, a jolly parson, asked the captain to join him in a glass of grog, as it was a very stormy night. The captain's answer was, "Don't interrupt me, sir, I am in my pulpit,—I am preaching, sir!"

The parson, nothing daunted, said—"Well, you will be the better of a glass to inspire you."

"No," said the captain; "it might put me off my course. You may go a good way off your theological course, and a sleeping congregation be little the worse; but if I go off my course, my sleeping people may all go to the bottom."

For a captain to accept any such invitation might be attended with very fatal results, and would, in the most charitable view of the case, be a very pernicious example to all on board. Let, then, your captains know the dignity and responsibility of their office. If they know this aright they can never go wrong. Your mates must look upon themselves as very soon to be captains, and daily, on sea and land, practise all those virtues which will make them captains of distinction.

Now, then, for your sailors, engineers, firemen, and all the rest of you, the simple virtues I have recommended to the other branches of your firm will be found to work equally well in your positions. Without them, you can never rise

in the world; with them, you can attain all that is really important in life-namely, an honourable position among your fellow-men. You may never be rich, but you can all be happy. Were I now addressing "long-voyage sailors," I would take it for granted that, for all you had seen of "foreign parts," you were still somewhat "verdant." and would therefore have a good deal to say to you; but I know right well that you who trade between Glasgow and England and Ireland have very little of that sweet colour "green" about you. I shall therefore merely give you a passing hint or two. Well, then, if you wish to get on in your profession, you must be sober, thoroughly sober, or it will be no go. You must spend what little leisure time you have in improving your education, or it will be no go. You can be neither captain nor mate unless you acquire a knowledge of navigation; and this you cannot acquire unless you husband your time, and devote your leisure hours to study. nothing so apt to prevent such study, or to interrupt it when begun, as your getting too well acquainted in the ports to which you sail. I should say that the sailor who can navigate all the wynds and lanes in Liverpool, Dublin, and Belfast, in the dark, is not likely soon to be troubled with the navigation of the ocean. I think you understand me. I would have you avoid the acquaintanceships to be found about the public-houses in the ports to which you sail. would have you avoid these houses altogether. No matter though they may be called "The Glasgow Arms," "The Thistle Tavern," or "The Scottish Blue Bells." If you are really knowing fellows, you will avoid the embrace of all such Glasgow Arms; you will keep clear of the "stinging" of any Thistle Tavern; and you will take good care that you den't set such Scottish Blue Bells a-ringing. If you don't avoid such places, it is all up with your getting on. You will be poor Jack to the last; not only poor in purse, but poor in spirit. If you are really 'cute ones, and keep "Steady.

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boys, steady," and save all your spare cash, and take a while now and again at school, you are in a profession where you are certain of speedy promotion.

My parting words must of course be to the heads of your establishment. Such a position, sir, is one of great responsibility. In your hands, to some extent, are the fortunes of all your employés. It is therefore your duty, as far as possible, personally to watch their various claims to promotion, and to give the worthy that encouragement which will stimulate them to increased exertion—ever, as a post of honour becomes vacant, filling it, if possible, from your own ranks, and so stimulating all to aspire.

One word, ere I sit down, to the ladies. They have much in their power. To them is handed over the hard earnings of their lords. If they turn these earnings to the best possible account, in making home comfortable and happy, they will do much towards keeping their husbands "all right," whether on land or sea; for there is no beacon seen on the sea of life that so well directs the course of the voyager as the light that is lit by a loving wife, and shines from a happy home.

ACT III.

Scene,—Our City Hall. Audience,—Upwards of Four Thousand Children, many of them belonging to the various Bands of Hope. The President of the Glasgow Abstainers' Union presiding.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

When I was invited to take part in this meeting I felt proud of the invitation. I knew it would give me an opportunity of speaking to several thousand fellow-immortals launched on the sea of time, having before you the choice of good or evil, for time and for eternity; and I thought that if I could say aught that would in any degree aid in inducing

you to shun the evil and embrace the good, mine would be indeed a noble task. I am going to tell you a story.

I was walking in a strange land, when I came to the shore of a great sea. Over this sea hung a thick vail of mist. very dense was this mist that it concealed all distant objects from view. As I stood wondering what like the opposite shore might be, there came sailing into view a large and beautiful ship, and, to my surprise, the great ship was laden from stem to stern with beautiful little boys and girlsbright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, curly-haired, laughing little boys and girls. As I gazed in wonder the ship came close up to a jutting rock, and the whole band of merry children were landed on the shore. I asked at a number of them where they had come from, and got for answer, "We neither know where we have come from nor where we are going;" and away they went scampering over the beautiful fields-some pulling, as they went, the ripe fruits, some chasing the bees and butterflies, and some listening to the song of birds, as they gathered sweet posies of lovely wild flowers; -- all were happy and heedless, when the deep tones of a silver trumpet sounded in their ears. This trumpet was blown by one clad in the livery of the King: his robe was of golden cloth, and it was richly embroidered with diamonds and pearls, and his face shone with the radiance of "good news." All the boys and girls at once drew near the herald who sounded the "gospel trumpet." When all was deep attention the herald spoke. He said,-

"Boys and girls, I come from the palace of the Great King, by his royal orders to give each and all of you a cordial invitation to come and dwell with him in his Palace of Beauty, which stands in his City of Wonders, on the distant mountains of the Better Land. The direct road to the City of Wonders is by the narrow path of duty, which goes right through the hills of difficulty. The pass-word by which the golden gates are opened is the name of the King's Son." This said, the herald vanished from view, and the boys and girls were standing lost in wonder at the thought that the Great King should have invited them to the Palace of Beauty, in the City of Wonders, on the distant mountains of the Better Land, when a very reverend man approached them. He had a very long beard, a very lofty brow, and very sweet thoughtful eyes. He gently raised his hand, and said,—

"Boys and girls, my name is Experience. I know you have all received a glorious invitation from the Great King. to come and dwell with him in the Palace of Beauty, in the City of Wonders, on the distant mountains of the Better Land. You go by the path of duty, and you find entrance at the golden gates by pronouncing with faith the name of the King's Son." There were tears in the old man's eyes as he added-"Oh that I could impart to you, children, my knowledge of the dangers you will encounter by the way! I cannot do so as I would. I will, however, give you a few counsels which I would have engraven on every young heart. You must, for your comfort and security on your journey, take with you three things,-First, the telescope of knowledge; second, the compass of principle; and third, the pledge of selfdenial, all of which you will find necessary in keeping you on the path of duty."

The sage went on,—"As you proceed on your journey to the mountain land beautiful scenes will be unfolded to your view, strange and wise inscriptions, written by former travellers, will meet your eye—all of which will be entirely lost to you if you take not with you the telescope of knowledge. As you ascend still farther on your journey mists and darkness will overtake you, so that unless you have, and hold by, the compass of principle, you will certainly lose your way and perish on the mountains. The pledge of self-denial you will find all-important during your entire journey; for at every stage you will be beset by cunning tempters, who will by every device seek to entise

you from the path of duty. Beware, especially, of the pleasant ones you will meet, who, with softest smiles, will offer you a sparkling draught, which they will tell you will cheer your heart, brighten your wit, and drive away your cares. Beware, I say, of these; call up your self-denial, and touch no drop of their drink; for thousands who have partaken of it have, when scaling the lofty peaks of difficulty, right over which the path of duty goes, grown giddy and, even in sight of the golden gates of the City of Wonders, have fallen from the fearful height, and been seen no more."

"Forget not," continued Experience, "that the golden gates only open when you pronounce in faith the name of the The old man bowed gracefully and went on King's Son." his way, and the boys and girls started on their journey. They had not gone far until they discovered how important were the words of Old Experience, for with the telescope of knowledge they had a very pleasant time of it. By the use of it they could not only see near and distant lands, but they could even scan the distant heavens and count the rolling worlds; they could read the strange and wise inscriptions, written in all languages, by the travellers of note who had gone before them. This they found a charming and profitable pastime; but, would you believe it, some of the boys and girls had paid no attention to the words of Experience, and had started on their journey without taking with them the telescope of knowledge, and so were entirely shut out from all the rich treats which their wiser companions enjoyed. Poor children! they really walked in darkness, and many of them very soon strayed from the path of duty.

As the merry band proceeded up through the mountains they soon discovered the very great importance of the compass of principle; for they found that, in mid-life, mist and darkness were very frequent, and they would certainly have lost their way but for their never-failing compass. Many, however,

even of those who had brought with them the telescope of knowledge had forgotten or lost by the way the compass of principle, and so were soon struck off from the band, and were lost in the mountains. How the wise ones learned to prize the compass! for they invariably found, however dense the fog might be with which they were shrouded, if they kept on by the direction of the compass, they never failed to reach a higher altitude, where, far above the clouds, they had a full view of the path of duty, and could even get occasional glimpses of the City of Wonders.

As Experience had told them, all along the way they were ever and anon met by cunning tempters, who sought to decoy them from the path of duty; and many were simple enough to believe their lying stories, and were caught in their snares, and so perished by the way. Very many, indeed, were lured by the sparkling cup-presented often by lovely maiden hands; and, forgetting both knowledge and principle, rushed by the most direct road to utter destruction,-down they went over the loftiest peaks, and were dashed to atoms. Often it was the favourite of the band who first yielded to this temptation. He laughed and sung for a brief space, and then, at some dangerous turning of the road, he was missed from the company, and the cry resounded, "Lost, lost, lost!" -and the distant echoes repeated, "Lost, lost, lost!"-and the voice of parental sorrow rose on the air, "Oh, my son Absalom, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!"

Onward and upward went the faithful of the band; their path was smoother now; they had in full view the sparkling domes of the City of Wonders; they had reached the golden gates; they pronounced with faith the name of the King's Son; the gates unfolded, and they entered, to dwell for ever in his glorious presence—

"In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming."

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I think you understand my story. You, my children, are the merry band of boys and girls landed on the shores of time; to you has come the glorious message from the King of Heaven; you are invited to dwell for ever in the new Jerusalem; your way to that city is by the path of duty. Experience bids you take with you knowledge, which you can all get freely by giving due attention to your lessons at school; he bids you take with you principle, which you can all freely get by reading often and carefully your Bibles, and by treasuring the counsels of your parents, your teachers, and your pastors; and Experience urges you to take with you self-denial, for you will all be sorely tempted. Shun especially the cup of death—strong drink; and forget not the name of King Jesus, and assuredly the golden gates will be unfolded to you.

Is it not a blessed thought that I, who am now speaking to you, if I accept the terms of the generous offer, will, at the longest, in a very short time, in the company of your parents, your Sabbath school teachers, and your pastors, stand within the golden gates, to bid you welcome as you ascend the heavenly heights! James, with his manly look, will be there; Julia, with her loving eyes, and Arthur, with his merry smile, and Clara, with her golden curls. Willie will be there, Maggie will be there, and all good children will be there,—all bringing with them, as prized treasures, the telescope of knowledge, the compass of principle, and the pledge of self-denial. How cordial will the greeting be to all from Him who said aforetime—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

ACT IV.

Scene,—The Great Hall in Gartnavel Royal Lunatic Asylum.

Audience,—About Three Hundred Patients of the Institution.

The Chief Medical Superintendent presiding.

Mr. Chairman and Friends,

I have very great pleasure in being amongst you on this occasion. My absence from your former meetings this season was occasioned by imperative business engagements. I account it both an honour and a pleasure to be privileged to take part in your entertainment. When I receive an invitation from our esteemed friend, Dr. Mackintosh, I have the flattering thought that one of the first judges of mental qualities looks upon me as a very sensible, judicious man. Now, this is one of the honours I relish. My pleasure in being present arises chiefly from the fact that I have found you one of the most appreciative audiences I ever addressed. I, therefore, on all occasions, in speaking to you, put my very best oratorical foot foremost, knowing as I do that Demosthenes himself might have been proud to have commanded your attention and approbation.

Our lamented friend, the late master of ceremonies, called this noble institution "The Palace of the Mind,"—a most appropriate appellation. Well, in speaking to you now, I shall aim at exhibiting to you a few of the privileges you enjoy as occupants of the Palace of the Mind. On the threshold of my subject I ask all the Muses to assist me with thoughts and words that shall be both pleasant and profitable to you. I shall ask permission to speak as one of the great family of the Palace.

Our first-privilege, then, as inmates of this noble institution is, that we do in reality live in a stately and splendid palace. In looking abroad over the world we see the great mass of mankind, in both town and country, living in miserable hovels. It is only one man in a thousand who has really

a comfortable home, and there is not one in ten thousand who has such an abode as ours; no, not one in a hundred thousand. And there are still fewer who have such an abode as ours and the sense to live in it. At rare intervals a very successful merchant builds for himself a princely mansion on some lovely spot; but before the great toy is finished—so weak is human nature—the owner leaves its rural charms for the vanities of some great city, and his huge castellated pile becomes a lonely, dusty place. Now, we have not only a palace, but we live in it. Perhaps the greatest man the world ever saw-William Shakespeare-when he had taken the correct measure of all the world had to exhibit, sat down to live as we do, in a fine house on the bank of a beautiful river, where he spent his time, as we spend ours, in pleasant musings, as he sauntered through his garden. In the Palace of the Mind our government is truly paternal, and is, I believe, the very best government in the world. Where was there ever a king who watched over his subjects with the same fatherly solicitude that Dr. Macintosh watches over us? There is no red tape about our government. If the humblest inmate of the Palace has any communication to make to our sovereign, he may at once approach the royal presence and unfold his tale, certain of both a patient hearing and an honest judgment; and if, after the decision of our royal Dector, the subject still holds another view of the matter which has been discussed, he is at perfect liberty to do so. for our Palace is in the full enjoyment of "freedom of opinion." It is this perfect law of liberty which prevails amongst us which prevents revolution amongst the Doctor's In the Palace of the Mind revolution was never known, while we have seen France, Naples, Rome, and even America, shaken to their very centres. We, who freely permit every man and woman to think and to say what they please, have remained in perfect security.

With regard, then, to our government, the inhabitants of

the Palace of the Mind are highly privileged. Next in order comes the society of the Palace. There is no more tiresome society than when one is surrounded by people who are commonplace—who have nothing remarkable or interesting about them. Now, whatever may be said about the society of the Palace, it cannot be called commonplace. We have every variety of character, every variety of mental conformation, and every shade of temperament and disposition—all continually exhibiting new combinations, which are deeply interesting, and profoundly suggestive of the strange mysteries of human nature. The society, then, of the Palace, has all the charms of change, of originality, and even of humorous eccentricity; and he who looks for more than this from any society in the world is certain of being disappointed.

Having spoken of our abode, our government, and our society, I must glance for a moment at the creature comforts of the Palace. The poor amongst us are far better and more regularly fed with wholesome and nutritious food than the great mass of poor people beyond our walls; while the rich amongst us have an abundant supply of all the dainties the world can produce. It is true that, the Maine Law being in operation in the Palace, none of us have an unlimited supply of strong drink; but this we all know is a blessing, for it keeps this noble institution entirely free of those debasing scenes of dissipation which are the darkest stain on our national character. In the Palace of the Mind, then, we have an abundant supply of all that is calculated best to promote our health, strength, and comfort. That our brothers and sisters over the length and breadth of the country may be as well off as regards food during the present winter is, I am sure, the sincere wish of all the inmates of the Palace.

The mental food of the Palace is precisely the same as that of the world at large; for all authors of note, both ancient and modern, are ever ready to unfold their treasures of thought to any of us the moment we are disposed to listen to

them. Homer and Tennyson are alike ready to sing to us; Plutarch waits patiently to tell us of the great ancients; Shakespeare is ever ready with Nature's mirror at our service; Milton strikes his mighty harp the moment we listen; and the great Sir Walter will, at a moment's notice, tell us his wondrous tales for our amusement and instruction.

But I need not enumerate our mental dainties; for from the Bible itself, all the way along to the latest edition of our daily papers, all printed matter is at our service. The amusements of the Palace are of the very highest order; our native talent is great; and then we are regularly visited by Mr. M'Neil and his wandering stars during their brief stay in our city—so that we can truthfully say we have our men singers and our women singers, our performers on stringed instruments and those who bring sweet sounds from the flute and the viol—all ever willing to do their very best to please us, seeking no reward save the consciousness of having added to our happiness.

After this brief outline of our privileges, I may ask-Have we anything at all to complain of in the Palace of the Mind ?and I at once answer, Yes; we are restricted to the Palace and its gardens-that is our cause of complaint; but we know full well that restrictions have been ever the lot of humanity even in the garden of Eden. Adam and Eve were restricted, and required to render obedience. We would like sometimes to have our own way in everything; but the moment we reflect that even in Paradise our first parents were required to curb their desires, we gracefully bow to the rules of the Palace, and uniformly find that obedience and happiness go hand in hand. Let us, then, do our best to extract happiness from all the sources I have enumerated; and, in addition, let us ever cull the sweets of external nature with which we are so lavishly surrounded. In our beautiful garden we may enjoy in perfection all the seasons in their turn. Let us, then, joyously welcome spring with all her budding charms, summer with her glory of full-blown flowers, autumn with her treasures of ripened fruit, and winter with his grandeur of storms; and as we note the fruits and flowers and gems of earth, let us ever turn with rapture to the glory of the firmament, with its mighty sun, its gentler moon, and all its hosts of stars,

"For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine."

And as we contemplate these mighty wonders, all spread out before us for our continuous enjoyment, let us cultivate a feeling of fervent gratitude to the Giver of all good, who, in his wondrous and mysterious providence, has made such ample and luxuriant provision for His well-beloved children who, by the decree of His Divine will, occupy, during His pleasure, the Palace of the Mind.

ACT V.

Scene,—The Glasgow City Hall on 10th March, 1863. AUDIENCE,— Two Thousand Ladies and Gentlemen—met to celebrate the Marriage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra. Neil M'Neil, Esq., presiding, and cutting the Bride's Cake presented to the Meeting by the Corporation.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I must introduce myself this evening with very hackneyed words, which, however, I do not remember ever having used before. I really cannot begin without saying that I feel proud of the honour you have done me in calling on me to speak on the present occasion—an occasion for which I know you could have commanded the services of any man in the city. I really do not care much for many earthly

honours,—they are often bought at too high a price; but to be thus freely chosen, without any effort of my own, by the leading social reformers of this the second city of the kingdom, to give expression to our loyalty on this great occasion, is an honour which, I am sure, I will never forget. I accepted this honour the moment it was offered me, for various reasons. I know that I am as loyal as any man in the city; I know that no man in the city has a more sincere respect than I have for Victoria the True and Albert the Good; and that no man in the city has a more sincere desire for the welfare of their beloved children. I know enough of the world's history to be quite certain that we, the subjects of our gracious sovereign, are privileged to live under the best government that ever existed amongst men; and I know enough of the former occupants of thrones to know that Queen Victoria is second to no monarch, ancient or modern; and I know, too, that in no city of her vast dominions are the virtues of our beloved sovereign more sincerely appreciated than in the great city of Glasgow. Therefore do I feel confident that I give voice to the earnest wish of all our hearts when I pray that every blessing may descend on Victoria's first-born son, the Prince of Wales, and his Royal Bride.

This done, and cordially responded to, little more is required on the present occasion; for, however much may be said of true love when its course does not run smooth, when all goes well, and two faithful young hearts are united in the hely bonds of marriage, nothing remains to be said. Then comes the time for music and the dance, for merry bells and streaming banners, for jolly songs and right good cheer. To dwell in words on a happy marriage would be like elaborating the beauties of a fruitful plain, of a silver sea, or a cloudless sky, all fair, and good, and beautiful, but all seen in their perfection at a single glance. The altar reached, the story always ends. We sak no more when the poet tells us that—

"She's ower the border and awa' Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean."

I think, however, I can interest you for a little, if I give you a few incidents of this right royal courtship; and if any of you should feel curious to know how I chance to be possessed of the love secrets of the royal pair, I may tell you in confidence that I have them from the same authority as Milton had his knowledge of the first wooings in Eden's bowers.

It is now some years since the lovely Danish maiden, while on a friendly visit to the British Court, strayed at leisure through the verdant glades of Windsor:

"Twas in the prime Of summer time,"

and nature wore her gayest dress; the gentle zephyrs softly whispered through the stately ancient oaks; the streamlets softly murmured; the air was laden with the fragrant breath of flowers; while the soaring lark, far in the brilliant blue, was pouring down its flood of song, which, in the stranger maiden's ear, ran, "Glory, glory, glory!" On went the maiden: she was silently poring over a little well-thumbed volume, thinking only of the children of the poet, nor ever dreamt but that she was quite alone, when Albert Edward stood before her.

- "You are reading," said the prince.
- "Yes," said the princess, and closed the book.
- "May I ask," said the prince, "who is the author so highly honoured?"
 - "Shakespeare," said the royal maiden.
 - "And you were reading?" said the prince.
 - "Guess," said Alexandra.
 - "'Romeo and Juliet," said the prince.
 - "It was even so," said the princess.
- "Take my arm, and lend me your Shakespeare," said the prince.

"With pleasure," said the lady.

On went the royal pair, often cheek to cheek as they pointed out their favourite thoughts in the world's great bard.

"It is very strange," said the prince, after many passages had been conned, "that you and I should so much agree in our tastes: almost every gem marked in your edition of the poet is likewise marked in mine."

"A proof," said the princess, "that we are kindred spirits."

"Yes," said Albert Edward, "a proof that we can both appreciate the true and the beautiful."

"Did you ever observe," said the maiden, "that 'beautiful' is a charming word to speak? No other word doth give such sweet expression to the curves of the lips or the dimples of the cheeks."

"The thought was never mine before," said the prince; but if you will now pronounce, I will become an ardent student of the curves and dimples."

With a witching smile the fair Alexandra said—"Beautiful, beautiful!"

"Indeed," said Edward, "the charming word doth well become thy beautiful lips, thy beautiful cheeks, and is no less becoming to the soft glances of thy beautiful eyes."

The princess stooped to pluck a single blade of grass: a shaded seat was now in view; Edward and the Danish maiden were now sitting side by side.

"I am glad," said the prince, "that you so appreciate the world's first poet, Shakespeare. Know you aught of the Scottish poet, the ploughman bard, Robert Burns?"

"I do," said the princess; "one of my tutors was a Scotchman, and I have often heard him sing Burns's songs."

"Do you remember," said the prince, "these lines, so beautifully expressive of the feelings of a lover in the absence of his idol?—

"'Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed roun' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing;
I sat, but neither heard nor saw,
Though this was fair and that was braw,
An' you the toats o' a' the toon;
I sighed, and said, amang them a'
Ye arena Mary Morrison.'"

"I remember them distinctly," said the lady.

"And these?" said Albert Edward,—

"" How gaily bloomed the bonny birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom.
The golden hours, on angel's wings,
Stole o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

"I know them well," said the maiden, "but never saw half their beauties until now. You speak poetry with such a matchless grace, if ever I become author I will seek no higher honour than that you shall read my works, that all the world may learn how they should be read."

"Do you," said Edward, "remember any Scottish song? I would like to hear how you catch the meaning of our northern bards."

"I can," answered the lady, "gratify your highness in this little matter; for while you were speaking those sweet lines of Burns, the exquisite charm of your voice recalled to me a very homely Scottish ditty: it is a description given by a country lass of her shepherd lover; but the lines might be spoken of a prince:—

"'My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy, O,
His breath is sweet as new-mawn hay,
His face is fair and ruddy, O;

He's handsome, stately, middle-size, He's comely in his walking, O; The glancing o' his e'en surprise, And it's heaven to hear him talking, O.'"

"Beautiful," said the prince; "I feel it heaven to hear you talking, and so you must speak on. Here, in Shakespeare, is a passage I should like to hear you read. It is a passage you are not familiar with, for it bears no mark: it is one of the speeches spoken by Venus to Adonis; I think it very fime. Here, take the book, and give me that stanza in your best style."

The princess took the volume, and scanning the passage, said, "I see it's something about kissing; but as it would be treason to question your taste, I will read it as well as I can.

"' Gome here and sit where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;
I will not cloy thee unto satiety,
But rather ravish thee amidst their plenty,
Making thee red and white with fresh variety,—
Ten kisses quick as one, one long as twenty."

"Bravo!" cried the prince.

The princess rose to depart.

"You would," said Albert Edward, "make a fortune in England by reading Shakespeare."

The maiden blushingly answered, "If your highness think so, why not engage me to be reader to the English Court? I am sure you could well afford to pay me."

"That," said the prince, "depends entirely upon the price you may put on your transcendent powers."

"Oh," said the princess, smiling, "I would not be greedy. You might engage me to read for life for the moderate sum of—let me see; well, twenty-five shillings."

"Twenty-five shillings!" said the prince; "you are quite too modest,—twenty-five shillings!"

"Not a bit too modest," said the princess, stepping over

the grass. "You know twenty-five shillings amount to something handsome. On reflection, you will find that it is an English Sovereign and an English Crown."

Off went the royal maiden; she was scarlet with blushes—a tear was on her cheek; she wished she could recall her words—she thought she had been too bold; but Albert Edward stood transfixed—the little god had lodged a thousand arrows in his heart; for many days and nights he might have sung—

"When I sleep I dream,
When I wake I'm weary,
Rest I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie."

The Danish sea kings had hooked Britannia. So dawned the love that yields us this day our Royal Marriage. God bless the happy youthful pair! May kind heaven so direct their steps, in their high and slippery path, that all the afteractions of their lives may prove them worthy of the love which a grateful nation is this day lavishing on them because they are the children of Victoria! God bless our gracious Queen — so great, so young, and yet so lonely! Heaven strengthen and comfort her sorely bruised heart!

Again we say, God bless Edward and Alexandra! May all the world, while looking on a mighty nation strewing flowers in the path of our bridegroom and his bride, learn that the greatest sovereigns are the monarchs of free peoples!

Is there in the heart of any one a single thought of envy at the mighty honours of the royal lovers? If there be in any breast such a thought, let it instantly vanish in the light of common sense, which clearly shows that all that is really good in their lot may be equally enjoyed in any rank of life. The humblest subject of our sovereign may, with raptures equal to the prince, woo and win his bride; and every virtuous maiden in the land may give her lover joys as pure and sweet as Alexandra will give to Albert Edward. No

doubt, royal robes and queenly jewels will give the princess pleasure; but then the humble cottage maiden is just as happy when

"The wives cam' ben wi' muckle frase, And wished the lassie happy days; And muckle thocht they o' her claes, And 'specially o' her breast-knots."

The high position of the prince is no doubt fraught with lofty joys; but then, it is true that the lowly youth, on whom fortune has never smiled, who woos and wins the maiden of his heart, and leads her in triumph to his humble home, and bravely, with his own right arm, fights the battle of life, providing by his own exertions for the wife of his bosom and the children of his love, has many rapturous feelings which Albert Edward can never know.

Again we say, God bless the happy pair! May they have entered on the enjoyment of a love which will go on brightening throughout the endless ages of eternity!

"God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long, long, to reign o'er us!
God save the Queen!

LOOKING FOR A HOUSE.

IT was just the other morning
That I met Mrs. Mack,
"Good-day," quoth I; "Good-day," quoth she,
And thus began her crack.

"I was telling you the last time I saw you that I was thinking to remove; but I have given up the idea entirely; for although I trailed about for several days, looking for a house, I could not see a place the least like the thing. Oh, woman, if you saw the miserable holes of "rooms and kitchens" that they were seeking seven pounds for-just perfect cages, with generally nothing to look out to but a dirty back court! They must have awful consciences that can seek such ransoms for such places; but they are not so much to be wondered at as those that give it to them. my part, I will sit still where I am; and although I had a great deal of trouble, and came little speed, I do not in the least regret looking for a house, for I am sure I got more diversion on my tour than ever I did in the playhouse all my days; and I have been in it as often as the most of people. I declare, woman, it is worth anybody's while, whether they are wanting a house or not, just to take a tour through among the houses to let, for the knowledge it gives one of the 'manners and customs,' Our minister speaks of the 'manners and customs of the Jews,' the Ancients, and the Orientals; but I am sure the customs of the Glasgow wives beat all the Jews or Orientals that ever were, or ever will be.

"I set out shortly after ten o'clock, and the first house that I called at was one presently occupied by one Meiklewham, a moulder. You see, I happened to have a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Meiklewham before she was Mrs. Meiklewham, and a dandy lass she was. Nay, she was the perfect brag of the front street: never went out but she was dressed in the extreme fashion, her waist drawn like a wasp's; and she wore a bustle that, without a word of a lie, might have done for a cradle pillow; and she was a wonderfully taken out lass, to all kinds of balls, soirces, and all that kind of nonsense; and I'll warrant, when the moulder got her, he thought he had a great prize;—but I wish him luck of his bargain. When I went up the stair, of course I knocked at the door, and was bidden come in. When I opened the door, there was Mrs. Meiklewham, and a pretty like dear she was! She was sitting right before the fire on what had once been a beautiful stuff-bottomed chair-but it had got disgraceful usage—and she was just as black as a sweep. You see, she had a cap on her head that, I am sure, would clear her at the bar any day, if she happened to be summoned by the Glasgow Water Company. She was busy making ready what I took to be about half a pound of ham, and I could not say how many eggs. It seems this was all for her own cheek, for there was a very nice child-although you could not have told the colour of its skin-sitting on the floor playing itself with the bowl that his father—decent man! had got his porridge out of; -not that I would take notice of what I saw in anybody's house, only a person cannot shut their eyes. Mrs. Meiklewham's house would never do for me: not that it was a bad house—far from that—but I am sure it would take the bulk of an ordinary rent to clean it; so I bade her good day.

"I could not help thinking, as I came down the stair, what a useless wife the dandy lass had turned out. Now, you see, they miscall mill-lasses, servant-lasses, warehouse-lasses, and



dressmakers; but you see she was neither a mill-lass, a servant-lass, a warehouse-lass, nor a dressmaker, but just a decent man's daughter that was kept at home doing nothing.

"Mrs. Meiklewham told me of an aunt of hers that was thinking to remove—a Mrs. Macintyre—so, out of perfect curiosity, I thought I would take a peep at Mrs. Macintyre's house. Mrs. Macintyre is a woman that has no family;— I am sure she is well off, if she thought it—and yet I do not Our John sometimes says, when the children are requiring various things involving the disbursement of cash, there is a difficulty with them; and there is a difficulty wanting them; and there are very few perfectly happy that are not troubled with any of them. Be that as it may, Mrs. Macintyre has no family. She is a Highland woman, and keeps four lodgers;—they are awful folk those Highland folk for keeping lodgers and swine-anything that brings in the "bawbees!" Mrs. Macintyre's house was very clean; so she and I fell on a conversation. I said she would have a great deal of work: she said she had a 'creat teal of work.'

"I said, You will need to take in a woman sometimes.

"'Oh no,' said she, 'I take in no woman, and no woman takes me in.'

"But it came out how the lady gets her work done. It seems that there are young lasses living above, and young lasses living below: and it seems they are wonderfully anxious to come about Mrs. Macintyre, for the sake of an introduction to her lodgers; and it seems they are wonderfully willing to do a turn, and she is wonderfully willing to let them. This is the way the lady gets her work done; but I did not miss to tell her that I thought very little of her indeed, for bringing a number of light-headed huzzies about her lodgers; but she just laughed at me, and said, 'It was fery nat'ral for the lasses to be whaur the lads was. And for my part,' said she, 'I excuse them; for when I was like them

I had my notions like them: and indeed I have my notions yet; for if I was a wanter the day before to-morrow, I would do all that was in my power to get another husband—for a husband is a great comfort; there is no use in denying it.'

"It was perfectly 'scunnersome' to hear the old chattering Highland idiot. No wonder though men are conceited when they hear the like of yon. The most of them that I know are conceited enough without hearing the like of yon. I do not know but I might have taken Mrs. Macintyre's house, but she told me, in confidence, that she had no intention of removing: she only gave it up to see if she could get the landlord to take a pound off the rent. admitted it was a comfortable, cheap house; but, said she, 'If I can get it a pound cheaper, it will be all that the better.' Mrs. Macintyre very kindly directed me to what she thought was a very good house, that an acquaintance of hers was leaving-a Miss Skinner. Mrs. Mac. said if I would just use her name Miss Skinner would tell me all that was good or bad about the house; and it was just as she said; for whenever I had presented Mrs. Macintyre's compliments I was taken in and let see through every nook and corner.

"Miss Skinner was a little like myself in some respects. She seemed, by her remarks, to have rather a turn for observation; so she and I discussed all the merits and demerits of the house at very considerable length: but I will trouble you with but one branch of our conversation. I happened to remark that there was nothing to be seen from the window—that is, that there was no view.

"Miss Skinner made answer—'Well, the house may have a thousand faults, but certainly the view from the window is not one of them. It is true,' said she, 'there is no great extent of prospect, and you neither see hills nor trees, nor sheep nor cows; but it is a very interesting window for all that. Come here,' said she, leading me direct to the window, and turning up the corner of the blind; 'there,' said she, 'if you look out right before you, you see right into all the houses on the opposite side. Many a curious sight I have seen from this same corner when I should have been sleeping. And indeed I have sat at that window till I was shivering with cold, watching a new married couple that came there about a twelvemonth ago. Oh, but they were a treat! was so fond, and he was so fond. They were not like living folk at all: they were just like folk in a novel. I used to wonder how long such billing and cooing would last; but however long it lasted, it was no doubt very good in passing. There was one thing that I noticed particularly about the young wife. As regularly as the clock struck twelve she came to the room press, and opened the door and went in. press door, you see, folded back on the window; so I could not see what she did in the press, but I could observe that she always came out licking her lips and wiping her mouth. I was thinking there was a moral to be learned from such a sight—a grand moral: that is, always when you are taking your "twal-hour's," be sure and draw down the blind.'

window, in the shape of a young gentleman who was in the full enjoyment of single blessedness, and likely to remain so, I would say, if his lady friends had seen his silly vanity as it has been exhibited to me. I am sure that creature was a conceit. It took him at least an hour every morning to perform his toilet, as they call it. Such a decking, and stroking, and brushing, and staring there was! They speak of the vanity of young women; you beat all the exhibitions of feminine silliness that ever I saw. The finishing touch of the personal decoration was this. You see, the creature's nose had rather a tendency to the pug, with which circumstance its owner seemed very much dissatisfied. Well, when he had got his hat on, his gloves on and buttoned, and his

coat folded back in an easy way, to show off his waistcoat, he would stand back at a respectable distance from the looking-glass, and catch hold of his nose and pull it out to what he thought its proper length; and there he would grin and squint at himself in all directions, calculating, no doubt, what would have been his irresistible attractions if his nose had just been a little bit longer!

"'But,' quoth Miss Skinner, with a very philosophic air, 'that body and his short nose is a very fair specimen of mankind in general. He would have liked a longer nose. It was no doubt very silly; but I do believe the great majority of men and women have some favourite notion just as silly—some fond desire that their hearts cling to, that has no more chance of being gratified than my conceited friend's pug nose had of being converted into a perfect Grecian. Whatever fault the house may have,' quoth Miss Skinner, 'there is nothing wrong with the view from the window.'

"This window would, no doubt, have been a great temptation, had I been in Miss Skinner's circumstances, with little to do but to watch my neighbours; but the thought at once struck me that, fighting as I am among a swarm of children, I was far more likely to afford diversion to my neighbours than to get diversion watching them; so I did not take the house.

"Many a house I was in, and many a sight I saw; but the more I saw of other people's houses the more I thought of my own; so I am determined to sit still for another twelvemonth, although I should sit to some disadvantage. But if I am spared till the next removal time comes round, I will have another tour among the houses to let, just for the knowledge it gives one of the 'manners and customs."

A LITTLE BIT TO THE BARGAIN FOR THE CHILDREN.

UNCLE JOHN.

A STORY.

Some time ago a very worthy gentleman, whom we shall merely call Uncle John, was spending the day with a number of his young friends, when there had been a great deal of romping and sport.

Uncle John called his young friends around him, and said—"If you will now listen to me, I will give you a few words of good advice."

Tom, rather a forward boy, answered—"What would you think of

us giving you a few words of good advice?" "If you were able to do so," said Uncle John, "it would give me

great pleasure to listen to you; but you young people have neither knowledge nor experience, and so cannot advise your elders."

"You mean," said Tom, "that boys and girls are both ignorant and stupid."

"I mean," said Uncle John, "something very like that."
"Prove it," shouted Tom, and the whole circle of boys and girls

repeated "Prove it."

Uncle John very coolly replied—"It may be very true that boys and girls, having neither knowledge nor experience, are both ignorant and stupid, and yet be very difficult to prove. It is not always easy proving the truth. Take an example," continued Uncle John. all see that my coat is blue. Now, it would be very difficult for me to prove that my coat was blue in certain circumstances. instance, I was speaking to a number of men and women, or boys and girls, who were blind, it would be very difficult for me to prove to them that my coat was blue. Now, it is nearly as difficult to prove to young people that they have neither knowledge nor experience. But," added Uncle John, "if you will give me your attention, I will do my best to prove that even clever boys and girls are both ignorant and stupid, when compared with men and women of mature judg-

"Go-a-head," shouted Tom; and Uncle John proceeded:-

"You are all at least ten years younger than I am. Well, you cannot see the difference my ten additional years makes in my knowledge and experience; but you are each of you ten years older than the baby at home—the dear little darling duck of a baby, with its fat little arms, its bright little eyes, and its sweet little mouth.

What a jewel of a creature the baby is; and yet what a stupid little thing it is! It would eatch as readily at a piece of red-hot iron as it would at a stalk of red rock; it would walk as readily over the quay into the river as it would walk over the carpet; it would give its little hand to the gorilla as readily as to its own grandfather. What a stupid little thing the baby is! You can all see how stupid the baby is, compared with boys and girls like you. Well, now, I would have you believe what you will feel in a few years is true—viz, that boys and girls of ten or twelve years of age are nearly as apt to do stupid things as the baby, and are as much in want of care and counsel from their seniors as the baby is in want of care and counsel from their seniors as

Master Tom answered—"We admit, uncle, that baby is stupid, and that boys and girls are not very wise; yet we don't think ourselves in the least likely to do anything like catching red-hot iron, walking over the quay, or shaking hands with a gorilla. So, if you please, uncle, tell us some of the very stupid things that we boys and girls are likely to do."

"You are all," said uncle John, "very apt to undervalue your present opportunities of improvement, and to allow your valuable time to slip past without acquiring those educational treasures, the want of which you will find a source of regret all through life. I will give you as bright an illustration of this sombre fact as I can. Look there," said uncle John, pointing to a very handsome girl,—"the first day that Miss Mary was sent to the dancing-school, the master had so much difficulty in learning her the positions, and she was so awkward at one, two, three, and a hop, that when she came home she cried bitterly, and wanted never to be sent back to the dancingschool. Had her wish been granted, when she grew up to be a fine young lady, with a tremendous crinoline, and was invited to an evening party where there was dancing, when a very fine young man came up to her, and, in the softest tones, said, 'Will you, Miss, honour me by dancing the next set with me?' she would have to answer, 'No, sir; thank you; I cannot dance.' She would then, I think, feel that she had been very stupid in neglecting to learn that ornamental branch of education. And there is Miss Jane, with her music; if she were to get her own way she would rarely open the piano, for she says she 'just hates to practice;' and so, when she became a fine young lady, and was asked, at an evening party, to favour the company with a little music, she would have to say, in apologetic tones, 'I only play a little by the ear.' She would then treat the company to 'Jing-a-Ring,' 'We're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin',' and perhaps 'Duncan Gray.' She would then have to say, 'That's my entire stock.' She would feel that she had been very stupid in not doing her best to learn her music. I take," said uncle John, "these lighter branches to illustrate my idea, merely because I know you like better to hear about music and dancing than about the more important branches of education. Master Tom there is often so busy with his play that he bribes a companion to work his accounts for him. If he does not give up this, and become expert in this branch of learning, he need

never, during his entire life, make application for an important mercantile situation. He will perhaps have to stand with a burden on his back as a porter, until the expert at accounts furnishes him with an invoice. John there thinks grammar and composition a bore. Well, he will never do for a secretary to a Prime Minister.

The fact is, boys and girls, there can be nothing more stupid than your allowing the years of your youth to slip away without your arming yourselves with every educational weapon within your reach. You will find them all necessary in tighting the battle of life. My counsel to you then is, that in whatever position of life you may be placed, you be very diligent in striving to learn all in your power. All knowledge and skill acquired in early youth goes on producing good fruit all through life. I shall illustrate this by telling you an incident in my own life. Some ten years ago I was one of a number who became each possessed of a little plot of garden ground. In laying off my little plot it was suggested to me by a friend that I should, as he had done, plant a number of fruit trees. I smiled at the idea, and told my friend that it would be a long time before he could furnish apples for a Hallowe'en party. I planted no fruit trees. Well, last season I visited my friend. He led me into his garden, and there it was, having in ten years become quite an orchard, abundantly supplied with apples, pears, and plums, all of the most tempting description. I have now planted fruit trees, but I will always be ten years behind my wiser friend. Now, I would have you take a hint from my folly, and plant the seeds of all knowledge as early as possible; for you may depend upon it, all such seeds produce fruits far sweeter and more important to humanity than the juiciest apples, the sweetest pears, and the most inviting plums. If, then, at any time you feel your tasks dry and irksome, say to yourselves-This is the planting, the gathering of the fruit will come in due course. Remember this, boys and girls, men and women are needed all over the world to fill important situations, and who can tell the path of glory that may open to you. Almost all our great ones have sprung from the humblest ranks of life. What, then," said Uncle John, by way of peroration, "is to prevent you from becoming eminently useful and great in the annals of honest fame?"

Master Tom promptly stepped forward and proposed the thanks of

the company to Uncle John.

THE FOUR BOYS.

A STORY.

ONCE upon a time there were four boys. They had all, save one, very funny names: they called the first one Rip, the second Trip, and the third Dip, while the fourth bore the common name of John. Well, Rip, Trip, Dip, and John all set out to push their fortunes. Each wanted to get "a good and beautiful wife, a fine house and garden, and plenty of money." Well, they had reached an important stage of their journey, a place called "Fair Start," from which they had a full view of the beautiful "Vale of Years." As they were admiring the scenery, a very wise old man, called Knowledge or Wisdom, came up to them, and told them that he had a spy-glass, called "The Lives of Other Men," by looking through which they could discern their own future fortunes.

Rip, Trip, and Dip all cried at once-"Oh! let me see through the

apy-glass.'

The old man, however, put the glass into John's hands, and told

him to look through it, and tell the others what he saw.

John put his eye to the glass, and at once exclaimed—"How charming! I see in the not very distant future beautiful houses with splendid gardens, charming ladies, and troops of lovely children."
"These," said Wisdom, "are the prizes you may win: they will

certainly be yours in a very short time if you go straight to them by

the paths of rectitude."

"We know the paths of rectitude," said the boys, "so let us start

at once."

Wisdom told them that haste was a bad thing, and if they would have patience and listen to him, he would give them a few directions, which, if they did not forget, would assist in keeping them in the path of rectitude. "First, then," continued Wisdom, "on all occasions you must 'tell the truth, and shame the devil; second, you must never forget that 'time lost can never be recalled;' and third, when offered strong drink, you must ever remember 'he only is certainly safe who refuses the first glass.""

While Wisdom was still talking, Rip stole away, quite confident that he knew and could keep the path of rectitude without much advice from old Wisdom. Rip was not far on his way until he was overtaken by a very pleasant companion, who spoke with a very soft and winning voice. He told Rip that he would have very great pleasure in bearing him company. Rip, he said, walked so handsomely—he had evidently been at the dancing-school. Rip was delighted with his new companion—he was so very pleasant. Rip if he had got his carte de visite taken, for he was sure he would make a very pretty picture—Rip, he said, was so handsome.

Rip was quite in love with his friend, and they were getting along very pleasantly, when they saw, lying right in their path, a large and beautiful package of mixed confections. They were packed in a transparent wrapper, through which they shone most temptingly.

"How lucky are we," said Rip's friend, "to find such a splendid package of sweeties; won't we have a feed!"

Rip answered—"But they do not belong to us; some one has lost

them; we must return them to the proper owner."

"I don't think that is in the least likely," said Rip's friend. "Don't you know that they that lose seek, and they that find keep?"

"It is not honest," said Rip. .

"Hold up your mouth," said his friend; "these sweeties could never find their way into a more handsome mouth than yours." "Here," he added, "I do declare the end of the package is open."

While he was speaking he thrust a large almond into Rip's mouth. It was very sweet, so Rip had no objection to another. As they were both demolishing the "mixtures," a little girl came up and asked them if they had seen by the way a transparent package of mixtures which she had been taking to a poor little lame boy, but had dropped as she had been running along.

"My pretty little girl," said Rip's friend, "we did not see them,

as sure as death-ask at him."

Rip here forgot to "tell the truth, and shame the devil." He told the girl he had not seen the sweeties, and, with the lie in his throat, passed on with his wicked companion. They were quite off the path of rectitude now. Rip was rather down in spirits, when his companion rallied him by pointing to a charming arbour down one of "the leafy lanes of sin," where there were very tempting fruits for sale. The two drew near the stall; the fruits—figs, grapes, and peaches—were most inviting. The old man who kept the stall was sound asleep. Rip's friend pointed to him with a knowing look, and then pointed to the peaches. He then filled his own pockets, and also the pockets of Rip, with peaches and grapes, and silently pulled Rip into a dark path which led through a wood. Here the two partook freely of the stolen fruit, and were about to start on their journey, when a very bright, sharp, rather forward boy, called Evidence, came up to them. He said, "You are looking very innocent there, but I saw you pick up the package the girl lost, and I likewise saw you stealing the fruit; so the first chance I get I will tell on you." Rip was terrified; his companion gave him a knowing wink, and whispered in his ear, "Never fear; we will do for him."

The three boys went on their way. They reached a little bridge which spanned a deep river. Here Rip's friend told the sharp little boy to look over the bridge and he would see in the water most beautiful gold fish. The boy did so. When his head was down and his eyes fixed on the stream, Rip's friend signed to him to seize one of the boy's legs while he laid hold on the other. Rip did so, and the two plunged the poor little fellow into the river, bidding him tell the fishes who stole the fruit. Rip's friend, who was a wicked spirit, now threw off his mask, and looking at Kip with a fiendish chuckle, said, "Liar, thief, and murderer, you can never return to the path of rectitude; you are mine for ever." Poor lost Rip was seen no more.

Trip followed fast on the heels of Rip. He, too, was met by the spirit of flattering vice, but when led a little off the path of rectitude he regained his footing by "telling the truth, and shaming the devil."

While, however, he kept the path of rectitude, he moved along at a rather sluggish pace; for the silliest trifles he would spend whole hours of his precious time. "Procrastination" was his bosom friend. He was an inveterate player at bowls, draughts, and wearied for frost that he might enjoy the "curling." He, in the frivolous enjoyments of the moment, forgot that "time lost can never be recalled,"—his sun set before he had got half-way to the objects he might have easily attained. He spent all the rest of his time in a place called "Stick-in-the-Mud."

Dip had more sense than either of his companions, Rip and Trip, and so he pushed on through the Vale of Years. On all trying occasions he "told the truth, and shamed the devil." When asked to loiter by the way, he promptly exclaimed—"Time lost can never be recalled!" and went right on his journey. He had his prize full in view; he was quite sure of a charming wife, a fine house and garden, and plenty of money. As he was rattling along he was overtaken by a rather jolly gentleman, who told him that if he would every now and then take "a good glass" of the "strong stuff," he would get on twice as fast. Dip listened to this advice; he forgot that "he only is certainly safe who refuses the first glass,"—he tasted, liked drink, and began to sing—

"The night is ours, then strew with flowers
The moments as they roll;
If any pain or care remain,
Let's drown it in the bowl."

Poor Dip forgot himself so far that, for all his smartness, truthfulness, and energy, he became a grovelling sot, spent all his time in "Fuddler's Row," and died, while yet quite young, in a fit of delirium tremens.

John was the only one of the number who acted the wise part. Long after Rip, Trip, and Dip had started on their journey he lingered behind with old Wisdom, and received from the good old man much additional counsel for his guidance through the Vale of Years; and so, when he started on his journey, he recognized at once all the tempting spirits of sin. On every occasion he "told the truth, and shamed the devil." He never forgot that "time lost can never be recalled," and acted on all occasions, when offered strong drink, as believing "that he only is certainly safe who refuses the first glass." John, while yet a youth, gained all the objects of his ambition—a charming wife, a fine house and garden, and plenty of money. He has now two very pretty babies.

money. He has now two very pretty babies.

Now, my children, which of these boys should be your example?

John, certainly. When tempted to tell a lie, you must "tell the
truth, and shame the devil." When asked to spend your time in idle
nonsense, you must never forget that "time lost can never be recalled;" and when offered strong drink; you must always refuse it,
saying, "He only is certainly safe who refuses the first glass." If
you do so, I am quite sure I will yet drink tea with a great many of
you when you have charming wives, fine houses, beautiful children,

and plenty of money.

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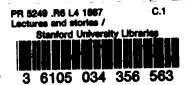
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